















#### THE

# SPIRIT OF THE VATICAN

ILLUSTRATED BY

### HISTORICAL & DRAMATIC SKETCHES

DURING THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SECOND.

WITH

AN APPENDIX OF PAPAL BULLS, DOCTRINES, EPISCOPAL LETTERS, &c.

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### PREFACE.

In a day when honourable men, holding the reins of government, are not afraid to expose public safety, as well as the holy faith of the land, upon the wild cataract of expediency; and whilst some of the chief Dignitaries of the Reformed Church are seen chambering with the Mother of Harlots and abominations of the earth, we need not apologize whilst we humbly endeavour to increase the attention of Englishmen to the history of England,—and especially to that period when the Vatican struggled to obtain an entire dominion over the civil power.

These pages are written with that object, and to furnish additional evidence that intrigue and physical force have ever been, and are still,\* some of the means used for the advancement of Romanism; and that the love of power is the essential passion of the Roman Hierarchy. At the same time, we have aimed to point out the tendency of the doctrines of Romanism to lower the standard of morals in kings and people.

Although the period occupied is but one reign—viz. that of Henry II., the first of the Plantagenets—yet that reign was long, and contained within it peculiar facts demonstrating the innate jealousy and hostility of the Vatican towards the monarchs of Europe, as well as exposing some of the insinuating vices and secret powers of Romanism in private society.

<sup>\*</sup> See important Extract from The Times, in Appendix, p. 221.

This historical glance may fail to furnish complete proof of all the charges against Romanism; yet it may engender inquiry and awaken caution in relation to some questions, the decision of which may extricate the Reformed Church from the crafty toils cast about her by the Vatican, and prevent that false alliance which the morbid liberality of some modern Constitutionalists would consummate. is a zeal in the Roman Church, and an attribute of silent and stealthy progression, which its history\* reveals; and whilst these are elements that may sustain one earthly church against another earthly church, and are quite enough to break down the earthly barriers raised by temporizing expedient-mongers; yet, if the Reformed Church will keep its first love, it will hear the echo of Miriam's tuneful voice, and the sound of the loud timbrel: whilst the horse and the rider of Modern Paganism must sink as lead in the mighty waters.

\* See Appendix, XXIV.

Temple, August 1845.

#### THE

## SPIRIT OF THE VATICAN.

Solus Romanus Pontifex jure dicitur universalis. Illi soli licet pro temporis necessitate novas leges condere. Papæ solius pedes omnes principes deosculantur. Illius solius nomen in ecclesiis recitatur: unicum est nomen in mundo. Illi licet imperatores deponere. Greg. Epist.

THE Church has at all times commanded the attention of the reflecting philosopher and active politician. It is very obvious that she took the lead in most things which advanced the comfort and taste of society: whilst some systems were but imperfect imitative theories, wanting order and state, the genius of the Hierarchy was exact and well delineated. This is not surprising; for she was announced as the bride of Divinity, having the robes and elements of Divinity girt about her. She was of God; and although the sinews of earth had soon incased around her, defacing in parts the perfect comeliness of her beatific nature, yet she still retained within her essences which defied time, and required not an epoch of ages to perfect: and though her foot was on the earth, yet she quivered not, whilst she marshalled all her properties with an energetic movement and order wholly irresistible by all things of the earth; for from them she had ever secured awe, and, for a time, obedience. She once wore

a grace and auspiciousness, contradistinguished to all the conventions reared by the Magi of this world. Her divine lineage and her sublime vocation commanded for her an imperial position and state. Her vocation rendered her a leader and dictator; for her end was vast and immeasurable—viz. to arouse the million of spirits of men to a sense of their own dignity and power.

Mighty were the functions entrusted to her chiefs for placing before man, as in a glass, his own nature, with its degree of individual power and honour attainable in this world; and in the alternate scale to lay open before him the jewels of the treasury of heaven, with the crown to be given by the Lord of all, to them who deposed the earthen god, and bowed before the One God. Yes! it was with a spirit's power, and by the voice of an archangel, they were charged to open the archives of Heaven, and unfold the Book of Life, that man might read his easy duty, his unknown path on earth, and the certainty of death and judgment.

We shall have occasion to notice some of the many instances of unfaithfulness and impurity which disgraced those who administered in holy places during the middle ages.

The influence of the Church in England was much increased by the introduction of the Papal Power, until which time the Archbishop of Canterbury was considered the head and ruler of spiritual matters, and the King the head and ruler in temporal matters. The folly and fear of one William of Corboil betrayed the liberty of the English Church. This imprudent Archbishop procured a bull from the Pope, appointing him pope's legate in ordinary, which at once acknowledged that the power and authority which were vested in him were derived

from the Pope of Rome. The Pope soon made an occasion for sending his own legate, (an Italian priest), to England, whose presence superseded all bishops and archbishops during his stay in England. The effects of the introduction of the Papal Power into England became very alarming, even so early as the 12th century; the great and the humble felt environed by elements which were new and indefinable. In the reign of Henry II., Popery had scarcely ascertained the nature of its powers or the most effective mode of using them. Its acute eye perceived that there revolved in the spirit of the English monarch many sublime principles, which were not easily bent to subjection. It had not determined whether the king of England was better suited for an ally or a victim of the hierarchy. In its vacillations and hesitations, it may be compared to a young vulture, who could just espy her prey flickering below the craggy height, where misfortune or circumstance had cast it; but who dared not pounce upon it with that eagerness her carnivorous nature dictated, lest her half-fledged wing should fail, or her intended victim o'ermatch her strength. In the 12th century, the Papal Power was a new element, and by no means comprehended. The sovereigns of Europe, and England in particular, suddenly saw a monstrous thing stalking forth upon the earth, with the mien and comeliness of an angel, but with the action of a fiend. ends and purposes were impervious to the common ken; but its nature was power, irresistible, and unprecedented. For a time, kings and princes and warlike men fell back; and like frighted steeds, with distended nostrils and ears erect, snorting and champing, yet gazing intently on some strange object, they paused to gaze at what they could not understand. For a while, their eyes were

riveted upon it; yet they soon returned to their respective vocations; for they felt incompetent to contend with a being which, they thought, belonged to the divinities of heaven or hell. In other words, a new principle had come to herd with the attributes of earthly power. Its nature was too sublime and active to submit to a common vassalage; indeed the monarchs of the earth already displayed both jealousy and deference; for they believed it had within its grasp some vast treasury and mystic panoply, which was as unfathomable as august, and sufficient to render it either a valuable ally or a dangerous enemy.

There were some natural channels in which the Church continued to distinguish itself from all other conventions.

The light which emanates from knowledge glowed upon her brow, and associating with her divine pretensions, secured for her real grandeur and power. She was conservator of the arts and sciences-of all knowledge-and all those elegant attainments which should regulate and refine society. This was one part of her earthly founda-The priesthood pretended to be learned in legal, and even medical and surgical lore; and were resorted to in most cases of sickness or accident. However, M. Paris says, that the persecuted people, the Jews, in the 12th century maintained at London, York, and Lincoln very extensive schools for learning, into which Christians were freely admitted. In many instances the Jewish physician was preferred to the Christian priest. The vast profit tempted many monks to neglect their conventual duty, so that they might attain a smattering of medical science; insomuch that it was found necessary at the Council of Tours, in 1163, to form a canon to restrain this practice by the monks. Giraldus Cambrensis states, that the

Latin and Oriental languages were much cultivated by the monks. The works of Walter Mapes, Hanvil, and others of this date, are in excellent Latin.

The priests of all ages have been the earliest students of medicine; for in Exodus xiii. 2, we learn that the leper was brought to the priest for examination, that he might determine whether the leprosy was of the virulent and contagious character. (See Appendix, No. I.)

The priesthood were the chief chroniclers during the middle ages, and furnish the accounts of the ecclesiastical transactions. They were also ambitious to be regarded as poets, especially those who lived secluded.\* St. Godric was a severe anchorite recluse; he wore an iron shirt next his skin, and it is recorded that he wore out three by constant use. He mingled ashes with his flour; and lest it might be too palatable, he kept it four months before he ate it. One scrap from the mind of this recluse is imitated by Andrews thus:—

"I weep while I sing
For anguish to see
Through my fast-gushing tears, all nailed to a tree,
My Saviour so good, while his heart's dearest blood
Is streaming for me.
For me, too, each wound is torn open again,
While Mary's deep sorrows still add to my pain."

There are several scraps which were the produce of this period. In one of the Harleian Manuscripts are several, addressed to the Virgin. We will venture to quote the following specimens, given by Mr. Wharton.

<sup>\*</sup> The austerities of some of the priests were most extraordinary. The names of St. Polycronus, St. Burnadotus, St. Adhelm, St. Dorothea, and St. Macarius, stand eminent in the list of these visionaries. They bear a very strict affinity to the Pagan fanatics, and help to prove one allegation—viz. that Romanism is Paganism.

"Blessed be thou, Levely, ful of Heavene's blisse, Sweet flower of Pareys, moder of mildness, Pray ye, Ihesu, thi sone, that he may rede and wysse So my way for to you, that me he never mysse."

The above has been modernized by a very able author, thus:—

"Maiden mother mild, hear my humble prayer:
From shame thy suppliant shield, and from vice's snare.
For thy Blessed Child, me from treasons keep.
I was loose and wild; now in prison deep."

There is also a love song, which we will dare to quote:—

"Blow, northern wynd, seate thou me, my sueteynge blow, Northern wynd, blow, blow; Ich of a burd in boure bright That fully seemly is on sight."

The language is so obscure, that we may give the following translation of an industrious author:—

- "Bleak dost thou blow, oh! northern wind; Yet could I hail thee soft and kind, Were thy harsh-howling blast inclined To waft my charmer hither.
- "Bright in her bower sits my fair,
  Gay as the songsters of the air.
  None with sweetness to her can compare:
  Ah! would that I were with her."

Whilst referring to the poetry of this age, we will quote one more piece, warranted by Camden as thrown out by Hugh Bigod, a turbulent Earl of Norfolk, against Henry II., who, however, soon brought the boaster low:—

"Were I in my castle of Bungay,
Upon the river Waveney,
I would not care for the Kynge of Cockneye."

The most popular poetry of the twelfth century was

that of the provincial troubadour. Perhaps the following may form a suitable specimen, written on account of Eleonora's long imprisonment:-"Daughter of Aquitania, fair fruitful vine, thou hast been torn from thy country and led into a strange land. Thy harp is changed into the voice of mourning, and thy songs into sounds of lamentation. Brought up in delicacy and abundance, thou enjoyedst a royal liberty, living in the bosom of wealth, delighting thyself with the sports of thy women, with their songs, to the sound of the lute and tabor; and now thou mournest, thou weepest, thou consumest thyself with sorrow. Return, poor prisoner,—return to thy cities, if thou canst; and if thou canst not, weep and say, 'Alas! how long is my exile!' Weep, weep, and say, 'My tears are my bread, both day and night!' Where are thy guards-thy royal escort? Where thy maiden train, thy counsellors of state? Some of them, dragged far from thy country, have suffered an ignominious death; others have been deprived of sight; others banished, and wandering in divers places! Thou criest, but no one hears thee! for the King of the North keeps thee shut up, like a town that is besieged. Cry then; cease not to cry. Raise thy voice like a trumpet, that thy sons may hear it; for the day is approaching, when thy sons shall deliver thee, and then shalt thou see again thy native land!" This extract, from Chronic. Ricardi Pictarrensis, reminds us of Ossian's wild and sublime style. The scraps we have set out are mostly to be found in that excellent collection by Andrews.

Amongst the monks of the twelfth century were several good musicians. Guido Ardin is named by Baronius, as having made great discoveries in music for the use of churches. A monk (Ailred) ridicules the practice.

"One," he says, "restrains his breath, another breaks his breath, and sometimes they fall a quivering like the neighing of horses. At other times they appear in the agonies of death; their eyes roll; their shoulders are moved upwards and downwards." It is recorded that the Saxon Matilda was a great and constant patroness of music. The organ, the harp, and the horn were much used.

During the reign of Henry II. there was a practice of illuminating missals, which the monks themselves executed in a most perfect and beautiful style; and so durable, that they still dazzle our eyes with the brightness of their colour and the splendour of their gilding. The art of portrait painting had attained great excellence. William of Malmesbury tells us, that when a certain bandit wished to waylay Archbishop Anselm, they sent an excellent artist to Rome, who took his likeness without his knowledge; which coming to the hearing of the Archbishop, he avoided them, knowing that no disguise would protect him.

In agriculture the priests were much skilled. The foreign monks brought many improvements from Normandy. The monk Gervaise says, that Thomas à Becket condescended to go with his clergy and assist the neighbours in reaping their corn and housing their hay. Indeed, the knowledge of husbandry was considered so fundamental and meritorious, that a decree in the Lateran Council (A. D. 1179), encourages every monk to be a farmer, and holds out to him, while so employed, indulgences and protection.

There was a most sweet and palatable wine (almost equal to Champagne and the superior French wines) produced by a monk in Gloucester. The state of agriculture, during the twelfth century, will be fully seen by perusal

of an elaborate work written by a monk of the name of Gervaise. From his description of the implements of husbandry, Mr. Strutt thinks they were very much like those now in use.

It was in the year 1176, that one Coleman, a priest, began to build London Bridge of stone. It was about thirty-three years ere it was finished, and the course of the Thames was changed during that time. It is not too much to say, that modern architecture is only truly beautiful and permanently useful when it partakes of the principles dictated and involved in the works of our ancestors. I refer particularly to the ecclesiastical fabrics of the middle ages; and, notwithstanding the destruction and rapine during the reign of Henry the Eighth, and the period of the Commonwealth, as well as the violence of barbarous and wicked men at various times, there are still remaining many reliques of the architectural beauty, of rich and exquisite finish, displayed during this age.

Indeed the Christians of the nineteenth century must feel much abashed when they observe the splendour and expensive elegance of the cathedrals and churches of our ancestors. Their rich and elaborate masonry and sculpture, as well as the beauteous and masterly paintings in windows, and other suitable ornaments, create a certain exquisite thrill in the beholder, almost amounting to veneration.

It may be true that much superstition and extravagant ceremony existed at the time we are referring to; yet it is most reasonable to presume, that devotedness and veneration for the Deity dictated the liberal and magnificent expenditure with which our ancestors built and ornamented those places in which they met to worship their God. Alas! these are days when men build ceiled

houses for luxury and self-indulgence, regardless of expense; whilst they use the meanest calculation in the disbursement of any portion of their riches for the honour of that place where God hath promised to meet his people. It is scarcely more than twenty years since the commission was issued, under which a great number of churches have been built; and although many of them are large and commodious, yet they all want in that massive splendour and holy beauty which characterize the churches of our ancestors. Some Apologists and Utilitarians may reply, that mere accommodation is all that has been aimed at, or is required by such persons. We admit that a luke-warm spirit may be satisfied; but a truly fervent spirit will repeat the thought of the prophet, "Ah! ye build to yourselves ceiled houses, but the mansions of Christ are left waste."

The monasteries contained many men of learning and study; for at this time the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge could afford but an insecure and very scanty asylum for students, having been so often plundered by Dane and Norman successively. It was not until the very end of the twelfth century that these sister-seminaries flourished. Anthony à Wood states, that at this time Oxford had about 4000 students, and Cambridge about 3000. Some of the provincial academies were much preferred. The accomplished Alexander Neckham speaks (a little after this period) in terms of deep affection when referring to St. Alban's Academy; he says,

"Hic locus ætatis nostræ primordia novit, Annos felices, letitiæque dies. Hic locus ingenuis pueriles imbuit annos Artibus, et nostræ laudis origo fuit." Which perhaps may be rendered thus:-

In this retreat young life thus stole away: What peaceful nights! whilst science ruled the day. 'Twas here I gathered all of learning's weal, Which won that fame I own and none can steal.

Many of the priests, including Thurston, Archbishop of York, and A'Beckett, previous to his primacy, did not scruple to join in the field of battle, and harangue the soldiers with that energy and sublime eloquence which their superior education and holy profession gave great effect to. M. Paris states, that combats often decided ecclesiastical causes. The Prior of Tinmouth, Ralph Gussion, fought, by his champion, a man of gigantic stature, one Pegun, concerning a species of exhibition for the maintenance of students. During the Toulouse wars, A'Beckett, when Archdeacon, engaged in single combat and conquered Elgeran de Très, a French knight, famous for his valour. Indeed, it may be assumed that the army was always attended by many priests, and other holy men, to comfort the dying, and officiate generally. The Cross, the emblem of peace, was too often raised as the banner of war, to urge men to defy death, and seek the blood of their foes with redoubled energy. The soldiers were oft told, that it was a war for home and religion; and the cross was raised, bearing the figure of our Saviour pierced with wounds, round which chief and serf bowed in humble veneration, vowing to stand or fall by this sacred banner. deed it may be said—which cannot be said in these temperate and reforming days-religion was in all their ways. Without desiring here to discuss any of the doctrines of Catholicism, it may be enough to say that its administrations were fascinating to all. They brought the poorest in communication with the priesthood, and were conducted so as to suit the taste of the elegant and refined, as well as to associate with the main interests and objects of those kings of the earth, who were willing to concede to the Church supremacy and divine immutability. But whenever any of the Church's assumptions were disputed, the head of that Church became maddened, cunning, and relentless; and perverted her heaven-born nature, for the purpose of securing the honour and dominion of this transitory world.

The year 1160 produced great excitement. The ecclesiastical powers were suddenly ruffled and distended with the hideous passions of party; and the gorgeous mantle of the order was to be seen struggling promiscuously with the mass of disputants. The whole Latin Church reeled in discord, owing to the sudden death of Adrian, the only Englishman who ever occupied the Papal chair. was followed by an unusual circumstance-viz. a double election by the cardinals of Octavian and Orlando to the Roman pontificate: Orlando taking the name of Alexander III.; Octavian, Victor IV. There had been many earlier disputes between Popes, from 900 to 1120, wherein many (eighty) bloody battles were fought; and terms, ungrateful to truth and honour, often served as a compromise. The greatest and the bravest of emperors were insulted by the violence and treason of these dissentient priests. Frederick Barbarossa was struggling to rescue so much of the power as his predecessors had lost; and cited all Europe, both Popes, and all the Cardinals, Bishops of Germany, Italy, &c. Victor obeyed; but Alexander refused, replying, "Christ has given to St. Peter and his successors the privilege of judging all cases wherein the Church had concern; which right the see of Rome has always exercised, and has never submitted to any other

judgment." At this council were fifty bishops, the King of Bohemia and Denmark, with almost all the distinguished princes of Europe. The Kings of England and France sent their ambassadors; yet Alexander resisted their summons, and denied their right. This was one of those occasions, when the veneration which time had granted to the Pontificate was rent aside by its own hand. then and thus that the multitude were able to discern the earthly parts of that system they once thought altogether immutable and divine. It was then that the tongue was seen in the adder; it was then that the poison was detected in the soporific draught, which had for ages been administered to the docile and unsuspecting millions, who supplicated the priesthood for the charity of intercession with their Maker. The power of nominating, or rather determining, the title to the pontificate, eventually turning between France and England, became very much a matter of state policy, and, in Henry's mind, but one of the many atoms of which he fashioned his power,

In the midst of many distracting circumstances, with a constant succession of new and important anxieties, the mind of the king was constantly assailed by the strategetic appeals of the respective cardinals who sought the title and supreme power of St. Peter's chair. (See Appendix, No. II.) Indeed, the First Plantagenet was sometimes compelled to make terms with the evil spirit of Papacy; for, whilst he was executing the arduous and active duties of a sovereign possessing an extensive and divided territory, the Vatican was employing every attribute and function belonging to its being, for the purpose of suppressing the influence of the independent spirit of the King of England, and occupying that ambitious disposition which diverted him from the cause of civil and religious liberty.

The Toulouse war happened in the reign of Hen. II., and attracted adventurers from all orders of society, and many priests of various nations. Indeed, in this age, all things were devoted to war, and bore its impress. It was then, as now, an occupation which raises a standard before the eyes of men, which challenges many of the noblest parts of their nature, tendering gauds and honours in exchange for blood, and shewing pyramids for their manes to rest under. It takes man away from the lingering sorrows of domestic life, and makes an independent way to Death's domains. We may loathe when we look upon the ravages war has made; yet we must admit that it has scenes in which the leading parts of the soul must be brought into vigorous action; and all that is solid and brilliant in the spirit is elicited and concentrated in one focus of bold and dauntless resolution. Such an organization then takes place, that soul and body seem electrified into one excited and impassioned power. This was an age of chivalry; and all orders of society, including even the priesthood, seemed ever ready to follow the clarion trumpet of war. It was a disposition gratifying to the monarch, and aggrandizing to the people.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable facts during this distinguished reign, was the subjugation of Ireland to the Papal Power, which involved the assertion of the papal right to bestow kingdoms and empires, and is the origin of the connection between Great Britain and Ireland. The Irish Church had been united in fellowship with the Romish Church by the exertions of Saint Malachi; but the claims of the prelates to exclusive privileges were long resisted by the native Irish princes and the inferior clergy, who were strongly attached to their ancient institutions.

In the year 1155, Pope Adrian had issued a bull granting Ireland to Henry II. By reading this bull (see Appendix, No. III.) it will be seen how the Pope and Henry dissimulated. This was communicated to the Irish hierarchy by Henry; yet some years expired ere the Irish hierarchy were subdued to acquiescence in this violent and unholy proceeding. About 1171, circumstances effected a lodgement for the English arms in Ireland, and then the brief was read at Cashel, with a confirmatory letter from the reigning Pope, Alexander III.; and the severest censures of the Church were threatened on all who should ever dare to impeach this donation of the holy see. The Pope pretended that he thought Henry was seeking the conquest of Ireland for the purpose of weeding it of sin; whilst Henry pretended to believe the Pope's dissimulation, at the same time alleging false pretences for seeking Ireland. When we consider the proximity of Ireland and England, and the fertility of the former, we need not be surprised that it attracted the eyes of Henry, who set no bounds to his ambition. Ireland had not yet acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope, and Henry's power began to assume a very extensive and independent character; indeed it is easy to understand the Pope's anxiety to attract Henry by a new temptation, and therefore promised him that Ireland should bow before his arms, upon terms including its subjugation to the Papal Power. This was an epoch when the greatest power and splendour distinguished England, and the glory and power of the Vatican began to fade before the greater glory of England's monarch; and it is probable the Pope considered that the enterprise to Ireland would be just enough to distract and divert Henry from his main occupation.

The conduct of Henry in this affair was unlike his usual policy; it weakened the power and reduced the dignity of the civil monarch, whilst it rendered the ecclesiastical power confident and intolerant.

There have been modern statesmen who have thought that the pure things of heaven may be bartered at the shambles of expedient-mongers, or sacrificed at the altar of the demagogue. This is an error which will cost them all their fame, and mark them as the enemies of sound government. Henry's bold and striking character might have served the cause of civil and religious liberty (by which we mean, not freedom from laws, either religious or civil, as some term civil and religious liberty, but a living under good laws both civil and religious) much more extensively, and kept the Papal domination down; but, amongst other imprudent concessions, was that of receiving Ireland \* as a gift from Pope Adrian; † and, at the same time, and in the very grant, as appears by M. Paris, he submitted to be told of his own acknowledgment, "That every island in which no Christianity had gained

<sup>\*</sup> Ireland, Irin, Ierna, Iuverna, Ionerma, Bernia, or Hybernia. The origin of the word Erin, is by some considered to be derived from an Irish word meaning west. The Irish are by some historians traced beyond the flood. Others, less prejudiced, say that from the third age of the world, Ireland was inhabited by Scyths, who were afterwards augmented by Spaniards. Religion and learning flourished in Ireland, but a civil war rendered it an easy prey to foreign invasion. During the Saxon Dynasty, many Saxons were educated in Ireland.

† Adrian, the only Englishman who became Pope. He succeeded Anastatius, and at his decease came the double election of Alexander and Paschal. His name was Nicholas Breakspear, said to be the son

<sup>†</sup> Adrian, the only Englishman who became Pope. He succeeded Anastatius, and at his decease came the double election of Alexander and Paschal. His name was Nicholas Breakspear, said to be the son of a bondman belonging to the Abbey of St. Albans, who being reflected to be made a monk, went beyond the sea, and improved so in learning, that the Pope made him Bishop of Alba, and afterwards a cardinal. He proved an active and zealous Pope, although he held the Papal chair but four years; he put the City of Rome under an interdict for insulting one of his cardinals, and excommunicated William of Sicily. Adrian died in 1158.

the ascendant, belonged of right to St. Peter and the holy Roman Church." However, the mind of Henry seemed at times more than a match for the whole papal and ecclesiastical politicians. During the reign of this prince the papal chair had many occupants; but they were all awed by his monarchical bearing, for he was not only a bold and enterprising warrior, but, on most critical occasions, he proved himself a keen and vigilant politician; and some have thought that he acted wisely in appearing so docile in respect to Ireland, and that by such concessions he baffled the Pope, his rebellious Primate, and even the King of France, and preserved the royal and constitutional power from that entire devastation by which it was oft threatened.

It was in this reign that so much disputation took place touching clerical marriage. The voice and influence of the Pope were directed against this most genial rite of nature. In spite of severe persecution, there were very excellent men who would not give up the soft society of woman. Yes! that confiding and devoted creature still adhered to the side of man, although at times under an opprobious name, and without that ornament, the wedding ring, which had long been used by the honest Saxons. There was nothing in the office of priest to render it independent of those tender and noble affections which the ethereal character of woman has ever awakened; indeed many of the bishops, deacons, and inferior priests had proved themselves ready and skilful in all the excitements and dangers of the tournament, where woman sat to place the chaplet around the brow of the victor.

Pope Innocent contended that the priests should be entirely separated from those natural connections and contracts which have ever produced strong sympathies, and

quickened the best affections. They were to regard the world as a panorama passing before them, and on no account to touch or associate with the beautiful beings sent by bounteous Heaven to enliven and adorn it.

The result of this interdiction on marriage is too well known. None were rendered more virtuous or active in holiness; none became more charitable to the poor, or benevolent to the sick; but thousands erected a system of selfish indulgence which monopolised their whole nature, and turned men into fiends. This is the certain consequence, when any one of the provident laws of Heaven is pushed aside to make room for man's inventions. The principles of Christianity required no such distortion, that man on earth should at all times, whilst on earth, affect the sublimated and pure nature of angels. The prohibition of marriage was one very strong evidence of the blindness and fallibility of the Papacy; it gave rise to the general concubinage of the clergy, and turned the monasteries and nunneries into brothels, in which the most flagrant vices (including even murder) were constantly committed. That pure and stainless nature, which the Church had assumed, was soon beclouded by those dark and degrading blemishes, which no powers of the Vatican could ever entirely hide from the observation of men. Religion was no longer the handmaid of civilization, but became an obstacle to social love and peace. From the heavenly vocation of leading the blind, and teaching the thousands to control the fierce passions of their nature—of asserting pure and high principles as the best security for all—the priests became evildoers, and degenerated into oppressors, who surrounded themselves with the filth of their vices, and became loathsome as the swine in the mire. Some of the superior priests, as Adrian at Bruges, and Abbé Truckles, had

their harem, after the manner of the Eastern monarchs. No pen can describe the crimes of the Roman priests—their plots, their incests, and assassinations. Before the Reformation there were few who were innocent, from the sovereign pontiff to the humblest curate. The facetious Walter Mapes, the jovial Archdeacon of Oxford and Chaplain of Henry II., (See Appendix, IV.) ridicules the Pope's interdiction thus, or rather it is thus translated:—

" Priscian's head to break, 'tis said, It is your intention: Hic and Hec he bids us take To the Priest's declension. One of these you harshly seize, And rob us of our treasure: Hic alone for Hec must moan, 'Tis our pontiff's pleasure. Inconsistent Innocent! Ill that name thou claimest. Who, when young, didst joy among What, grown old, thou blamest. Shame await thy grisly pate, And thy heart so rotten! Wanton toys and youthful joys Hast thou quite forgoten? Sons of war, all similar, From soldiers see descending: From each king see princes spring, Princes else were ending. Mourn we then for holy men; Woful their disgrace is; They alone must furnish none To supply their places."

In the middle of the twelfth century the spiritual power adopted a moderate tone, whilst it negociated with the civil Government; but some circumstances very soon proved that the Pope demanded the veneration of kings and people; and to attain this he scrupled not to use any means, how-

ever unjust and disgraceful. He professed to have all knowledge and all power, and struggled to exercise that universal arbitrement which belongs to the Deity. He demanded a complete supremacy (see Appendix, V.), as well as the right to make and determine the wars of nations and the disputes of kings with their subjects. It would be easy to prove that the Popes have ever been the secret and open enemies of civil monarchy, and that their intrigues have caused more bloodshed in war than all other causes. It was intended to place in the Appendix a very brief Biography of the Popes, with a relation of the wars they have respectively fomented; but for the present we have noticed one only, viz. Alexander VI.,\* who obtained St. Peter's chair by the foul influence of bribery. It may be as well to detail more fully some circumstances which occurred in the reign of Henry II., as they expose the spirit of the Vatican, and furnish a picture of Popery in contention with one of the most noble and chivalric princes that ever reigned in Christendom. The Papacy sought entire dominion over the human mind; and this object began to glimmer before the acute eye of Henry, who regarded it as one step towards reducing the authority of the civil power. The influence of this mighty prince penetrated into those interstices of society where monarchy had never before reached. Even the moral authority once attached to the name of King had faded during the reign of Stephen; for then, in the midst of social anarchy, men knew not where to go for protection against the assaults of the violent. There had been

<sup>\*</sup> Alexander VI. was raised to the chair of St. Peter, although his notorious immoralities whilst cardinal exceeded all description. During his pontificate he committed murder, incest, and rape with impunity, and died by drinking poison he had prepared for certain rich cardinals whose property he desired to possess. (See Appendix, VI.)

the framework of a system, but it had, during that king's reign, become unreal and powerless, employing all its faculties for supporting its mere state.

So debilitated and impure had the chief government become, and so many inferior powers had created themselves in various parts of England, all regardless of the public good, that the constitution seemed tottering to destruction. Some prompt and special interposition seemed almost indispensable to supply the deficiency of mortal government, and restore some degree of unity and order. All parts of society were wanting some supereminent being, under whose protection they might live, and upon whom they might always depend for protection. It was at this crisis that Providence raised up this noble and generous monarch, Henry II., who required not the authority of ancestral rights, nor the aid of long-settled institutions; for his genius was so elevated and independent, that its action aggrandized its owner to the highest degree of magnificence and dignity. In its career, there was a glory about it so conspicuous and transcendant, that whilst the noble and great felt it honourable to be allied to it, the vicious shrunk before its development. His predecessors had been satisfied with the title of king, and gratified with their limited territories in France, and were content to be "lord of lords;" but he had determined to hold England in one hand and France in the other, and plant his standard in lands almost unknown to his predecessors, and, (if we may be allowed the expression), bearing the inscription "King of kings." He was the sun and shield of all. Yes! he was the soul of his people; and through him every hope, every wish, and every fear passed, ere it could have practical character. His public conduct secured for him the

highest dignity of monarchy—viz. chief conservator of public peace. He seemed endued with the vital organs just adapted to the imperial and massive genius of monarchy. Subject to some peculiar exceptions, it may be said that under whatever point of view we regard the character of Henry, we may discover the means of its strength and influence to arise from his entire devotedness. was, in truth, the leading character in Europe; and all that was seeking advancement or honour joined in its train; its course was definitive and progressive; it aroused every kind of activity, and not only sanctioned but graced every kind of improvement with its favour; it became, not only for sovereigns but even for nations, the type and model of real power; it became at last so splendid and well-established, that it promised to guard and guide the whole destiny of Europe; it seemed to have determined to alter the genius of the nation it then presided over. II., as king, warrior, and statesman, had no equal; he was far above and beyond the day in which he lived. His private character was the display of superiority which a refined and elegant mind was ever striving to hide—it was seductive and interesting. (SeeApp. VII.) Such was the dignity of the prince whose long resistance of papal authority awakened, in some degree, the glorious Reformation; but whose spirit, because ambitious and glory-seeking, was ultimately overwhelmed by the intrigues of the Vatican. Although there ever was an inherent enmity in Popery towards civil monarchy, yet it has been the policy of the Popes to endeavour to hide this predisposition from the observation of the monarchs of Europe, except when the papal power appeared irresistible. This demand of supremacy, this hostility to civil monarchs, is not a mere incident, but belongs to the very existence and nature of the Vatican.

The elevation of Thomas A'Becket to the chair of Canterbury gave birth to a sudden, protracted, and irritable discussion between the Papal Power and the King of England. It would be needless to enter into much detail of the cause of the dispute between the Primate and his Sovereign. Previous to the elevation of A'Becket he had ever affected extreme jealousy of the presumptions of the Church, and declared his resolution to aid the King in sustaining the supremacy of the civil power. Great was the dismay of the King, when he discovered that almost immediately A'Becket became Archbishop of Canterbury, he avowed himself the most resolute advocate for the rights of the Church, and the foremost rebel to civil power. To use the words of the historian, "No change was ever so sudden and violent as that which appeared in this prelate. immediately upon his election." The refusal of the Primate to sign the Constitutions of Clarendon (See App. VIII.) left no doubt in the mind of the King that the hour had arrived for him to make an example of the Primate, and to resist every encroachment of the ecclesiastical corporation. Lord Lyttleton says, the Prior of the Temple had persuaded A'Becket to submit to the order of the King. A'Becket then said, in the presence of all the bishops, these very remarkable words: "It is my master's pleasure that I should forswear myself, and at present I submit to it, and do resolve to incur perjury, and repent afterwards as I may." The bishops then heard him with astonishment; yet as he enjoined them by their canonical obedience, they signed and sealed the Constitutions; but to the utter surprise of all, A'Becket himself refused. After this time, A'Becket became anxious to secrete himself in France under the protection of the King (Louis) and the Pope; and although it was a high misdemeanour to leave the kingdom without the King's permission, and particularly forbidden by the Constitutions of Clarendon, yet A'Becket made two energetic attempts; but the King and his council were delighted to hear that the Archbishop had not succeeded in his attempts, because such was the state of King Henry's Norman possessions, that A'Becket, who knew all his secrets, could have then created most extensive and irreparable injury, by communicating them to the Pope, and many disaffected vassals in those parts. The whole conduct of the Primate evinced his anxiety to subdue the civil power to an abject obedience to the ecclesiastical; and venturing the displeasure of all men, by shielding every priest who broke the laws of the land, he became at last so offensive, that the counsellors of the King declared that A'Becket's object was to place the crown of England on the head of an ecclesiastic; or, at any rate, that he who would be King of England must be content to be slave to the Archbishop, who was but a vassal of the Pope, and ever obedient to his nod, awakening and candid declarations aroused Henry to seek a combat with A'Becket, which should be more decisive. A'Becket discovered that he was regarded by all good men as a traitor, and a most ungrateful subject of a most generous and just monarch. He was therefore anxious to convince all his brethren that the King was the enemy of the Holy Church; and he produced much sympathy, and many were the prayers offered for the Archbishop.

The mass at the altar of St. Stephen was attended with great form, and A'Becket ordered it to begin with these words: "Princes sat and spoke against," &c.; also the second Psalm: "The rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against his Anointed." There were yet some who

no longer sought an extension of powers for the Church, but began to consider how she might best secure those she possessed; some who continued to advise A'Becket to moderate his carriage and conduct, for they saw there were many lurking heresies ready to declare themselves whenever there was a leader sufficiently distinguished; that light was bursting forth amidst their evil doings. Others there were who feared lest the capacities of the Vatican were not sufficiently matured for the approaching contest with civil power; and they would have been content awhile longer to stand at the foot, or wait around the throne, as the gear and paraphernalia of civil monarchy. Indeed some of the Bishops, particularly Salisbury and Norwich, besides Robert Earl of Leicester, Reginald Earl of Cornwall, the two Templars Richard de Hastings and Tostes de St. Omer, and others, counselled A'Becket to bow altogether to the King's power; but the march of the Reformation had begun, and the lightning of Heaven which was to blast the foundations of Papacy in England, had left the altar of the Holy One; and no policy could stay that concussion which awakened man to the knowledge of that independence and divinity with which his Maker had endowed him. The thunder which then rolled across the universe still reverberates in the ears of the faithful; and when the sea shall give up her dead, then will that thunder still be heard joining in the destruction of all that is evil in the sight of God. The Archbishop despised the advice of his friends, and replied to the Bishop of London, "The king's weapon can indeed kill the body, but mine can destroy the soul and send it to hell." Many were the insults which the king suffered whilst attempting to induce A'Becket to return to his allegiance. A'Becket preserved throughout the most inflated and often blasphemous

character, assuming the character of Jesus when tempted by Satan. When the King endeavoured to persuade him to be reconciled, he told the King that his observations reminded him of the words of the devil to our Saviour: "All this will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." At another time he told the King, in a letter, that no one had yet injured the see of Canterbury, without being corrected or crushed by our Lord Jesus Christ. One of the most infamous and insulting parts of his conduct towards the King, was an attempt to make the King perjure himself, by consenting to do that which he had sworn he would not do-viz. to give him the kiss of good-will on his (A'Becket's) return to England: and, when writing to the Pope his report of the interview with the King on his arrival in England, he boasts that he had entrapped the King, and compelled Henry II., king of England, to perjure himself. Such was the influence of this priest at Rome, and wherever the power of the Vatican was dominant; indeed all orders of society watched this dispute with the greatest anxiety. Upon one occasion, the Archbishop of Rouen had the daring to tell the King to his face, that if the Pope should issue a mandate, prohibiting him communicating with the King of England, whilst he was involved in a dispute with his Archbishop (A'Becket), he, the Archbishop of Rouen, would refuse to speak or correspond with the King. Upon one occasion, the Pope offered to absolve the King from his solemn vow, as to not giving the kiss to A'Becket; Henry replied, that he could not accept it; for it reminded him of the answer which his grandfather Henry I. gave to another Pope (Calistus II.), who proffered to absolve him from a certain oath: "The Pope says that his apostate power will absolve me from a solemn vow I have taken; but it does not seem agreeable to the honour

of a King that I should consent to such absolution (see Appendix, IX.); for who will afterwards trust my promise, made upon oath, if, by example of what has been done in my case, it should have been shewn that the obligation of an oath may be so easily cancelled?" It would have been honourable to the memory of this great monarch, if his whole conduct in this dispute had been as firm and pure as the principle involved in this declaration of his grandfather; but we must regret that his conduct was at times vacillating, and wholly unlike his general character. truth is, that in this dispute, nominally with A'Becket, he was oft contending with all the powers of Europe, to whom the Vatican was as the heart to the human body. Indeed, such were the extent and ramification of intrigue that was ever agitating the deliberations of the Papal Council, that no civil potentate long enjoyed peace or independence: Henry was oft driven to a simple and entire dependence on his own original nature and genius, and to erect himself with a gaunt and physical defiance, challenging the whole world.

The tyranny and breach of faith which distinguished the contracts of the Vatican so wholly disgusted the King of England, that he often preferred to declare himself its open enemy, rather than depend upon it for its aid. It was upon these occasions that he cut through the intertwinings and entanglements of those intrigues his honest mind was unable to understand. The principles of government and policy were in those days rendered so extremely difficult, owing to the influence of Popery and other circumstances, that it is impossible to judge what course was most likely to secure peace and good government in England. Besides, it is certain that the papal eye regarded Henry as a rival not easily won or intimidated by the

ordinary agencies of its power. The Vatican had watched every development of Henry's character, which had, from the commencement of his reign, aroused inextinguishable jealousy and anxiety, if not deadly enmity, in that hierarchy, lest he should convince the world that there was a possibility of reigning as a king, independently of the pontifical thraldom; for it was one of the hopes of the Vatican, that all the kings and emperors of Europe would virtually, if not in form, consent to a vassalage, as one of the terms of their holding their crowns; and this hope was natural, for its very existence depended upon that benumbing tyranny which presided as a cloud of power over every governing principle. The reign of Henry II. often alarmed the Pope and his Cardinals; but they were ever crafty and vigilant. It was reserved for other times to produce a king of England who should in so many words deny the Pope's supremacy. (See Appendix X.) Papists have said that the latter part of the King's life discovers his humble and repentant carriage; indeed, the circumstances of A'Becket's death gave rise to rumours which, Henry thought, might be quelled by some considerable penances and services—affecting a deep sorrow for A'Becket's death; and that unless he consented to assume deep sorrow and humiliation, some of the various emissaries of the Vatican would assassinate him, or excite his people to absolute rebellion. If the secrets of the Council Chamber of Rome, and all which has been designed there for the last seven centuries, were made known to the people who still bow to her sovereignty, they would then add to the number who regard her with the greatest suspicion. Yes! it is the awful and dismal shadow which the government of Popery has left, that induces alarm when any thing bearing the features and habits of Popery appears in this land; it is the long dark picture of time past, which, blending with fantastic imitations, as well as presumptuous concessions to error, of present times, awakens strong suspicion of what may be far less offensive, and yet not harmless. Such concessions and imitations may be regarded as crocodiles' eggs, which only require some fervent changes to bring into existence an evil generation. The Pope (Alexander) says, in one of his letters, "If the King does not concede, he may depend, the Lord who now sleeps will awake, and the sword of St. Peter will not consume with rust, but will be drawn, and exercise a proper vengeance." Alexander, the chief of the Vatican, described this rebellious primate as the champion of Christ, and for his sake he banished many excellent and noble men, confiscating their estates and ruining their families; sometimes placing the kingdom of England and other kingdoms of Europe under interdicts, whereby the churches were closed, the sacraments forbidden to be administered, the dead buried in the highways—and, in some instances, the throne declared vacant, and the king pronounced an outcast, and the subjects absolved from their oaths of allegiance; indeed, the whole civilized world was sometimes seen reeling with convulsive horror and anguish, under the accumulating pains and penalties issued by the Pope of Rome.

Many letters were written by the Pope and his cardinals, to the Archbishop, assuring him of his blessedness, and quoting the scriptural words, "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." All this was the papal reward for a system of rebellion and opposition to his sovereign, and for endeavouring to excite others to the same evil and unfaithful conduct. At the same time the King was

assailed by insulting letters; and in one of them the language of Pope Paschal II. to Henry I. is quoted as applicable, and is thus-" Who doubts that the priests of Christ are the fathers and masters of kings and princes, and all the faithful? And it is acknowledged to be an act of madness for a son to oppose his father, or discipline his master, or attempt to reduce that person under his power, by whom he ought to believe that he may be bound or loosed, not only on earth but in heaven." Again, the King is told that he ought, like David, to humble himself beneath the correction of the Church. Such was the comfort and aid rendered by the Vatican to one who had opposed the necessary course of public justice, and acted in defiance of the laws of his country, which he had solemnly acknowledged and confirmed. It was Roman Papacy defying the monarch of England !—it was a season when the Roman Pontificate thought itself strong enough to declare its boundless and treasonous presumptions, which echoed from one end of Christendom to the other. The ambitious and blasphemous spirit of Popery was then bold, but is wily enough to be silent in these better times; so long silent, that some have thought it either dead, or its existence fabulous. It lives!-though, like the prince of darkness, it is in chains at the feet of the Lion of Judah. There its monstrous being heaves with unutterable anguish, couched in its scaly fold, with angry glistening orbs which roll with redoubled anguish as they watch the tribes of the faithful breaking their idols and bowing before the One God.

We must look back ere we can pronounce what is the actual nature of the Roman Church; one chief object was, and ever has been, to depose human reason, and intercept the voice of Heaven. In the reign

of Henry II. its desolating policy was passing silently over the world, when kings and princes became alarmed; for they felt their thrones tottering under them, and their lives in jeopardy; and when they sought for a cause, they discovered that there was a mysterious craft and influence in the depraved ecclesiastical power, (not palpably seen, yet gigantic) which threatened to deprive them of their state and possessions, unless they consented to hold them as vassals of the Vatican. It was in such seasons that the ecclesiastical power became endangered.

Yet there was still a blind humiliation which it sometimes secured, even from the greatest civil potentates, that enabled it to retain for a while its presumptuous and extravagant arrogance. It oft claimed to be the dictator, not only in religious matters, but in many important civil matters; and, like all tyrants, became bold and cruel in effecting every end its pride desired. Its great assumption was that of a complete vicegerency of Heaven to rule the acts and rights of all men-to govern all thought, morals, opinions, and conscience. It was under the protection of such unbounded power that it hoped to perpetrate perjury, murder, incest, blasphemy, and unnatural crimes of the worst description. Such was the dark state of the world, that all conventions, more or less, were blindly bowing before the ecclesiastical dynasty; and the mass ofttimes threw themselves, in the most humiliating and sacrificing form, before this Juggernaut of Popery. To resist this leviathan, or check its progress, even for a time, became the task or privilege of a mind which could see beyond and out of the darkness around. It was not only necessary to awaken, but to guide, a sufficient means for the end; and to divert, if possible, all the vast and valuable capacities of the Church to their proper vocation.

For this it required all the reason of a superior mind, with unprecedented physical powers; but even these would ever have been insufficient for the great engagement, unless they had been upheld by the highest degree of station and authority, and free, in a great measure, from that passion and weakness which too generally mingle in man. It required a being, or rather a spirit, which could set up a standard of ethics and moral right, with an individual independence unaffected by the dark delusions around. It required a resolution, which neither the threats of the mighty could shake, nor the indifference of the superior class nor the torpor of the unnumbered multitude could distract from its great vocation. For it was a war of years, pointed against the prejudices of a mighty class which no man could number—against the partialities of nations of warriors and philosophers—and against the alliances and affections of many of the kings and potentates of the earth. The treasures of the world, the might of physical action, the patronage of honours and riches—the gifts of the present, and the promises and hopes of the future world-were in possession of the great enemy that was now to be attacked. This enemy had held a fortress impregnable for generations, whose towers once touched heaven, and whose foundations were now blanched with the bones of thousands who had presumed to doubt its perfection, or to attempt to reduce its arrogance. But it now perceived that one of the champions of the human family, yet in his youth, in manhood's gallant hour, for a while with less earthly weakness, had thrown off the shackles which the human interpreters of the Divine will had cast upon him, and was not afraid to measure lances with the leaders of the Ecclesiastical Government. It was then that the

defensive life and faculty which reigned within their mystic arcana were first tried and contended with. There was then a sudden development of all that was splendid, mighty, and cruel. It was then, that the degree of criminality and unfaithfulness to which the tyranny of the Vatican had dared to extend itself, was added to the miscellaneous band of its powers. It was then, that the meanest of the monastic order was invited to cast all his tiny share of cloistered cunning and pelf into the gathering tide of the common cause; which, fed by ten thousand tributary streams, did by the vastness of its aggregate astonish both friend and antagonist. then that the coffers of the Church, which had been filling during a long period of darkness, were opened and emptied forth, with a haste and zeal that afforded but little opportunity of dstinguishing the tribute of blood, from the gold which common intimidation and promises had ground from generations long since hidden in their graves. It was then that the less differences between the superior and inferior ecclesiastics were willingly put aside, and even forgotten; whilst every energy was put forth against the spirit which threatened to expose the human nature and imperfection of that convention, which had been so long revered as altogether divine and immaculate. Yes! it was then that national councils, provincial councils, general councils, with their perpetual correspondence and publication of letters and of admonitions, carefully exercised their functions with one common end. Not for the search of any great truth, was the intellectual life which resided in the bosom of this government then used, but for the preservation of principles vicious and destructive! For it was then that the Church discovered that there still resided within the temporal power that brute and physical force, (the only

resuscitating means,) and which, if guided by a just and noble arm, would realize a government superior and more worthy of love than the ecclesiastical system was willing to provide. The Vatican had for some time felt, that as long as the temporal ruler was satisfied to receive a part of the plunder which its various agents had from time to time torn from the people, without investigating the degree and nature of the violence employed, there was still hope that the temporal power might be kept in subjection, and regarded as the inferior power. It was when the civil government suddenly hesitated to lend to the Church its physical powers of punishment, and claimed for itself an individuality of character and action, that the ecclesiastical monarchy proved that its own mystic machinery, (however secret, demoniac, and cruel) which gleamed through interstices of the hierarchical fabric, was insufficient alone to keep at bay that spirit which had been provoked to wrestle in the gloom of moral darkness. For this spirit feared, that not only the Church was then about to be shorn of the remaining features of that moral beauty and independence which its Maker had mantled it with; but that an arm was raised to destroy all the good order and public tranquillity of all the regular jurisdictions of the laws and of the king's sovereignty itself, and, by sure consequence, of the whole state.

In plain language, Henry II. had observed that the purpose and object of the ecclesiastical power were wholly perverted: for it no longer even professed to be busied in those works of charity and love for which it had long been honoured, but was intent upon securing an entire independence of all civil power; every bishop and archbishop being more anxious to maintain the privileges and dignities of the clergy as defined by themselves, than to correct

vices and earthly impurities. It was thus the clergy became offensive to the civil community; for they assumed a license to do what they would with certain impunity, and without fear of God or man. Yet the treasonous conduct of A'Becket had induced Henry to correct the notorious iniquities and relaxation of discipline in the spiritual courts, as well as to stop their encroachments on points of jurisdiction;—the constant system of the clergy, of appealing their suits from the civil courts of England to the ecclesiastical courts of Rome, which were dilatory and fraudulent;—but, above all, the depraved disposition of the Roman see, which, in its relaxation of all principle and consistency, had so often evinced a willingness to absolve men from their oaths, and every obligation of law and honour that formed any obstacle to the indecent rapacity or arbitrary conduct of this encroaching hierarchy. Alas! Henry's predecessor had tolerated many abuses which the name of religion had sanctified, and which could not be reformed without some violence, and the concurrence of more favourable circumstances than those which attended the anxious and contentious reign of King Stephen.

But even from the mists of Papacy, surrounded by a fanatic people, with fanatic ideas and passions, (cultivated during a lengthened age of superstition), a monarch came forth with a single and definite object—viz. to erect a pure monarchy, possessing sufficient absolute power for regulating every interest of the nation, so as to secure the greatest degree of liberty for his people. It was by the influence of his distinguished authority, that Henry II. reduced the arrogance of Priestcraft, and elevated the genius of Government.

It has been said that these were days of darkness, and it it might be added, of extreme profligacy and sensuality, mixed with superstition. How could it be otherwise? Papacy dominant! Papacy, the immediate heir of Paganism; retaining its essence and features, its worship of images and of dead men, whom it deified with prayers, hymns, and incense! Papacy, the teacher of auricular confessions, absolution, indulgences of sins! - miracles wrought by images, pictures, and the bones of the dead! -transubstantiation, or the assumed power of forming the real body of Jesus by the hands of man!—the infallibility of the Pope, and his right to be the interpreter and dispenser of the Scriptures; declaring that he held the keys of heaven and of hell, and that he had authority to absolve from oaths, to break allegiance, to dethrone kings, and to torture and destroy mankind! Papacy! the blatant, deceitful beast, which, while it boasted that Druidical ignorance and impiety were expelled from the land, introduced mummeries and impositions of its own, still more iniquitous, cruel, and absurd; destroying the loveliest parts of God's creatures, and with vengeful blasphemy claiming a right to punish with tortures, even unto death, all kindreds and nations who presumed to commune with God without the intervention of the Roman priests, or who dared to deny the supreme and divine power of the Pope.\* The influence of this new religion was unfit and unlikely to dispel moral darkness, or to elevate the supreme part of man's nature, especially since the ministers themselves were altogether superstitious, venal, and self-indulgent.

And although, in the course of time, some most holy and excellent men ministered in holy things, and by their example and precept gave action and power to the princi-

<sup>\*</sup> Solus Romanus Pontifex jure dicitur universalis. Illi soli licet pro temporis necessitate novas leges condere. Papæ solius pedes omnes principes deosculantur. Illius solius nomen in ecclesiis recitatur: unicum est nomen in mundo. Illi licet Imperatores deponere.— Greg. Epist.

ples of the Gospel; yet, alas! there were many who afforded great apology for vice and profligacy in manners, and most abject superstition. The Roman clergy were. at times, during the reign of Henry II., very obnoxious to the people. It is said by Rapin and others, that no less than 100 murders were committed by the clergy during the very early part of this reign, and none of the murderers had been brought to suitable punishment. Some had purchased absolution for incest, rape, perjury, and murder, long before these crimes were perpetrated; some after; and defied all law, depending on their influence with the Vatican. But these will bear but a slight comparison with the number and enormities of the murders and cruelties which the Vatican has perpetrated in the unseen and undistinguished walks of private society, through the instrumentality of its agents, the various priests, who like serpents insinuated themselves into every family of respectability. Heaven and the grave can alone tell over this awful list. It has been but seldom that the public, or the magistrates of civil power, have been allowed even to catch a glimpse of the acts of some of those monsters, who allowed nothing to stay their arm when any object arose which awakened their cupidity or lust.\*

History furnishes many instances of the zeal with which the synods of Bishops condemned the simple-hearted. This zeal was fatal to thirty poor Germans, and their pastor, F. Gerard, a man of good character and learning, who were apprehended at Oxford in this reign, and who having been found guilty of obstinate heresy, were branded and shorn of all covering, because they had not orthodox views of purgatory, saints, reliques, &c. They all perished of hunger and cold. The name and sufferings of

<sup>\*</sup> See Appendix for quotation from that valuable journal the Times, Nov. 15, 1844.

this good Reformer are little known, and less remarked upon; but the righteous never die, or as a poet has said:—

"They never fail, who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad."—Marino Faliero.

It will be needful to refer to some instances of the persecuting spirit of Popery; but an equal charge against the Church of Rome is, that it has ever denied the exercise of individual reason; and though this could never wholly stay the action of those minds which this artful denial was intended to controul, yet it was sufficient to depress and impair that reason to which she forbade action. This was an unfaithfulness and a repudiation of her divinity. It was human weakness, glaring on the brow of the spiritual vocation, fearing that her mystic knowledge and superstitious influence would be exposed and attenuated! it was man intercepting the light of Heaven from the countenances of his fellow-men! it was man opposing his Maker in the course of his wide developments and purposes! it was pride united to meanness! it was form and earth opposing Spirit and Heaven! She denied the liberty of human thought, and dared to urge that angel of light, the spirit, by force and cruelty! Faith was urged by fear, and made a thing of time and place; whilst demonstrations of the power of man were exhibited-such as fire, the sword, and the inquisition—to purify heresies, (so called); and the Spirit of God was insulted. The Papacy required that the traditions or works of the Fathers should be accepted as part of the Rule of Faith; indeed, Lord Lyttleton says, that as early as the troubled reign of Stephen, the popish

priests had invented a set of principles, supergoverning the law and the king, said to be found in books at Oxford by Vaccarius; and a collection called the Decretum obtained great credit.

The cities of Languedoc were at this time remarkable for their commercial wealth, and their spirit of independence; they had now declared that the Scriptures. were the sole Rule of Faith, (see Appendix XI.), and consequently condemned the supremacy over the conscience claimed by the Romish Priesthood. (See Appendix XII.) Such a doctrine awakened the extreme anger of the Vatican, and they were stigmatized as the worst of criminals; all the Reformers were delivered over to the fierce soldiery of the Catholic princes, and the same privileges were granted to those who took arms against them, as to crusaders and pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre. We shall not pain our readers by details of the terrible effects of the vengeance of the Vatican, for these religious persecutions present the most horrible picture of inhuman barbarities. The Cardinal of Albans, Abbot of Clairvaux, had the melancholy occupation of commanding the first expedition against these humble and holy reformers. The horrors of these impious wars exceed all others recorded by the historian. It was thus the Church employed murderers as missionaries, and indiscriminate massacres as her best arguments. It was in these wars that the crafty Philip Augustus took an active and cruel part against the Albigenses, merely to avert the anger of the Pope.

About the year 1160, one Waldo, a merchant of Lyons, having studied the Bible, and declared that Transubstantiation was unscriptural, became the founder of a sect immensely numerous. In Savoy they were called Waldenses; Albigenses in France; and Lollards in England. (See App.

XIII.) Rankin, in his History of France, sets out their doctrines, which were strictly scriptural, whilst their habits were temperate, and consistent with their profession.

The Vatican pointed at them as a set of wild maniacs, only fit for entire extermination; and Pope Alexander issued the most woeful and awful decrees, calling upon all Christians to unite in a crusade against them, which was too readily complied with.

The page of history informs us, that twenty-three thousand of these holy reformers were put to the sword in one day, by the orders of the Abbot of the Cistercians. A slight idea may be formed of the cruelty and fanaticism which urged on this priest in his bloody occupation, from the following circumstance:—The noble and devoted Count Raymond was defending Besiers, the capital; and some hesitation being felt just before the assault, as to sparing those in the city who were faithful to the Roman See, the question was put to the Abbot, to which his ferocious and blasphemous answer was—"Kill all; kill all: God will find out those who belong to him." This war cost one million of lives.

The Vatican was ever active in detecting schismatics of all kinds; holding up such schisms as proofs that injury arose by the spread of the Gospel, and that therefore it was necessary to withhold the Bible from the laity. It may be readily assumed and acknowledged, that many sects were generated from the sudden spread of the Gospel. Its glorious rays spread light to all; yet some were dazzled by the mass of treasures which it disclosed, as the inheritance of the true followers of Christ; and some probably felt as persons rising from a long trance of darkness, and for awhile they but partially understood the mission of the Holy Book. Hence sects arose, pro-

fessing tenets bearing but a partial similitude to the truth of the word; and very few revivals of religion have ever occurred, without furnishing painful scenes of extravagance and fanaticism. Yet God is the same—the letter of God remains the same; a test and reference which mostly moderates the extravagant, and corrects the disorder of fanaticism; and yet amongst the wild and schismatic were generally some of the best and most heavenly-minded persons, whose virtues much extenuated the violence and excitement of their sect.

It appears that the greatest offence which these Reformers gave to the Romish Church was their firm denial of Transubstantiation. It is not the intention of these pages to discuss at any length the various doctrines of Romanism; yet it may be remarked, that no article of the faith was better calculated to exalt the power of the priesthood: its assumption of ability to form the body and blood of the Saviour, and the blind concession of the multitude to this doctrine, endowed the priesthood with the additional character of magicians; the nature of this doctrine was incomprehensible, and therefore incontrovertible; and this circumstance, instead of exciting doubt or jealousy, only increased the ready veneration of all orders of society (see Appendix XIV.) When princes and potentates have been about to confide in their influence over their people, they have been warned of the superiority which mantled the vocation of the most humble priest in his daily practice of creating parts of the real body and blood of Christ. There have been some disputes as to who was the propounder of this perverted doctrine: common sense has often rejected it, and some learned and devout Catholics have struggled to prove it unscriptural (such as Berengarius); but the Doctrine of the Infallibility of the Church (see Appendix, XV.) has supergoverned and stifled all reason.

The public Council of Trent declared "all accursed who refused to receive the ecclesiastical traditions with like piety and reverence as the holy Scriptures;" (see Appendix, XVI.) where the famous Creed of Pope Pius IV. is set out as drawn by the order of the Council of Trent, as a condensed formulary of the doctrines of the Church of Rome.) This Creed adds ecclesiastical traditions to the Bible. It declares the Scriptures may only be interpreted as the Church propounds, although the Church has never propounded any distinct interpretation. It speaks of "the unanimous sense of the Fathers," which are full of inconsistencies and contradictions; it multiplies the sacraments; it changes the scriptural doctrine of Justification; and declares there is no salvation, except to those who hold the sentiments of the Church of Rome.

In these days some have disturbed the Reformed Church with declarations concerning the imperativeness and importance of traditions, and compliance with the rubric of the Church. We may not leave this subject without saying, that a grave sorrow passes over the mind of every sound Protestant who sees the flood of the plain Gospel light about to be mixed up with the deceitful meteor gleams transmitted by the ancient Fathers. At present the Gospel is accessible, and the reading of it made easy; and we have been taught that its knowledge is a shining light, which will show us all, poor and rich, the way to heaven. But if the knowledge of works of the Fathers is considered saving and necessary, then what is the extent of responsibility of the prophets and advocates of this new divinity! What has become of the saints who died in the faith of the simple Gospel? And if such knowledge is not considered saving, wherefore the need of this resurrection of such writings? The works of the Fathers were set up by Papists long before the nineteenth century, for the purpose of darkening the pure light of the Bible. \*

It is no new invention; for our Saviour says, "Howbeit, in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men; for, laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups; and many other such like things ye do."

Men may be eccentric in some of the sciences, and antiquarian in some of the arts; but the religion of the Bible is too sacred and important a subject for amateurs and pedants to exercise their empirical powers upon. There have been some zealots and enthusiasts who have surrendered their worldly substance, and even tendered their bodies to be burned or tortured (as the Bonzes); and whilst men have yielded them pity, they have thought them sincere on account of their personal sacrifices. The Church was much excited when John Wesley avowed his views; but who can doubt that sincerity and holy love provoked all his conduct, and that signal honour and veneration mark his memory! The changes he sought were spiritual, and a closer communion between the priesthood and the people. But the washers of pots and cups of the nineteenth century have as yet done no good, but much evil, and incurred contempt of all who love peace. However, this is an important matter, and we leave it to justify itself by time; trusting that the Bishops of the various Dioceses, the Archbishops, but, above all, the Sovereign of these realms, will watch with a jealous eye all these changes, and firmly put down that

<sup>\*</sup> At the beginning of Henry's reign, the Roman priests again struggled to sustain the Decretum, for which they claimed an authority above the Bible.—Lyttleton.

which is wrong. We cannot leave this subject without reminding those who love new forms, that the Eastern and Romish Churches were long divided as to the proper mode of shaving the heads of the priests. Such things must weaken the high authority of any clergy.

The charitable philosopher and religionist will be content to watch these portending changes, and wait in dumb reflection their development. It is certain that changes are daily expressing themselves; and the most charitable hope is, that although some are formal only, yet that there are some which may be the external and evidential features of spiritual change: and who shall dare to stop such mystic developments? The way-faring man, though a fool, may worship God, and be met by the Holy Companion left to man when Jesus ascended up on high. But it is perhaps an anxious inquiry made by some learned divines, How much and what form is to be associated in religious exercises? Yet they must bear in mind (it is well for mortals that it is so!) that He to whom our services are addressed replied even to the publican,accepted the works of Joseph of Arimathea-and rejected not the costly ointment of Mary. Yes! by God will be heard the bold anthems and hosannas of the Church, as well as the inward quivering of a sigh. If the mind of man is so much more mysterious than the body, how exceedingly sublime and mystical are the attributes of the Deity, to whom prayer and praise are addressed. And as God's spirit condescends at times to walk with the spirit of every man, how can any man, or any set of men, presume to tell his fellow-spirit that forms are fit subjects of disputation before God-and that even by those who profess to worship him in spirit and in truth! Let them take heed, for they are very near Satan's elements. Forms and ceremonies are

very fascinating, and sometimes very delusive. The Church may decline through internal diseases. Nothing else can destroy the Church but her own harlotry with the world. No arm can successfully assail a spiritual Church: but a brick-and-mortar church is of the earth, and readily destroyed. Let them often inquire whether it is the spirit of love that induces this anxiety for change; and whether it is not possible that small changes may produce great troubles in a Church long venerated for its consistency and union. These novelties may appear small or large to those who are inventing them; but what injury may arise to the Church, by creating mistrust and contempt in the world, and strengthening the enemies of the Reformed Church! God is a spirit; and it requires some stretch of credulity to believe, that his sublime nature is more pleased with some of the forms, or rather actions in worship, lately attempted to be introduced by persons not very distinguished for any thing else but this emulation to change. If they desire to increase the pomp of the Church, let them remember that the devil is a formalist, and that image-worship in the modern Romish Church is said by some to have had a very simple and rather innocent origin. The Deity says, "Son, give me thy heart;" he does not say 'in such a manner,' or, 'with such a form.' Jahn, in his valuable work on the Hebrew commonwealth, says—"At first probably a representation of Jehovah was set up; but this was soon transformed into an idol, or was invoked as an idol by others-of which there is a very remarkable example in the time soon after Joshua. (Judges xvii., xviii.) Idolatrous images were afterwards set up with the image; and the Hebrews imagined that they should be the more prosperous, if they worshipped the ancient gods of the land from time to time. Idolatry was at last openly professed; and this national treachery to the King Jehovah always brought with it national misfortunes." The idolatry of the Romish Church is absolute, but much denied by the Papists, who are true descendants of Paganism, and invoke the dead saints to intercede with the Deity.

The new formalists may be compared to certain young officers, who applied to the military authority for more ornaments to be placed on their new appointment or dress; but when commanded to meet the enemy, they deserted their ranks, and mutinied against their chiefs. Ye Antiquarian Rubricians! it may be that ye have a pure and sincere respect for the Rubric, which may not be (in form) strictly followed by the Reformed Church; but bear in mind ye are servants and ministers of the Holy One, who regards the spirit of the giver. Antiquarian Rubricians, take heed; be busy in works of love and charity, and ye will forget these new attitudes, forms, and ceremonies. What will the Lord of the vineyard say, if he comes when you are busied in contesting unimportant forms, and have left his vineyard to be choked by thorns and weeds! Suppose the spirit Death should divide you from your congregation, whilst teaching them new forms and ceremonies,-can ye who are so anxious for new forms say to those with whom ye are contesting-namely, your congregations, - "Oh! God is my record, how greatly I yearn after you in the bowels of Jesus?" Take care, or your refinements may awaken first pity, then contempt; and soon some enemy, compounded of the world, the flesh, and the devil, may cast you down, and produce scandal and insult upon the holy things you were entrusted with.

The nature of the Protestant religion stands upon the authority of the Scriptures; and it seems more than ever important that they should be protected and handed down from generation to generation, by some safeguard of at least equal repute and security with that which secures the laws of commerce and municipal rights. And at first sight it does appear that it would be difficult to select for this purpose any integral portion of the governing power, and that the protection naturally and necessarily devolves upon the chief government; for, it is obvious, religion is a powerful and faithful principle of association. A most important duty of all governments is that of promulgating truth to all, with one end, and by one and the same means; and by its authority to realize funds for the preservation of the Scriptures in their integrity, as well as the promulgation of the truths of these Scriptures-commonly known as the spread of the Gospel. And we would fearlessly denominate that government unreasonable and tyrannical, which demanded honesty, virtue, and order from its subjects, and yet failed to secure for those subjects the instruction and holy wisdom which the ritual approved of by the government contains. When religious instruction is not provided by a government, it ceases to be a civilized government, and is wanting in benevolence and parental nature; and it is much to be suspected, that its object is to deprave and degrade the spirit of the people, so as to mould them to its own selfish purposes. Hence it was that the tyrant Diocletian, A.D. 303, ordered the Scriptures to be destroyed, lest they should awaken the Romans to a sense of their personal dignity.

The Vatican caused a tradition of the Fathers to supersede the authority of God's word; because it desired to tyrannize over man,—which tyranny would be exposed by the simple word of God. When the Popes discovered that they could hold the sceptre without the writings of apostle or prophet, they hurled them into the deepest darkness, until they seemed to perish from the memory of man. When the Inquisition was executing its direst cruelties on the human family, the edict of the Council of Toulouse was published, which forbade the laity to read the Bible. The most remarkable era of Papal activity and craft was, when a bull was issued confirming the terrible law of Philip II., which made it death to sell, buy, keep, or read the Bible. In every country where the Papacy obtained influence, it invariably succeeded in extinguishing the use of the The infidel and profane Louis XIV. openly exulted that his persecutions had cleared his nation of every man who read the Bible. In the bloody scenes of 1793, in which Robespierre enacted chief fiend, the holy Bible was fastened to the tails of asses, and dragged through the streets.

In all the travail of the Scriptures, perhaps this was one of the greatest indignities it suffered, and was followed by a series of the most severe national judgments.

In this day, it has ceased to be a debatable question, whether religious information should be spread amongst the people of the land; for the territorial aggrandizement of Popery has been much diminished, and the divine flame enlightens many lands. Every clime has now thousands of copies of the Bible in its possession; and now God has forbidden every human power to take them away. The armies of heathen barbarians, led on by a Julian or commanded by a Trajan, can never again drive the Christian before them. The peaceful decrees of a Theodosius, or the Edict of Nantes, are no longer needful to preserve the

Scriptures, or to protect the Christian. "The Morning Star," which shed its earliest rays over Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea, has now cast its meridian splendour over the chief cities of the world. In vain would the Vatican send forth its murderous decrees. In vain might the fiend of the Inquisition roll his polluting glance over Christendom; the arm of these persecutors is now shortened by the vigilant anger of God. It matters not that an emperor, learned and mighty as Justinian, should declare the Pope to be the Head of all Churches; for the innocent tongues of children would testify to his blasphemy.

Hark! listen to the music of the lisping voices which come o'er the western wave—'tis from Afric's tawny children—it echoes through the ice-bound mountains of Greenland, and is chaunted upon the choral strand of India—it bounds from pole to pole!

All the great enemies of the Bible, from the days of the Roman tyrant Diocletian to those of Napoleon, have realized the wages of scoffers and infidels. Those nations where the Bible was desecrated and ejected. have had the curse of one of the Churches of Asia: they have been cast out as an infectious thing, and degraded before the eyes of all Christendom. Where is Ephesus, the proud queen of cities, that erst studded the verdant banks of the rapid Cayster? Where is the temple of Diana, with those who there rejected the eloquence of St. Paul? Why was the cruel Turk allowed to devastate the beautiful city of Smyrna? Where are the magnificence and vast library of the once celebrated Pergamos? The sighs of that holy martyr Antipas still echo in the ears of the Christian, and remind us that the inhabitants of this once beautiful city are cast down with the enemies of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Where is the famous Thyatira, mentioned by St. Paul as the scene of the labours of the fair Lydia? What has become of the ancient city of the Lydian Kings? Where is proud Sardis, once adding fame to those men of war and might, Alexander, Cyrus, and Crœsus? She fell into the jaws of false religion. She has heard the Prophet say, "Thou livest, but art dead;" and she now sits in darkness; and (Tacitus says) her comeliness has been broken by the awful earthquakes which have turned valley into mountain: a few mud huts contain all the population of Sardis. Those plains, once covered by thousands and hundreds of thousands of human beings, are now a solitary desert. The traveller pauses awhile, revolving the time past in his awestricken mind, just to view once more the beautiful plain which bounds the grandeur of the Gygæan Lake. Where is Philadelphia, now Allah-Shehr? What now remains of her beautiful church of St. John? A few crumbling ruins remind us of those holy words: "I will make them of the synagogue of Satan." Where is the once happy and opulent city of Laodicea? It filled up its measure of iniquity; and He who said, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot," has made it a desolate waste, where the greedy jackal and the hungry wolf have roamed for ages. Greece, once the nurse of the arts and sciences, the fruitful mother of philosophers, lawgivers, and heroes, suffered a long chastisement under the iron yoke of ignorance and barbarism! Carthage, once the mighty sovereign of the ocean, and the centre of universal commerce, now puzzles the inquiring traveller in his search after even a vestige of her ruins! And Rome, the mistress of the universe, which once appeared to contain whatever was esteemed great or brilliant in human nature, is now sunk into comparative meanness, effeminacy, and infamy! The rejection of Christianity left these splendid republics unprotected, when those violent factions arose which destroyed their natural strength.

Where is the proud Assyrian, who basked by the banks of the Tigris-the soothsaying Chaldean, who watched the vast waters of the Euphrates-the gorgeous Persian, whose dominion extended from the Indus to the tideless Mediterranean? Where are the kingdoms of Damascus and Idumea-of Jerusalem and Samaria, and the wild and warlike Philistine? Where are the dense ramparts of Nineveh —the beautiful hanging gardens of Babylon—the gay palaces of Persepolis, and the massive temples of Balbec and Jerusalem? Ye winds of heaven, say, where are the busy fleets of Tyre, that conveyed the spices and precious stones of Ceylon-the shawls of Cassimere-the diamonds of Golconda-the amber of the Maldives-the musk of Thibet—the aloes of Cochin—the peacocks of India, and the myrrh and gold-dust of Africa? Alas! where are these magnificent ships and these beautiful cities with their vast possessions? Whisper, ye winds; let north and south and east and west declare, where are they now? Alas! ye have joined with time and the other servants of avenging Heaven, and ye have thrown down the mystic temples, demolished the palaces, and stripped them of all their false elements and ornaments, and destroyed the strongholds of idolatry! The Phœnician has been hurried away! The Chaldean no longer bows before a vile reptile, and the proud Persian no longer worships fire.

Such is the picture of facts upon which all men may look. Yet many statesmen and heroes deny *practically* that Christianity, the evergreen of the vintage of the earth, is the only safe and imperturbable basis for national existence.

It is here we may mark the depravity of man's nature,— a deformity which the greatest station cannot hide. The presumption of individual man oft induces him to believe, that his own existence contains every incident necessary to develope the principles by which men and nations are governed by their Creator; and because he lives in a period of mercy, that no judgments of Heaven ever fall upon the earth; and that because that Government which makes direct concessions to evil men and evil principles is not abruptly dissolved by the immediate interposition of Heaven, that therefore the eye of Heaven is closed. Yet the historian can at a glance discover many nations, as well as the mightiest and most valiant of men, still lying as monuments of the eternal vigilance and retributive justice of Heaven.

Whilst we write these lines respecting Paganism and Popery, we are endeavouring to describe one of the great enemies of man; yet we believe there are many very excellent persons who would almost regard us as prejudiced and invidious. They might probably direct us to the passive and unassuming aspect of the Vatican, and refer us to the Roman Catholic of the present day, as evidential of the very peaceable and harmless nature of this section of Christians. Our first and general answer would be, that Popery in power was a cruel persecutor; but in the days of its humiliation, it put away its bloodstained garments, and arrayed itself in sheep's clothing. It has only secreted its instruments of torture—its racks and chains-with all the hellish machinery of the Inquisition. Let not kings or subjects trifle with the Romish Church, as with a principle that has lost its faculties and passions! They who pamper and dandle with this monster, do not understand its nature or attitude. It is true, it has lost much of its domination over some nations and sovereigns; yet it still lives, its breath still issues from its corrupt being;\* and though its energy appears relaxed, yet it still withers and poisons many generous hearts, desolates many happy homes, and enacts many tragedies which never reach the public ear. It is the enemy of man; and now writhes in secret, yearning for a day when it may renew its hellish practices and fiend-like cruelties!

I am aware that there are some who think it wise to be silent on some of the most important differences in society, and have included the present subject amongst those differences; but to them I would read the law of Solon, which declared every man infamous, who, in any sedition or civil difference, should continue silent and neuter, refusing to side with either party. (See Phit. in Vit. Solon). Aulus Gellius gives a stronger character of this law; for he says, the penalty was no less than the banishment of the delinquent, and confiscation of all his effects. (See A. Gellii Noct. Attic. Lib. 10, Epis. 1.) What effect the law had among the Athenians, we cannot say; however, it is plainly founded upon that relation which every member bears to the body politic, and that interest which every individual is supposed to have in the good of the whole It is still, though not in express terms, community. virtually recognised in every free country.

The boldest form to put the charge against Roman Catholicism is this—First, that Paganism was the most blasphemous and disgusting form in which religion was ever presented to man. (See Appendix, XVII.)

<sup>\*</sup> The Present Pontiff, Gregory XVI., issued a bull, dated 7th May, 1844, against Bible Societies.

Secondly, That Roman Catholicism is the real representative of Paganism,—its main feature being idolatry, and cruelty towards all who refuse to worship the idols it from time to time sets up.

It matters not to man, whether he is persecuted and murdered by the worshipper of Diana or the worshipper of the Virgin. It could make little difference to a Christian, whether he were torn to pieces by wild beasts in an amphitheatre, for the gratification of some ferocious Roman Emperor, such as Domitian, or burnt at an auto da fé, to celebrate the arrival of a Prince of Parma at the City of Valladolid.

It matters not to the follower of Christ, whether it is the idolatrous Hierarchy of ancient Rome, or the impious Pontificate of modern Rome, which demands his life as the penalty, on his refusal to bow before an image, and ask its intercession with the Deity. The Roman Emperors demanded to be deified. The Papal Chiefs declared that they possessed all the attribute's of God himself—viz. remission of sins, infallibility, (see Appendix XVIII.), the gift of miracles, the grant of separate glories in heaven; and were worshipped as the representatives and equals of the King of kings. Through all things the Papal Power forced itself, dominating over every spiritual and temporal interest. Had it imbibed any portion of the benevolent spirit of Him who "went about doing good," its elevation and authority were sufficient for realizing the greatest benefit to those nations where it predominated; it might have formed schools of learning and hospitals of charity, that would have yielded a stream of vigour and comfort through thousands of channels; it was doubtless entrusted with an important mission to man: but it cast

aside the Divine letter, and regulated itself by the dictates of its own passions, the habits of the world, and the delusions of the enemy of mankind; it became the vicar of the Prince of Darkness, generating the most awful woes on every society in which it moved. Its spirit is still the same; and its conduct would be the same, but that He who never slumbers nor sleeps holds this monster in chains. Sometimes the monster moves, and then the clanking of his chains gives warning to Christendom to rally their mighty armies, and resist the reign of tyranny. Let the present Reformed Church take heed to its ways, and abide by the integrity of those early reformers, Luther and others; let it reject the temptations of kings, and the flexible expediencies of some statesmen, and ever refuse to become part of the blind multitude; let it look at the simple picture of modern Paganism, or Roman Catholicism, and observe the steps of its degradation, begining at the early part of the thirteenth century, down to the 25th of March, 1797, when the leader of democracy, viz. Napoleon, caused the Papal Chief and all his cardinals, except three, to be placed in the hands of soldiery, and hurried off to an ignominious prison, where the Pope himself died. It would far exceed the limits of this humble sketch, to detail the interesting principles which a chain of historical facts elucidates. It is sufficient to say, there is one established principle—viz. that a nation which denies the government of God will be as the memory of the wicked man-forgotten or despised. The nation and its idols will be trampled under foot, and boundless perplexities will drive it on to self-destruction. Then fiends will rejoice, and the elements themselves unite their powers, as in the destruction of the Spanish Armada in

1588.\* And it is worthy of remark that this Armada was the hope of Rome, sent forth to enslave our happy country, and defy the living God; but He who led captivity captive raised his mighty arm, and sent out his servants, the North, the South, the East, and the West, to destroy the enemies of England. What must have been the consternation of that host of idolaters and infidels! They, like the Egyptians, called upon their gods, and hung upon the mantles of their priests; but their shrieks for help were answered by the mighty billows, which closed upon them for ever; and then the destroying angel, flying over their watery graves, cried, with a woeful shout, "Ye are the enemies of the Lord Jesus Christ, and have earned the reward of the unfaithful steward."

To the Christian Church many sacred things were entrusted; and, at first, its natural object was power sufficient to carry into full execution those principles, which its deliberative habits and nature prescribed. If it had stopped here, there would have been a consistency united to its admirable capacities, and its divinity would have been eminent before all men; and its glory would have glittered through the attire which hung in graceful folds around its god-like form, whilst ministering on earth. But, alas! its innocent and simple confidings were soon hidden and loaded by earthly and sensual habiliments; and then its object was earthly dominion, to which it soon discovered that riches form the most direct road. And to obtain riches, it bartered with the Evil One; and selling love and charity in exchange for earthly ambition, human pride,

<sup>\*</sup> A tribunal having the authority and capacities of the Inquisition of Spain, was established even in the fleet of "invincible Armada."—Chaudler's Hist. of Persecutions, and Simborah's Hist. of the Inquisition.

and satanic cruelty, it laid down the white robe of salvation, and, enveloping itself in a dense cloud, it took up the sword and firebrand of destruction. Truth would have furnished every good thing in its own time; but Truth was not trusted alone; for there were subordinate paraphernalia created by man, to attend about it, altogether foreign to its simple principles. Hence the continual miscarriages of mortal schemes. The enemies of religion and order, often, sneering, remind us that the churches of the earth covet the riches of the earth; and, to obtain them, many cruelties have been perpetrated, and much of integrity and holy authority bartered. Of the cruelties we have referred to, some indeed stain the pages of history, but the greater part are known only to God. Alas! Beatrice Cenci would have been respited, sine die, but that the Church who judged her required the confiscation of her estates, to increase her store of golden bribes. The riches which belonged to many of the victims of the auto da fé, were the main cause of their being thus inhumanly murdered.\*

We have noticed some of the characteristics of the Spirit of the Vatican, and we have shewn that the refinement and attainments of the Church might furnish one of the reasons for its worldly assumptions. We will now venture to notice a peculiarity in the Catholic Church, which does not so precisely arise from the essential doctrines of the faith, as from the administration and ecclesiastical government; and yet it is a marked peculiarity which has quickened many enemies, and created very great obstacles to this once vast and interesting hierarchy. If we attempt to analyze this peculiarity, the result is that we then concur with the most violent of its opponents, who

<sup>\*</sup> Llorente—Hist. Inquis.

contend, that if truth were its only basis, then this peculiarity would not and could not exist. Although, as I have before said, some of its doctrines may have had to meet the rebuff and criticism of many good and wise men, before whose energies they may at last (under God's providence) bow; yet it is not the doctrine either of Auricular Confession-Absolution by the Priest-Indulgences-Purgatory-Worship of Images-Invocation and Intercession - Deification of Mortals - Transubstantiation -Rule of Faith—Supremacy of Pope—Infallibility—Justification, &c. &c. (see Appendix XIX.), which is now pointed at (for these might have been, during some part of time, innocent subjects of dispute in the schools of the churches of the earth); but the outward discipline of the people by the Priesthood and the Papal Power. These, (as Rapin observes) may be considered the spring of all the remarkable events which happened in the Church of England for several centuries, particularly in the early and middle ages. One of those principles was, that Christ committed the instruction of the faithful to the care of the Church. words of Pope Innocent III. are: "So hath Christ established the kingdom and the priesthood in the Church, that the kingdom is sacerdotal and the priesthood is kingly; he hath set one man over the world, him alone he hath appointed his vicar upon earth; 2 and as Christ is obeyed in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, so shall obedience and service be paid to his vicar by all, that they may be one fold and one shepherd; "\*-whence were drawn these two peculiar inferences—viz. that the faithful (meaning the people) must be wholly guided by the priesthood; and that the priesthood were the sole arbiters and judges of all the

<sup>\* 1</sup> Unum præficiens universis.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Quem suum in terris vicarium ordinavit.

difficulties in faith and church government—the priesthood being the Church. This was a false interpretation, presenting to the people a most sweeping doctrine-viz. that the priesthood was the Church. Again, to render this reasonable as an active principle, it was needful to assume infallibility in the priesthood; and this gaining rapid ground, and being soon an admitted doctrine, the priesthood hesitated not to punish the people in such manner as they thought most likely to render them worthy of the favour of the Church. And as the faithful were to be branches of the True Vine, and spotless, the priesthood did not scruple to cut off any branches from the Church by excommunication. This conduct, with other assumptions, created contests and resistance amongst the people; and therefore it became necessary, for the preservation of the authority of the Church, that it should have the sufferance and aid of some civil power competent to execute its corrections on the unworthy. Such a power was only to be obtained and secured by bribes and pecuniary grants; and it being requisite that the Church or priesthood should be well enabled to supply such pecuniary means, the Church charged many fines and mulcts on those who were able to pay,—and that in addition to excommunication. And as the strength of the Church increased, so their daring and extortionate spirit increased; until at last the love of money became as much a passion in the heart of the Church, as in that of any human being. So long as the Church was content to seek this pelf from the mere subjects of the realm, and evinced a willingness to divide such pelf with the civil power, the sovereigns of the world (in too many instances) consented to and aided such extortion. the strength of the Church rapidly increasing, caused it to attack the coffers of the most wealthy, and at last to subject the treasury of kings and the common weal of nations to their scrutinizing and extravagant demands. It was on such occasions that kings and princes resisted these demands; whereupon the unlimited arm of the Vatican was stretched out, and the great council of the chief priest-hood—viz. the Pope and the Cardinals—was called together for the purpose of considering the sins and short-comings of such a disobedient child. The result was, that the Papal eye cast its cruel, withering gaze o'er all the fair kingdoms of the earth, to see if there was any other prince or king powerful, envious, or wicked enough to take up the cause of the Church, and assail this disobedient son, and reduce him and his subjects to the most humble submission, and acquiescence in the papal demands.

Then War-relentless War-stalked forth, deluging the peaceful meads with blood, and razing the proudest cities to the ground. Then the shrieks of the dying and wounded filled the air, and nature groaned, whilst the Vatican regarded all as the triumph of the Cross of Christ. There were occasions when the disobedient son was not only rebellious, but more powerful than all or any of the powers of Christendom; and it was then that the dark councils of the Pope and his satellites were required to exercise the highest faculty of intrigue, for the gradual destruction of its great enemy: and though many years might be consumed, whilst this great object was heaving on the breast of time; and though the infallible Vatican might, in this revolution of time, more than thrice change its Chief; and though the bench of cardinals might all one by one sink in mortal decay, and all the identity of enmity appear to have faded; yet, there was a vigour and eternality in this ecclesiastical foe, which heeded not time; it purred and pawed, as a spirit in

the vacuum of delay, yet ready at the proper moment to pounce upon its victim, and rend from it every feature of pride and independence.

It was by such unworthy strifes that the Church, or rather the priesthood, was gradually exposing its mortal and human parts to the contempt and anger of men. Then came doubt, and that bold criticism, which have eventually found an arena for extraordinary feats in the cause of truth; and now, having laid bare the rents in the papal garment, which time and the tongue of martyrs have created, there remains in this happy land but the scroll of its bygone authority, wafted to and fro before the scorn of the truly faithful.

The life and actions of Henry II. would fill many volumes; but it may not be deemed irrelevant to our subject, if we make some observations concerning the last earthly days of this great spirit, whose energies dispelled some of those gloomy clouds which intercepted the light of the great Reformation.

The reign of Henry II. was remarkable for the number and variety of great men who surrounded this energetic prince, having their respective objects, and requiring considerable foresight in the monarch to prevent their powers uniting to the injury of the Crown, or severing as rivals or antagonists, and by that means weakening the supreme weight and power of the Government. Besides the rebellious Archbishop A'Becket, and the Bishop of Winchester, there were others whose ambition and talents revolved about the path of royalty. There was Roger of York, whose character is given by John of Salisbury as loaded with atrocious crimes, yet surmounted with sufficient political guise to keep an eminent position for many years. Next may be mentioned Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke; William Longsword, Earl

of Salisbury; Geoffrey, Archbishop of York; Hugh Lacy, and Ralph de Glanville. In addition to these were the young princes, and above all the Pope, who was watching with subtle fear every movement Henry made. There were also the various monarchs of Europe, who had more or less become jealous and mortified whilst observing the splendid career of Henry of England.

In tracing, however slightly, this energetic being Henry II. from the exulting age of eighteen, and through the various vicissitudes and deep anxieties which ever attended his path, we shall observe that most of such trials and struggles seemed rather to develope the powers and resources of his mind, than to crush or overwhelm him: some were light as playful bubbles, bursting on the face of the current; some, as billows, soon joined the general stream. But there was one as a wild tide, producing angry eddies and dinning whirlpools, which have ever and anon threatened to dash the noble swimmer to the depths of ruin. Or, if we may presume to alter the simile, Henry II. and his Primate were as two mighty tides, seen by the timid traveller in the trackless seas, contending with each other, so that their chief powers were spent in breaking each other's form and comeliness. It is difficult to conceive what would have been the result of Henry's reign, if A'Becket had never been entrusted with the See of Canterbury; but it is very probable that some most useful and important reforms were prevented by this circumstance. There was, however, a termination to this discussion, in the violent death of A'Becket; and then the affairs of Henry bore such a pacific character, that he thought he should pass the residue of his days in peace, amidst grandeur and glory. But Henry's troubles did not end with the death of this haughty Primate; indeed it could

not be hoped that this King should be excepted from the ordinary fate of all the civil potentates who refused to become abject vassals of the Vatican. Henry II. was an indulgent parent, and, like William the Conqueror, he lived long enough to bear many severe blows dealt by the arms of his own children, who were more or less excited to disobedience by the papal influence. And although this exceeding tribulation caused heavy grief to his heart, yet it awakened afresh all that determined and energetic spirit which had so often been his guardian and leader. In addition to the ordinary calamities which mark the steps of war, there are other poignant and peculiar horrors that attend all civil wars. But even these were much increased in the wars in which Henry was now required to contend; for they were wars in which the blood of his own children might be spilt-wars in which his own blood was sought by those children he had so much loved.

In these wars, Henry was supported by the same undaunted powers for which he was so renowned; and although a variety of unusual and painful thoughts occupied his breast, yet he felt that the same principles were at stake in this war as in all others, and that some one was seeking to tear from him power, majesty, and right. Therefore his brow wore again the deep furrows of a warrior's intents; and he fought with a desperation and headlong potency which paused not to distinguish the unnatural nature of the rebellion from the frequent internal wars he had so often quelled. But now the children of his loins and the wife of his youth were bent on his destruction; and it is to be suspected that their treason was somewhat provoked by the conduct of the King. It is, however, stated by Brompton, that this rebellion was concocted during his absence in Normandy (about the year

1170) and that the part Eleonora took was through fear of Henry's anger, when he should return to England and discover that the life of the Fair Rosamond had been taken under her influence and directions. The death of Rosamond was regarded as an incident of slight importance by the general courtiers; but it was far otherwise with Eleonora, for she had nestled by his tumultuous breast, and had listened to the divinations within; and she knew, as from secret revelation, that there had been a sale and bartering of many of the sympathies and much of the being which executed its parts within that breast. Yes, they had oft been exposed at the markets of blood and policy-had been weighed in the scales held by the Papal palm—and their price had been given by all the hucksters who bid at the shambles of ambition. But she knew (for she had still "grace in her steps") there were rays still burning in the arcana of great Henry's soul, which overshadowed, as with glory, that unseen altar before which all that was seen by man, both glorious and great, bowed in worldly obeisance. knew that to touch the sacred things which ministered their essence there, was to wound the spirit that was ever panting for their conservation, and lived upon their mystic perfume. Ah! ah! she knew there were idols there, which being disquieted, rendered their devotee frantic and revengeful. It was therefore that Eleonora girt herself about with the rags of rebellion—to hide, if possible, the shame of a murderess.

To this hostile party there were many ready assistants; who, having watched with envious fear the progress of Henry's power, became bold enough to take up arms against him when they found his own family were the leaders of the rebellion. The Kings of France and Scot-

land, and many of the English Barons, (all secretly countenanced by the Vatican), uniting with these princes, gave a most formidable character to this rebellion; which was a cloud that had been slowly gathering during the sunshine of his prosperity, and now appeared so dense, that none but the fierce and indomitable nerves of this king could have aspired to break through this gloom. Yet against such a phalanx of power, containing within itself all kinds of resources, the spirit of Henry fearlessly wrestled; and in the year 1174 we find the power and government of Henry in the most flourishing condition. Within the limited space of these pages, it would be impossible to relate the many very interesting circumstances which occurred during this extensive rebellion. The names of Hugh Bigod, Robert Earl of Ferrars, Bertrand de Born, Viscount de Hautefort, Roger de Mowbray, William Earl of Gloucester, are in the list of nobles who were concerned in the rebellion. The number of battles fought, and the quantity of Christian blood vainly spilt, are matters for the statistical historian, and may be found in Hoveden, M. Paris, Brompton, and other contemporary writers. When this rebellion closed, we perceive that Henry was absolute master in England. The Kings of Scotland and Wales were cumbent vassals, and his more distant dominions in France again owned him as Lord and Sovereign. The King of France was now nearly sixty years of age; and, quite despairing of the object he had hoped this unnatural confederacy would secure, was anxious for a peace. Besides, other fears were awakened by the successes which had attended the military forces of Henry. These successes did not blind Henry to many important imperfections in his power, which did not strike the eye of others; nor had the

unnatural character of the rebellion stopped the action of his generous disposition, and therefore he reinstated many of the barons in their estates, and forgave all his children, but caused his Queen to be imprisoned, for she had assailed his private passions by destroying his beloved mistress, Rosamond de Clifford.

In referring once more to the Queen of Henry II., it should be remarked, that although her youth was replete with frivolity and love of display, yet she must have been endowed with some very high mental qualities, which neither the blandishments of courtiers, nor the intrigues of courts, nor the unfaithfulness of her husband, nor the excitements of a long life of vicissitude, could destroy. In her adversity, we must acknowledge that her highly-cultivated mind displayed much vigour, though with all the susceptibility which an early love of poetry and romance had engendered. Her advice was often sought by the kings and princes who flourished and quarrelled during her latter years. The stain upon her name is the murder of Rosamond.

Henry destroyed the castles of some of those barons favouring his sons in 1173; namely, Huntingdon, Framlingham, Bungay, Northampton, Alverton, and some others of less importance. Hugh Bigod paid 1,000 marks, and was pardoned; as also Robert Earl of Ferrars, Roger de Mowbray, Richard Earl of Clare, William Earl of Gloucester, and others. In this peace he enacted many good laws, and revived others which had been neglected. It was about this time that Richard de Lucy, Chief Justiciary, died; and Henry divided England into circuits, and sent justices to each, for delivering the gaols; and made many other arrangements for the comfort and permanent advantage of his people, Randolph de Glanville being ap-

pointed Chief Justiciary. It was about the same year, 1180, that Pope Alexander, and Henry's powerful foe Louis the King of France, died. It is said by some, that Louis caught a severe cold, when visiting the tomb of A'Becket; on which occasion he gave a massive gold cup, and 7,200 gallons of wine yearly, for the priests. (See Appendix, XX.)

New tribulations soon environed the crown and palace of Henry. His sons still manifested a rancour and implacable hatred of any superior power to themselves, and were ever secretly designing against their father. This disposition did not escape the observation of the Pope, who was becoming anxious, lest the hours of peace might again attract the mind of this great king to his dearest object, viz. civil and religious liberty; and therefore he aided the young princes, whilst they planned the destruction of their kind and noble-hearted parent. But the death of the eldest, Prince Henry, changed the nature and number of those foes, who had so long deprived the King of that tranquillity which his fatigues and trials rendered so necessary for the preservation of his health.

Richard and John were still alive. The former had an impetuous and cruel disposition, united to many other bad qualities; and watching a certain juncture of his father's affairs, and suspecting that his father intended to disinherit him,\* and also pretending several injuries which his father had done him, he traitorously turned over to the great enemy of England—Philip of France—and placed

<sup>\*</sup> It was the wish of Henry II. to crown his son John king of England during his lifetime, and to give Richard all his dominions lying beyond the English sea. Richard was not content; but fled to Philip of France, saying, "Sire, for God's sake suffer me not to be disinherited thus by my sire. I am engaged to your sister Alice, who ought by right to be my wife. Help me to maintain my right and her's."—

Bernard de Tresorier.

the remaining power of Henry in the greatest dilemma. For a short time, Henry rallied; but his forces being successively routed, and all kinds of misfortunes bringing on a crisis, the only expedient remaining was to apply to the Pope, and endeavour to induce him to reconcile Philip of France, and allay some of the other cruel enemies who now assailed him.\* Philip rejecting the interference of the Pope—or, more correctly, the Pope being now wholly indifferent as to the favour of the King of England-Henry determined to meet Philip and his own son Richard at Verzalai. The terms, however, of a peace which he had entered into were so humiliating and disadvantageous, that his spirit soon lost all its fervour and action; and suddenly that bright light sunk within its earthen tabernacle, never to rise again, in the 57th year of his age. Henry II. as a conqueror, surrounded by the brave and triumphant, was a dazzling spectacle; but when the storm of life set in, and with pelting violence followed him everywhere, his hardy

<sup>\*</sup> It would not be too much to say, that to this very day there is extant in France, and particularly amongst the well-informed part of the aristocracy, very strong and fervent jealousy concerning the subjugated attitude of that kingdom during this reign. No time will quench this feeling; for although Henry was at last, as will appear, the victim of warrings, yet they were of a base and unnatural character. At the most trying and critical period of Henry's affairs, and when every affliction surrounded him, the Vatican deserted the cause of England, and left the King, now surrounded by foes, to be baited by the mean and unprincipled Philip of France, who, aided by the Pope, beguiled the young princes into an extensive and solemn compact of rebellion. He, who had never had the talent or power to overcome one of the greatest monarchs that ever graced the throne of England, was mean enough to doff all knightly honour, and excite this infamous rebellion as his aid. Philip's policy was as decrepid as his honour, for he was unqualified to maintain any other than a secondary position in Europe: even the wild but brave Richard proved his superior; and however the King of France chose to finesse and circumvent, yet the star of Europe was Richard Cœur de Lion, the son of the Second Henry. It was on his brow that glory glistened, and round him stood the bravest of the brave.

frame at length yielded and sunk. The shock must have been tremendous, to a spirit wholly unschooled to humiliation. Alas! what can describe the intense agony that quivered through the mortal frame tenanted by this undaunted spirit, when the dream of his invincibleness was broken, and the tide of his victories rolled back, with the shock of his destruction echoing through all Europe! That immeasurable weight of horror, which then entered this spirit, could find no place on earth to bear it up; but heaving headlong in his mortal parts, urged them down even to the relentless grave. A violent fever attacking him on the 6th day of July, 1189, at the City of Chinon, he caused himself to be carried into the church, before the altar, supported by the arms of Geoffrey, the youngest son of Rosamond; where, heaving several heavy sighs, and throwing his hand on the bosom of Geoffrey, he gave up the ghost. His reign was amongst the longest of England's princes, viz. 34 years, 8 months, and 12 days. Stebbing, in his Kings of England, says Henry's burial was thus:-" Clothede in royal robes, crown on his head, white gloves on his hands, boots of gold upon his legs, gilt spurs upon his heels, a great rich ring upon his finger, his sceptre in his hand, his sword by his side, and his face all bare and uncovered."

All historians agree, that blood gushed out in a fresh ruby current from his dead body, when his rebellious son Richard approached it. It is old John Speed who says, that in Henry II. the fierce Norman blood was moderated by the mild Saxon. All historians find it difficult to give a general character to this monarch. There are instances, many of his justice, some of his severity, yet many more of his clemency. But all agree he was great and chivalrous—affectionate and forgiving to his chil-

dren-and generous and friendly to his subjects. Yet the philosopher and moralist must feel a thrill of sorrow, when they mark the various stains which dye the mantle of this prince; and there is one who must be named—we mean the religionist—who will declare that here again is another instance of perverted talent and power; for doubtless Henry II. seemed intended as a vessel of honour, which fell aside in its great vocation. He was, by the generosity of his noble nature, disposed to favour civil and religious liberty; and he appeared endowed with a genius exactly suited for the realization of its object. For a time he seemed devoted to this exciting occupation; but in his progress he awakened the gigantic enmity of the Vatican, which alternately distracted his judgment and dazzled his imagination, and brought on an inequality and infirmity of purpose, which, added to his intemperance in one particular passion, rendered his reign far less useful and distinguished than was at first anticipated. Time, and many spirits, all the servants of Providence, took down the tabernacle of this mighty and illustrious prince: it was reserved for mortals only to look on, whilst time wasted, and the fervent heat within the vessel destroyed, its comeliness and being. The early part of this king's reign was of the very happiest character; indeed, there was not a monarch more feared and respected. He was regarded by all nations as a king of transcendant quality and virtue; and until the period of the untoward difference with his Archbishop A'Becket, the rays of honour which encircled his brow knew not the presence of a single shade.

The glory of this mighty spirit may be said to radiate and cast its glowing emanations even upon these times, and will form a part of all the vain glory of man during the ages of time. We say, vain glory; for man's real nobility and birthright are beyond the limits of time. Yes! it is when enshrined in the white robe worn by him who has a simple spirit, that man will be truly great. Yet every act of virtue and nobility of mind is productive of benefit to man. No one can hesitate to concur that all our acts, individual or collective, never cease in their effect or results. vicious act, or one virtuous act, is of spirit, and never ceases its bounding or reflecting action; and it is this that creates the immeasurable responsibility pertaining to every act, during this brief state of probation. Man is in warfare with the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; and although this may be doubted by reference to the conduct of some who seem to be in closest and most amicable union with these enemies, yet there are private hours, when every soul points lances with these its common enemies. Some yield (alas! too many); and some bow, as abject slaves hating their masters. If this be so, the good example of our fellow-soldiers must be constantly exciting us. Now and then comes a most happy manifestation, and Apollyon is stopped on the highway; a joyful sound is heard amongst the ranks of the great family of man; the silver trumpet blows. Oh! 'tis a glorious sound!—'tis the voice of peace!—'tis the death of sin. Then, what coruscations of burning lights! stars shine out, innumerable and mixed, marshalled by the unseen hand: "sponte sua quæ se tollunt in luminis oris!" Some may think that they are in too humble a grade to become distinguished or exemplary; but a truly virtuous or noble mind will not murmur as to its grade or site in the social world, because there and everywhere will its fragrant preciousness be felt and operative. Nevertheless,

we may all rejoice, when we can add dignity and authority to our example.

Whilst the death of the First of the Plantagenets was a severe blow to civil and religious liberty, it awakened joyful acclamations in the halls of the Vatican. Once more the creation seemed drear and passive, as dark Romanism again spread its awful shadow over the whole intellectual and spiritual world. The once gallant owner of the palace of Woodstock was now the dumb inhabitant of the grave; and the Spirit of the Vatican arose with a satanic smile, to fashion other snares for the subjugation of the Warrior King, the Prince of Chivalry, the Crusader Knight, Richard Cœur de Lion. It would have been our duty to delineate the peculiar predispositions of this monarch, and mark the rapid increase of the influence of the Vatican during his reign, but we postpone this engagement for a future occasion. At present, we must content ourselves with observing that although the Vatican was a tyrannical and degraded representative of a holy convention, yet that convention was of God, and contained within it principles which, however perverted and prostrated by the weight of the world, the flesh, and the devil, can never die; and although the energies of Henry II. had broken up some parts of the fabric of Papacy, yet their severance was only temporary, and rapidly reunited under the systematic and formidable government of the Vatican. How much the contentions between Henry II. and the Vatican served the cause of pure religion, was impervious for centuries, and could scarcely be expected to be distinguishable, until the spirit of true religion became the direct and exciting cause of the struggles between man and the great antagonist-viz. the Spirit of

If the Reformed Church will faithfully the Vatican. follow the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night she will vanquish all the enemies of the Cross, and occasionally witness wonderful manifestations of the progress of truth; but if she will dance round the golden calf, she is then but an idolator, although she may profess to war against Without remarking upon the specimens of Popery which have already displayed themselves in the various sects dissenting from the Reformed Church, we must regret that there is a Popery even in our Reformed Church itself, which delays her triumph, and detracts from her honour. In these pages we have made an attempt to exhibit some of the features of Romanism, but we are aware there is much imperfection and incompleteness in this effortit is a mere glance; but ere long we may be permitted to renew our attempts to describe this gigantic leper, when we shall refer more distinctly to the sufferings and persecutions of many a noble being whose love of pure religion attracted the malice of the Papal Council. shall also endeavour to point out the peculiar influence of Popery in all those countries in which it now exists, and shall necessarily give some account of Romanism in Ireland, and trace the history of the Spanish Inquisition. which was established in the following reign; when we shall relate facts and depict scenes which we think will prove that all the human blood spilt by that cruel court was a part of the sacrifices demanded by the Spirit of the Vatican.



# DRAMATIC SKETCHES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

## THE SPIRIT OF THE VATICAN

AND

THE CHARACTER OF HENRY II.

FIRST OF THE PLANTAGENETS.



## INTRODUCTION.

THE following Dramatic Sketches will not be considered useless, if they increase the number of readers of the history of their country. We think they may prove another means of communicating the moral experience and philosophy of that part of the history of England to which the foregoing pages refer. In some instances we have supplied names for the subordinate characters, particularly in the Battle Scene; but in other respects, we believe, the sketches are strictly historical. Perhaps the scenes between Father Saul and Simmel and Baynard might have appeared extravagant, and therefore they are preceded by an extract from an historian of undoubted character. Some of the acts and respective scenes have been introduced to display the character of the chief of the priesthood during this eventful reign, as well as to show the Spirit of the Vatican contending with the Spirit of Monarchy.

There are also scenes which may exhibit more fully the character of Henry II., as well as that of the accomplished heiress of Aquitaine,—Eleonora, Queen of England. The latter scenes refer to the period when the career of Henry was drawing to a close, when the turmoils and anxieties of civil war produced his premature death.

Our present object necessarily included a full display of the character of Henry II.; and although some might have expected that these sketches would consist of continuous scenes, exhibiting the presumptions of the Roman Hierarchy, and the debauchery and unfaithfulness of the Roman Clergy, yet we have thought our subject would be better illustrated by scenes incidentally occurring in this important and interesting reign.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY THE SECOND, King of England. PRINCE RICHARD, afterwards Richard Cour de Lion. PHILIP, King of France. DUKE DE BRETAGNE, Vassal of Henry II. THOMAS A'BECKET, Archbishop of Canterbury. RICHARD DE LUCY, Chief Justice. RANDOLPH DE GLANVILLE, a Jurisprudent, afterwards Chief Justice. HENRY DE BLOIS, Bishop of Winchester, Brother of King Stephen. CARDINAL Hugo, Legate of the Pope. FOLLIOTT, Bishop of London. Roger, Archbishop of York. Peter of Blois, Chaplains of Henry II. EARL OF LEICESTER, an Officer of State. LORD ARUNDEL. MURCHAND, a Mercenary Chief. Shadow and Wander, Servants of Court. FATHER SAUL, a Priest living in the Temple.

ELEONORA, Queen of Henry II.

ISABEL, a Spanish Lady, Companion to the Queen.
ROSAMOND, Mistress of Henry II.

ABA, Companion to Rosamond.

CHRISTABEL, Mistress of the Duke de Bretagne.

BAYNARD and SIMMEL, Hired Murderers.

Bishops, Priests, Barons, Knights and Ladies, Minstrels, &c.

## DRAMATIC SKETCHES,

&c. &c.

## ACT I.

Scene I .- An Apartment in the King's Palace in London.

KING HENRY, WALTER MAPES, and PETER OF BLOIS.

Now, wise and learned chaplain, thou must take
Some other part, as priests so well know how.
And all thy flood of lucky thought must halt
Awhile, e'en as the countless dead do rest
In purgat'ry.—This comes from crafty Rome,—
[Holding forth a letter.

But more anon.

Most royal gracious Liege,

Some evil news?—

Chaplain, I am deceived.

Ah! little did the First Henry opine
What ills would come with legates sent from Rome!
All ease and moodful hours must here break up;
I now perceive the Primate plays me false:
My crown is envied by the Vatican;
It kicks the beam of justice and of law.
This axe shall brandish in the eyes of Rome,
And tear those curling frontlets from its brow,
Which hide the scaled skin of traitorous priests.
Becket shall bow, or I will bow to Death!

PETER OF BLOIS.

Could my lov'd King confide again, such trust Might once again revive that faithful love Which erst the Primate vowed. Once more confide!

KING HENRY.

Not I, sir priest! I did confide too long; But now there is a purpose in these hands Shall roughly tear away that earthly garb Which thy presumptuous Church has dared to wear.

PETER OF BLOIS.

Dear Liege! what has the Primate ta'en away?

KING HENRY.

The vaunting priest has stolen a royal robe; That very power, I say, Its name is Power. Which I myself had woven, thread by thread, Grinding my very bones; whilst drops of blood, Mingled with sweat, evinced my arduous toil. With fools it has but form, and is a gawd Which lies about, as glittering garniture For holidays and envying parasites: With knaves it has a stated price in gold: With angels 'tis the sinews of their love: With fiends it is their wages, duly earned By sins committed 'gainst the Almighty's laws, Who fearfully as spirits fall'n display 't. With children it is seen in innocence— That treble and impervious panoply. But yet there is a power more glorious far:— 'Tis seen in majesty and awful pomp, When the Supernal from his jasper throne All glorious moves. See, in his endless train, Archangels, seraphs, girt with glittering wings And thrice ten thousand times ten thousand suns, Round which revolve, in ceaseless harmony, The obedient spheres and faithful satellites! And midst the throng our earth ambitious smiles!— The sea his million liquid mirrors lights;— The glassy towers of the arctic zone Prismatic shine;—whilst the gigantic forms,

That wallow round their base, partake the pomp!—
The pealing thunder bids the mountains rock
In praise of Him—whilst the electric flash
Triumphant plays around with forked tongue,
And gliding swift from pole to pole, commands
All tribes and kindreds to break forth in song!—
Nay! e'en the dead, altho' unseen by man,
Put on bright mantles and the triumph swell!—
This is supernal power.—Mine cumbent lies
As vassal: yet 'tis mine own—'tis mine—
It is, and thus it shall be, whilst I am:—
'Tis precious in my sight.

PETER OF BLOIS.

My gracious liege
Will still obey the ever-prescient power;
And let not royal hands form heresies,
Or spend their power to gratify revenge.
Such things destroy that noble part which shines,
And would illume the darker paths of life.

## KING HENRY.

Oft have I heard you say that every sin May absolution gain; the sins of kings Be blotted out: sins of the meteored eye Effaced;—the tongue's foul eloquence made dumb;—And the polluted porches of the ear Swept out, and, as a temple, purified.

## PETER OF BLOIS.

'Tis true, my liege; the dew of Heaven falls free, And every earthly sin may be absolved.

## KING HENRY.

Yet there are sins unnatural and base,
Which make my kingdom rank and nauseate.
How many murders has De Lucy traced
To sundry priests! The civil arm shall reach
These holy murderers. Chaplain, your eye
Looks doubtingly. What pensive thought beclouds
That vision, wont to be so clear? That look
Askance tells tales—you wish my scrutiny
T' evade.—Come, come! Parturient throes now rend

Thy pregnant mind. Let me Lucina be.
The messengers from Rome have sought you out,
And track'd you even here. What say you, priest?

### PETER OF BLOIS.

My liege, it is your high prerogative
To question thus poor humble priests: yet, know,
The demarcations of the Holy Church
Can ne'er be changed by serf, or sage, or king.
High, far above the stretch of human sight,
E'en in the brightly gemm'd cerulean arch,
Its towers now glittering shine, while its deep base
Immeasurable lies by human art.
And sooner far shall gape this beauteous globe
To its deep centre, and entomb all life,
Than Holy Church her sacred form shall change,
Or yield one jot to human vanities.

## KING HENRY.

Is this the vaunting of thy priestly pride? Or priestly craft, thy papal ire to hide?—
Or are these impulses evinced by all,
When the light sinews of their craft are tried?
Be less erratic, and less jealous too.
This vap'rous world with sinners is replete.
Some doubt the creed; some doubt the God himself
We praise so often, and by whom we swear.
Creeds vary as do men, but the great day
The truth will shew.

#### PETER OF BLOIS.

And the great doctrine, then, Of Transubstantiation clearly prove.

#### KING HENRY.

'Tis monstrous, man, to say the priest has power To form the body of the holy Lord With his unholy hands—those withering hands Which wear away midst dull and earthly things! Lex Scripta contradicts thy erring tongue; Nor will the Holy One who lives above E'er once endure corruption's wasting palm. But now, just now, I willingly declare,

I fence not on these borders, questioning Mere dogmas strange of thy unerring Church, But as a worldling casuist. 'Tis thus My eddying brain descants on "Real Presence," And Purgatory's climes, the antedate Of Absolution, and the like—all these A thousand years shall toss upon the tide Of time, and storms shall winnow off the chaff.

PETER OF BLOIS.

The garden of the Lord can never fade; But there are sins which wear away the soul: Ambition's haughty sons offend the Church.

KING HENRY.

Chaste priest, the rays of moral light that pass From poor mortality's dense medium To that rare ether which surrounds you saints, Refraction suffer; and thus scanty faults Seem mountains high to modest orbs of priests. So have I seen Apollo's disc appear Enlarged, when, reeking with their long day's toil, His fiery steeds reached Ocean's western bed, Where Clymene awaited his embrace, Whilst the horizon blushed to see their play. So so! ye prosy and portentous priests Would make this world a weary, stagnant pool, And drive to sleepy, dull oblivion Fair nature's joyance and life's highest zest— All buoyant love, and amorous dalliance— Adventurous ambition, and the hue And cry that keep at bay the fiend Despair.

PETER OF BLOIS.

How many great and mighty now are gone, Whose names were scarcely wafted on the winds In some deep pool of clotted blood! Nauseous, They wear ambition's honours all alone.

You are too cavilling, you crafty priests.

The Church should be the savour of the earth,

And yet, 'tis true, some sins of flesh do grow E'en in the holy path where Churchmen tread.

KING HENRY.

Yes! ye are as mortality's white bones, Which jaunted through a sensual life to death, Shipwrecked and blanched by many a salted tide; Made moral, pure, and holy by constraint.— 'Tis a lean merit, virtue thus pourtrayed.

PETER OF BLOIS.

My gracious liege is wont to be most just.

KING HENRY.

Fashioned to virtue are ye by a power Thou seest not, which yet with eagle's eye Sees thee, and all thy bald fraternity.

Ah! all the distance between this and Rome Protects thee not from spies and beadsmen's craft; Yea, e'en thy King's, the child and man of war, Is watched and weigh'd in every papal scale, And scarcely knows if he may breathe till morn.

PETER OF BLOIS.

The lambs of Rome require the shepherd's care, To keep them from the roaring enemy; And when drear storms and awful darkness come, They couch secure within the holy fold.

KING HENRY.

Yet there are glistening eyes, and ruby fronts, With monks rotund, and abbots hale and gay, Preserved and mansioned sumptuously.—But stay, Though I could schoolman be, and tales unfold Of empty baubles held by hands of priests.

PETER OF BLOIS.

My province is to speak of heavenly power.

KING HENRY.

Ah! ah! That is thy fair vocation, priest— The robe of heaven is thine inviolate. I ne'er have cast one envious glance on that, Nor will I rend one thread; do as thou wilt, 'Tis thine—the robe of righteousness is thine: The purest men of all this evil world, The true, the real saints first wore it, yet
To Cæsar as an earthly king they bowed,
For earthly power of all this world was his;
But now, just now, 'tis mine,—'tis mine—all mine.
And who's so bold that dares to filch mine own?
I know there's one—the mitred priest—but I—

PETER OF BLOIS.

My royal master knows I seek to serve—

KING HENRY.

Well, well! I may, as many mortals may,
Trace to myself the source of many ills.
But if the Vatican intends me wrong,
I then, as death and spirit oft contend,
Will wrestle in deep agony; alone,
If now it must be so, alone I'll drive
With burning blade this serf-born vicious priest
Into some land where such things find much grace.

[Enter SIR RICHARD DE LUCY, and GRYME, a Priest.]

To friends I love, [to De Lucy] 'tis thus I ope my palm. Why art thou so absorbed in silent thought? Sir Richard, I do love thee much; but now Be prudent—pertinent—to me display No meshes of thy craft—delay no more.

SIR RICHARD.

The men were sent before the break of day.

GRYME.

But on far fleeter wing from Rome will come A voice,

KING HENRY.

The body of this ill is mine—All mine, and will conduct to angry storms,
Where many proud and fractious priests shall sink.

GRYME.

Oh direful deed! There may come hours when e'en My liege may need that holy power now scorn'd.

KING HENRY.

This savours much of treason's varied wiles, Wheezing 'tween conscience and expedience.

'Tis neither law, nor love, nor loyalty, And lacks authority to boot.

GRYME.

My liege!

Your liege's will all words must overrule.

My word is now my will—use no delay.

Scene II.—Henry alone, passing through the Gallery.

KING HENRY.

There is a mighty Harper, one who holds The times of men, and standing oft between This obvious world and long eternity, Predicting, leading, guiding mortal things. I would this Minstrel now would touch some chord Which lulls the noble soul that suffers wrongs On his good fame. This priest stands like a cloud, Casting around me shade, and gloomy fears, And discord makes 'tween subjects and their king. The times in which we live have run their score Of black iniquity; the lintels proud Of Virtue's habitation have been forced: Whilst the coarse citizen looks out with plaints Against our royal selves. Now I have caused These officers to wend to Merton's lord. Hope, like a timid doe in thicket deep, Peeps out with panting heart, lest e'en some mesh May cast her headlong in a sunken pit. These noxious priests! they swarm throughout my land— Poison my people's healthful loyalty. The Vatican with France and Geoffrey joined, Their treble might will make our hands too full. But ah! somehow this loathsome priest shall yield, E'en if I drag him from the papal chair.— Yet this for present time we now forget, For some sweet, honied words this Queen requires, Or she will aid my foe with woman's spite. Alas! the proudest steps I take are mean

Whilst such a shade as false A'Becket lives. Oh! 'tis a conflict hard, and wears me more Than angry war or discord's toils,—to fawn, And fashion words to suit the Vatican,— But still 'tis work I dare not now neglect! Here comes the Queen from vespers, I declare— I must be gallant as a Spanish knight, For she has eyes sharp as an alguazil; And secretly with Rome she corresponds. Her pallid face becomes her lengthened prayers;— Romance and piety are dainty bits, But far too pure to gratify our Queen. They are the semblances she uses well, And interlards these things with feigning sighs;— Indeed such loving makes me cease to love; And yet I must be big with sighs and groans, With deep, romantic yawns and upturned eyes.

[Passing.]
Ah! here she comes, with downcast nodding plumes,
Perusing parchment scraps with anxious glance,—
Some wondrous recipe from Rome, I guess.

[ELEONORA enters.]
Good Queen, thy earnest piety puts shade
On all the seemings of religious life.

ELEONORA.

A holy life puts shame on piety;— But thy gay, glistening fortune needs not this,— It is the refuge of mortality When pressed by secret and heart-piercing woes.

KING HENRY.

Oh! thou hast heavenly love attending thee, To keep thee ever.

ELEONORA.

Love on earth, where pure, Is heavenly love; where forced, it is not love.

KING HENRY.

The spirits pure revolve in perfect love;—But what is earthly love? This question oft I poise and balance at my lance's end. My chaplain tells me it is a foul sin.

## ELEONORA.

By loving, you may learn the answer true,
As the bold diver knows the white pearl's bed,—
Whilst they who buy and sell this precious thing
Know nothing of her deep and beauteous cell.
Love will exalt, although dependence comes
And forms its nature and its dignity;
As ivy o'er the castle turret high
Clings to the rugged wall, and whilst it yields
It borrows strength from might and majesty,
And with its emerald cloak in sombre guise
It decks the noble pile of mother earth,
Diverts the sultry sun; and every storm
And hurricane but strengthens that embrace,
Which shall for ever last.

## KING HENRY.

For ever? ah!

For ever is so very long, good Queen!

#### ELEONORA.

It is not long—it is no part of time.

## KING HENRY.

Wise Queen, thou shalt instruct me more at length, For I do love grave learning's depths and heights, And schoolmen's difficult and knotty points! I love romantic thought. Dost doubt, dear Queen?

#### ELEONORA.

No, no!—I speak no more just now; 'tis vain.

## KING HENRY.

What says my Queen? thou dost not love thy lord!

## ELEONORA.

Ah, cruel King! I love thee overmuch! I love not raillery, and that thou know'st! If in thy absence moan the gusty winds, I sigh, and fondly pray that Æolus Would call them to their dreary homes; whilst I With doubts presaging muse the livelong day.

KING HENRY [aside, laughs.] I suffer pangs I ne'er can tell thee, Queen.

ELEONORA.

Good King, 'tis love alone can tell those pangs!

KING HENRY.

Indeed! things come to pass, and will prevail As heavy turbid seas, and stay our steps, When we would urge to Helena our Queen!

ELEONORA.

As breakers keep at bay those once so lov'd, Until one sweeping surge o'erwhelms them all.

KING HENRY.

Ah, ah! just so!

[Laughs satirically.

ELEONORA.

Or as the roaring winds
Oft stay the anxious mariner from land,
Whilst his lone love, pensive, through lightning's glare
Watches through mists and many a murky cloud—

KING HENRY.

Ah! just—These boisterous storms are dangerous.

ELEONORA.

—That she may see his bark then mounting o'er The raging billows, guided by the arm Of faithful love. Alas! she listens long To the dull wail of cold and whistling blasts, Through all the dreary midnight hours alone.

KING HENRY.

Just so! it must be very tedious!

ELEONORA.

—And then in deathlike sleep at last she sinks.

KING HENRY.

After a stormy night, the morning's calm!

ELEONORA.

The morn breaks out in bright and gay array, And by its glorious light is seen afar, Ploughing its path, the gallant, haughty bark; And whilst upon those waves she boldly rides, Comes music gay, with jocund revelry, Within that bark.

KING HENRY.

How strange! indeed, how sad!—

Or rather very good, if in good tune.

Alas! alas!—How is my grey-wing'd hawk? My dear old hawk! I long to cheer him up.

See! see! he comes!—Good hawk! Good day, good Queen.
[The King leaves, bursting with satirical laughter.

ELEONORA [aside, alone.]

This cold insulting prince would break a heart, If I had simply trusted out that thing. 'Twas never his—and never shall be now! His lovely lip in heedless satire rose. This wakes the fiends of hell, whose whisperings Suggest dark thoughts to my deserted heart! A day will come—a day shall come—when I Will blanch the rose more fair, more pallid far Than sickly lily of the vale. Revenge! Come minstrel fiends, and grisly Death, unite! Wait by my side until the hour is come When I may tear this noxious nightshade up, This heiress fair of mad De Clifford's loins. My good confessor oft has promised me The Vatican will superscribe that scroll Which shall direct her death, and free my soul.

Scene III.—Shadow and Wander sitting under a tree on the road from Merton, after delivering the King's summons to A'Becket.

SHADOW.

Stay-this is downright heresy.

#### WANDER.

It may be just as you say, or any other of the magical words of the priest's manufacturing. What I know is this: I paid seven marks to have Moll prayed for three times; but they left her out of the list every time, and prayed for the repose of a living man instead,—so there she lies groaning in purgatory.

## SHADOW.

These are sacred subjects, and dangerous for common folks to talk about; we may be overheard and imprisoned.

You must know, I am bewildered by an unalterable attachment, which is not yet thoroughly returned.

WANDER.

Ha! ha! Such a crimped Churchman as you ought to see all and say nothing. Is there a nun in your sleeve?

SHADOW.

There's a little star in my eye, that twinkles day and night.

WANDER.

Ah yes! I can see it! What's it like?

SHADOW.

I've consulted four shepherds, three witches, two deaf priests, and a negro;—and they all say it is a shooting star, which the fat and lazy are crossed by.

WANDER.

Yours is an interesting state.

SHADOW.

Yes, I know I am bitterly wept for; pints of boiling hot tears are spilt for me. But what I don't like at all is my dear love's confessing to a priest.

WANDER.

Come, come! a thoroughbred back-and-bone Churchman like you must not be jealous! Cheer up, and wear your pepper-and-salt heart!

SHADOW.

Alackaday! my good fellow, I shall never survive my dreadful woes. She can't bear pepper-and-salt now; she loves red and green and black: I've had a suit of each—but she says none of 'em fit me, I'm so fat.

WANDER.

Take my advice: get a pair of horns, and when she is confessing, frighten her into fifty fits,—save her life on the spot, cut the priest's sack-purse; and, dragging his carcase to the king, receive a premium—that's the way to fortune. Why, I should have lost dear Gubby's heart, if I had not pricked an old priest in a very sensible corner;—and they all go straight to heaven, whatever they may be about at starting.

SHADOW.

Mercy! if I had your courage and your long broad-

sword there, and a priest were to go for to offer insult to-

## WANDER.

Why then, I suppose, you would just tickle him, and make him howl and screech, and bring a whole hive upon you. Mark me, if you strike, strike home, and send him post to heaven. Our King has his hands full, trolling the Merton porpoise—I could give him a broad hint. These Italian priests are watching like cats. But see! whilst we are speaking, the sun already peeps.

## SHADOW.

Let us go on and snuff the flowers. We can pass by the old nunnery, where we saw the bright lamps of the little glowworms.

#### WANDER.

Ah! I remember, on the last visit I made to this country, I saw hundreds spotting the thick underwood. I was then with poor old Levick:—but 'tis a dull and dismal story, and makes one's flesh creep, and blood curdle, when I think on't. And when I pass these old and mouldering walls, I feel as meek as the vintner's daughter. Indeed there is a good deal I don't like, a sort of mysterious something about the fathers, and the nunneries, and all that. Ah! 'tis a dismal story to tell.

## SHADOW.

Let us haste on, and you can tell it as we jog. I am ready, and will stay no longer.

## WANDER.

I am ready too, and glad enough to get away.

## SHADOW.

Well, now then for the goblin tale.

## WANDER.

Well! to come to the real point at once (but that was when the King and the Archbishop were friends), you must know that old Levick and I were trotting homewards, and the big lamp of heaven was up, when all of a sudden I saw a white feathery thing dart through the adjoining wood, and dash along like a whirlwind. I thought it was some

visionary sprite, until I heard a loud shrill scream, as it scrambled and tore its way through the rough and thorny thicket. Suddenly it stopped, and we saw it was a woman. It looked round, and then, with a dismal shriek, it fell. It was evidently pursued by something which we heard coming panting and heaving like some wild boar from the north. In another instant, there rushed out a huge monk with starting eyeballs; and as he eagerly clambered the thicket, he stumbled on the fallen object, and his head coming in contact with the short stump of a tree, he lay stunned and lifeless. Oh! such a hideous sight he looked!

## SHADOW.

Were you not frightened to death? I have often heard of such things. Were they both killed?

### WANDER.

The nun, for such she proved to be, although not apparently wounded, was so terribly frightened, and fainted so many times, that a Thames tide would have wasted in bringing her to. She died, poor thing:—and never shall I forget her look, when she pointed at the burly monk, and cried, "Murderer!—murderer!"

#### SHADOW.

Horrible! horrible! My sister was an abbey-maid, and told sad tales of the goings-on between the friars and nuns. But what became of the beastly monk?

#### WANDER.

Oh! his black blood oozed out in haste, as though frightened at the heart from which it flowed. The last thing he did was in a sort of fretting fit, to pull his cowl over his brow, which the fall had turned aside. We then heard the tramp of horses, and left that hideous heap of beastliness to live or die.

## SHADOW.

Ah! there you proved your wisdom;—for I knew a maid who was roasted for seeing a monk in a certain affray. However, these things must be changed;—and I guess that our King Harry will rout out many more besides the Merton Hog.

Scene IV.—Sir T. A'Becket alone in an Apartment at Merton.

A'BECKET. [Reads the Royal Summons. Yes! I begin to scan this odious plot, But see not yet what part is mine to take, Or where my soul shall stumble or awake. Oh, holy Mary! lead my truant soul To guardian angels and the saints of heaven! My spirit now is bayed and mortified. Ye gems that glow with dazzling radiance! Ye brazen gates and picture-tapestried walls! Ye Doric arches! Parian obelisks, Fretted and burnished as Apollo's brow, Decking proud Merton's sylvan solitude,— Are ye endowed with voice of prophecy? Say, must I leave your peaceful loveliness,— Say, shall these shadowy walls and arched roofs, Which oft have witnessed my suppliant knee And fervent prayer and deep humility, Form the rough outposts of some tawny tribe Wandering in squalid misery o'er the land, Uncertain where to stay their weary feet, Yet with sure footsteps treading down to hell? There yet, e'en yet, some little space remains, In which the frowns of office I may mart, Adorn'd with smiles of sunshine from the past; And this may some inclemencies defend. As to this worldly tournament—I must, Within the deep recesses of my mind, Some dext'rous means now promptly meditate To make this royal rival bite the dust, And humbly supplicate the love of Rome. Some low-bred second I may here require, To whisper news, and cunning counsel give In this untoward and untrodden path: And yet, dare I another being trust My steps to plant, and dictate to my soul? I must be, whilst I may; and what I must, I dare. To be, is vastness of reality And gorgeous amount of dignity;

But to incarcerate my vaunting soul Within another's soul, is but a base And impious safety I will never seek; But ah, my soul! this is a world of strife. Why do I quarrel with the course of Time, Whose silent power no earthly thing resists,— Whose tooth hard monuments of brass corrodes, And bids to moulder those high conic piles That cover regal rottenness and pride? Shine out, ye constant stars! e'en in this scorn I have your faithful light attending me. Oh! that your beams ethereal could pierce The dark laboratory of human mind,— Then might I gaze upon the frowning eye, Deep set beneath the pursed royal brow, And tell the whys—the hows—and whereabouts, By which I am beset. I cannot trim, As courtiers glib know when and how—not I. I, who have chased the angry boar alone, And sought mine enemies e'en in the dark, When savage Ipres and his host fell back, When kings and princes waited by, to hail "The bravest of the brave!"—I ne'er will bow, Nor doff one right which holy Rome has claimed, Though death and kings join hand to scare my soul: I'll laugh with indignation at them all! The Cross shall wear that crown which hands of kings Shall never, never tear from my embrace. To Rome—to holy Rome I now will write, And let great Alexander know my woes. For Heaven and Heaven's Anointed now I war;— No love I want from wild and reckless kings! My wrongs will lie before the Vatican, Whose thund'ring peals of anger none can stay. Soon will this king and all his valiant seers Be penitent, and ask for grace in vain. England shall rue the day when first it dared Disturb the holy peace which shone in Rome. I'll pray the Pope to issue interdict, Depose this king, and close the very grave, Ere I will bow before this heretic.

Scene V .- King Henry meets Walter Mapes.\*

KING HENRY.

Well, happy Gollias, I would be gay—But these rank priests, thy brethren, do toil To make me sad, and puzzle my sick brain. The Pope has sent another bevy forth To watch and linger in our royal path; But they are like the mighty Vatican,—A purse of gold will buy their honied words.

WALTER MAPES.

My liege, I told you thus, and more I know;
The Pope will empty Rome of every priest,
(And some about your court are priests disguised,
To watch you breathe, and hear your humour's vent.)
Yes, I could shew you sights would shock your soul,
And make you doubt the very faith we love;
But time and all its storms will prove me just.

KING HENRY.

Walter, they say thou hast an envious eye, And vaunting with thy songs so scand'lously Thy wit, lead'st Lady Fancy out of bounds; And gay Thalia jaunts away with thee, Displays her wanton form, then stealthily Assumes her mask of cold sobriety; Yet in the midst of wild festivity, She sings Circean songs with melody. My chaplain loves this young divinity, And tells me she's the dame Mnemosyne.

WALTER MAPES.

My liege! my liege! it is Mnemosyne, And not Thalia, has supplied that song, Which makes the Pope himself forejudge my soul. As sweet Diana's self outstrips the winds, Through woods and pathless wilds, o'er mountain's snows;

<sup>\*</sup> Walter Mapes was chaplain to Henry II,; he wrote many satirical poems on the Roman priests, including the Pope himself. He was known as Gol'ias (see Life of Walter Mapes, lately published by the Camden Society.)

The kind Mnemosyne, with Clio's aid, Bounds down the unseen vale, where things which were, Lie in their graves and mould'ring sepulchres; 'Tis there, inspired, she chaunts her holy songs, And oft her tuneful voice soft echo wakes; In sighs she rests.

KING HENRY.

And then Thalia comes, Arrayed in gold and silvery dress so bright; And as some hoary fairy she steps forth, Whispering some medley strange and intricate, She makes my chaplain think 'tis memory, And not the tales which youthful fancy bred.

WALTER MAPES.

I wish my liege would join me for one eve; Then I could prove my songs had modesty, Which ne'er adorns the lives of Roman priests.

KING HENRY.

Walter, some day far hence, in majesty, We may sit down with all the thousand tribes, And judge these recreant priests; but now, Just now, we must believe them pure as heav'n, Or into hell they'll jerk us all pellmell.

WALTER MAPES.

One eve shall prove my liege too merciful.

KING HENRY.

But where, and when, and how, could I survey The merry monks, who pray so heartily? They know my bearing well.

WALTER MAPES.

Leave that to me.

A carnival this night is opportune, Where foreign monks carouse and spend their gold. I'll lead my liege, right in the midst of all; Yes, at the house I know.—Leave that to me. I'll show thee all the passions in full play, At summit all—with all their hectic glow, And burning glance, which ever radiate The brow of sin which wars against the soul.

### KING HENRY.

The substance of this news gives horned face To pondering thought: I will—I must resolve. 'Tis well—I'll join your merry scene this night, And view these sage Italian monks in cups. What order shall I be ?—Cistercian?

#### WALTER MAPES.

Capuchin will be best becoming thee; I'll make thee priest. I'll come, my liege, at ten.

Scene VI.—Monks and Cavaliers carousing in a Tavern.

## ANSELM DE BURGOS.

I hear some news—Sir Thomas fights the King! Tell me what this all means.

## GODRICK.

The King is mad, and kicks against the pricks; As some wild colt he wrestles with his lord:

## A CAVALIER.

Standing behind Father Godrick, taking up his hands. Ye learned Friars, just listen here awhile.

This is the holy priest, who often prays That he may kiss a pretty nun alone,— And often fasts until his hunger comes,— And never drinks except the wine is good. He is the Pope's vicegerent,—well employed.

The Monk falls on the floor quite tipsy.

He's rather drunk, but that's the fault of wine! Some day he'll be Archbishop, so they say,— And find us merry souls another way

To heaven; and all I say, I wish he may.

And heaving cadence to soft minstrelsy.

[Turns his empty glass on the face of the fallen Priest. Here's holy water, which I pour on thee,-And make St. Osith's priest thus consecrate. All who can stand, now join your hands with me, And let us dance and sing right merrily. Here's Hermitage and Burgundy so bright, Which makes old joys return, and woe so light, That like a feather it goes dancing by, To seek a bed in some fair maiden's eye; And gives to loveliness a pensive dye

Enter KING and WALTER MAPES as Foreign Monks.

WALTER.

All happy souls, who quaff old Vally's wine!

KING HENRY.

'Tis wine which washes sin into the veins, And drives men on to Pluto's gloomy shade. Alas! these priests seem sliding in apace.

WALTER.

Alas! they drink of Sodom's feverish wines, And waste their strength to drink Gomorrah's gall, And thus fall into Hades' awful gulf.

VALLY, the Hostess, appears.

VALLY.

Good holy fathers, ye are welcome here. What generous wines shall tempt your sacred lips? Here's Hermitage and Burgundy so bright.

WALTER.

Good mother Val, your guests are rather gay.

VALLY.

The night is early yet; we soon shall have The fairest dames who live in palaces, With cavaliers, and many pious souls; And I expect the Pope this very night.

[In a corner of the room, a Priest talking with a stranger in a low voice—overheard.

FATHER SAUL.

He struggled hard? Ah yes! You strangled him\*—And left no marks?

BAYNARD.

He crunched his teeth with pain; And once he said, "O Lord! have mercy, Lord!"

\* The Archbishop, A'Becket, had lately protected some clergymen, guilty of enormous and capital crimes, from being delivered up to the justice of the crown; and amongst others, there was one accused of having debauched a gentleman's daughter, and of having, to secure his enjoyment of her, murdered her father. The King required him to be brought to judgment before a civil tribunal, that if convicted he might suffer a penalty adequate to his guilt, which the ecclesiastical judicature could not inflict upon him; but this was resisted by A'Becket.—Lord Lyttleton, Vol. iv. p. 15.

I laugh'd, and so did Simmel laugh, to see The freaks he made to heave us off his chest.

SAUL.

You clos'd with him?

BAYNARD.

And stamp'd upon his heart.

SAUL.

And yet you say he spoke?

BAYNARD.

I only heard.

Poor gentleman! We smothered up his face Whilst Simmel gagg'd and press'd upon his throat: And now and then he mutter'd words, and groaned, Until the pool of life was well sopp'd up. Poor gentleman!—How hard it is to die!

SAUL

The Church will bless, and absolution give.

BAYNARD.

Come, priest, I want the gold, for Simmel waits.

SAUL.

Gives gold.

There's gold enough to waft thee up to heav'n.

BAYNARD.

This bag wants weight.

SAUL.

Baynard, I have no more.

BAYNARD.

I'm like a hungry wolf:—I must have gold, To hide these bloody hands from common ken. Simmel claims half, and threatens he'll have more.

SAUL

Who brings the maid to me?

BAYNARD.

I and my men.

SAUL.

Then Simmel's work is done. Now let him die— The Church will then absolve his evil soul, And cast his petty sins on wand'ring winds.

BAYNARD.

What! murder him?

And keep the gold thyself.

BAYNARD.

What! murder Sim?—with these old tawny hands?
Poor Sim! he has a little lad at sea!
An aged mother, too, depends on Sim
For bread and drink. I will not murder him.
What fiend has whisper'd this?—wast thee, old priest?

[Seizes the Priest.]

Give me the gold—or give me back the breath Which gurgled through the wide-extended throat Of that poor gentleman.

Baynard, be still.

BAYNARD.

For why?

We meet.

In the state of th

Poor Sim! What! murder Sim?—No—no.

SAUL.

Hush! hush!—those strangers there move tow'rds us, As though intent to speak.

BAYNARD.

This night, at twelve, We bring the maid, closed in a sack tight bound.

SAUL.

Baynard, my friend, farewell!—At twelve this night!

[Walks up and down the room, absorbed—talks aloud, but unaware of it.

Somehow I must secure this modest thing. Yes! I could yield all things I ever lov'd, Once more to see that neck!—That neck was bare; Whilst all along her panting breast, the light Was dazzled by her golden hair; profuse It hung like clouds tinged by the setting sun, And seem'd to have eternal wastes, in which Young Joy might roam and win a glance of heav'n.

Scene VII.—Priest's House.

PRIEST.

Who knocks?

SERVANT.

A man without asks audience.

PRIEST.

Let him come in. 'Tis Simmel, I'll be sworn. I have a rumour in my soul 'tis him; My dreams were full of him, Baynard, and death.

Enter Simmel.

PRIEST.

How now?

SIMMEL. [Kneels and hides his face. If absolution blots out sins,

I would confess to thee, good Father, now.

PRIEST.

Now? now? I must go forth.

SIMMEL.

Oh, Father, stay! I am borne down with sins which waste my heart.

PRIEST.

What sins? of what? Hast thou been thief, or what?

SIMMEL.

Good Priest—'tis true I have been thief—Alas! These hands have stolen a precious thing.

PRIEST.

But what?

Be thrifty, man; I want no more report. The price of sins like thine is small.—But hark, First pay the Church, and then restore that thing, And then ask intercession of the saints.

SIMMEL.

My scorched heart will burst—dear Father, now, [Throws down some gold.

'Tis absolution must be granted me. Here's gold—the gold—the very gold which I

Trembles very much, and stammers.

Which I received for blood—an old man's blood.

 $\lceil Aside.$ 

Oh Priest! there is a burning heat within, Which nought about this earth can ever quench. There is a tumult here like brawling fiends! Would that the earth had op'd and swallowed me Ere that foul sin had stain'd these brawny hands!

#### PRIEST.

The holy Church has power. Forget this sin. Thou hast confess'd—thou art absolv'd—'tis o'er—The price is paid, and Heav'n can claim no more. The Church will bear e'en such a sin as this, And hide it from the eye of mighty Heav'n; The Pope of Rome is Heav'n's vicegerent here, And from the treasury of good men's deeds Will grant indulgence to thy naughty soul: Ah yes—for ever—through all changeful scenes, And whilst eternity, exhaustless, heaves Its mystic form and nature, yet unknown. But thou must pray to holy Mary's form, And lift thine eyes to saints who live in heaven, To mediate 'tween the Holy One and man.

Now is the instant for my darkest thoughts
To shape themselves in form of honest speech.
But can I trust that faint tall murderer?
Or shall I write to Rome that even yet
I have no arm I can direct direct?

But I will try, whilst hell attunes my tongue.

[Turning his back on Simmel. From whom or whence thou cam'st, concerns not me. But string thy nerves awhile—just while I speak; And think of any thing thou lov'st in life, And know that thou shalt have e'en in thy palm The power to satisfy thy blithest lusts, Be what they may.—There! tell them not to me, For I have but an office to fulfil, And am no chapman with these ingots here. Weigh'd in the fairest balances they were:

[Throws down several bars of gold.
There take them all—they all are thine—ah, all!
I want thy aid to lead a truant king
To his last home in safety and alone.
Thus serve the Church—thus serve thy soul.—Dost hear?
Dost hear? [aside] That tenfold gloom alarms me now!

Or else in Purgat'ry thy soul will lie, Whilst countless years will ever, ever roll.

SIMMEL.

More blood! more blood! These hands do writhe at this!

PRIEST.

Dost hear? dost see?

[Shews the gold, and a written paper directing the King's death from the Pope.

SIMMEL.

My eyes are full of blood!—
I see nought now but blood! My hands are blood,
My eyes are blood,—that paper is all blood!

[Sinks down, face covered.]

PRIEST.

Man—fool—I see thou'rt mad. Ho! ho! Without! take this foul murderer away.

SIMMEL.

Great Priest, good Priest, Father—hear me! hear me!

PRIEST.

Hear me! I am confessor to that King.
I would such royal sinners breath'd in heav'n,
Deported by the holy Church—quite safe.
Come, come! dost hear? I would befriend thee, man.
'Tis no new task for thee. The Church loves thee:
Now love the Church, and leave the end to me.

SIMMEL.

Anguish o'erflows my soul.—Good Priest, forbear; My brain will burst—I will obey the Church.

PRIEST.

Good man!—See there that shining gold—see there! 'Twill buy thee absolution o'er and o'er; Yea, thou may'st murder father, mother, son,\* And be unscathed as blood-bought sinners are. Come, turn those filmy eyes—the gold is here. Think of the mirthful hours 'twill purchase thee—The long carousings undelayed by want. 'Twill buy thee mailed coat 'gainst every power On earth, and ope the gates of heaven at last; Where thou may'st bask on golden slopes, whilst Time

<sup>\*</sup> See Appendix, Absolution.

In nether worlds is charm'd in endless sleep, By cadence of the soft inspired notes Which quiver on the lip of seraphim Who lead the eternal choirs. Wake, man! see gold!

SIMMEL [aside].

I see but hell, which now awaits my soul, And fiends are 'tending there to dash with me Deep down into the burning core within. How to escape—how to endure? Ah how? There's murderers and filthy beings there, And some I thought I ne'er should see again. I see their angry frowns; their shouts I hear. Some fellow murderer will sneer on me.

PRIEST.

Wake up, good man! Now for thy faithful love. Or shall the Church provide thee tortures prompt, To purge thy soul of cruel murder's stains? Awake! Why dost thou stare on me, caitiff? That was a glance of recognition fierce, [Aside. But still restrained—'twas fear, 'twas gloom, 'twas threat! 'Tis past endurance now. I'll change my end, And cast him on the law's deep shoals and sands; They'll swallow up that wretch, and I, intact, Will whisper warnings to the King and Lords. That murderer's arms now yawn for noble blood; And when they ask for evidence complete, I'll ask their praise to holy Mary's name That still they live and breathe above the grave.

SIMMEL.

I'll leave, and see thee in the falling eve;
For hours have sped too glib since I've been here.
He sees I know again his gloating eye,
He means to have his end—I'll fly.

[Aside.]

#### PRIEST.

Or die!

[Stamps—three men rush in. Lead this man down—blindfold him as you go. His days are few,\* or mine are full of woe. [Aside.

<sup>\*</sup> At this period the superior priests were authorized to hold a private inquisition in their houses, and to torture for heresy.

## ACT II.

# Scene I .- Apartment in Palace.

KING HENRY and SIR RICHARD DE LUCY.

KING HENRY.

Sir Richard, now at highest premium Your mystic art appears. A king will give A kingly price to rout from forth his web, Bedabbled with the dew of luxury, A bloated spider, loathsome to his sight,— Or run a veteran doubling fox to snare. Go, bid thy minions arm and multiply, Until from us to Merton they shall reach. Why is this priest so safe in burrow lodged, As if, like timid hare in 'vantage ground, All nature lent him her surrounding aid; Whilst he can hear the tramp of champing steed, The piercing fife, and louder trumpet's blast, Sound through the cloisters of his deep recess? Sir Richard, come, my patience thou dost mock; I wait, as does a blushing love-sick maid:— She thinks—she knows—that is, she hopes—he loves; But hope's fond tale is flattering and vain. What of our royal summons to the priest?

## SIR RICHARD.

It is reported he is sick and sad;—
Some say 'tis too much state delays his steps.

#### KING HENRY.

But who's without? List! 'tis the priest himself: I know his gait, and rumour of his step. This second summons efficacious proves, To rouse the slumbering tiger from his lair.

## Enter ARCHBISHOP.

#### ARCHBISHOP.

At last, my Liege's humble servant 's here;— Has dragged his heavy limbs—now failing fastTo be revived in the presence-air Of royalty—so gracious—comely—just!

Sickness has blanch'd the Primate's learned brow.

KING HENRY.

Sir Priest, 'tis well. I wish the hours would wait For men, and men for kings; leaving at large All gross and earthly baubles for the world—The dull and sinning world, who oft are wrecked By weight of ingots, which, in getting, soil.

ARCHBISHOP.

When virtue's lovers so fastidious grow,
The eye is querulous, the ear wide opes,
And numerous flaws, alas! in judgment come.
What need, my Liege, to hold a common broil
With me?—with me, thy best, thy earliest friend?—
This leads to woes immedicably wide.
But know, I am the Primate of this land,—
Protector of the rights, all paramount,
Of the eternal world. Consider this!

KING HENRY.

Let prudence with thy eloquence keep pace!
Be frugal of thy words! for present time
Admits no idle use or wandering.
Mark me! as far as King the future can o'errule,
Men shall walk less together;—Yes, far less,
And let the fresh'ning breezes 'tween them sweep;
And thus stagnation's evils foul prevent,
Engendering plagues and pestilences dire.

SIR RICHARD.

My lord, the King commands your presence here To-morrow's morn, John Marshall, knight, to meet.

KING HENRY.

Yes, yes! thy eloquence may stead thee then.

ARCHBISHOP.

What revolutions are in state! A king Of Norman lineage a yeoman hires, His primate,—shepherd—father—to waylay!

### SIR RICHARD.

Your grace should know that heinous crime comes forth From places holy, which the King offends, And justice full and summary demands.

### ARCHBISHOP.

Indeed! 'tis strange! Expedience may, 'tis true, Some simulations and disguise require In the prerogative of earthly kings; But when a prince can once forget the grace Which Heaven's own hand encircled on his brow, The heavenly similitude is lost;— Upon his royal head, though diadem'd, Must glory's arch and hieroglyphics fade.

SIR RICHARD.

Beware! your grace's tongue the King offends.

#### ARCHBISHOP.

Justiciary! 'tis flattery's antidote;
For soon the still small voice of guardian conscience,—
That heaven-appointed monitor within—
Is lost and drown'd amid the boisterous shouts
And praises loud of senseless multitudes—
The fickle, faithless, and misjudging world;
And thus the virtues of a noble king
Are lost—ignobly lost.

SIR RICHARD.

Your grace's tongue

Wants loyalty and reverend courtesy.

KING HENRY.

Now, wise justiciary, observe this priest!
Justice shall waken; so beware, sir priest!

ARCHBISHOP.

Now, wise justiciary, observe this King!

SIR RICHARD.

All observation now finds cause for grief.

KING HENRY.

Thy Romish father on me pours, like hail, His hot anathemas; with legate's aid Sustains the evil, and destroys the good, Until the very law has no effect. He all the orders of my people scans,— Poising in papal scales, with partial weights, Or king or citizen 'gainst pamper'd priest; Calling that priest all sacred, holy, pure, Who is within like whited sepulchre,— Black as thick midnight, with pollutions foul.

SIR RICHARD.

Our monarch will thee, holy Primate, meet. My lord, one hundred murders—aye, and more!— Have been to holy men, so called, traced.

KING HENRY.
So called, but in their deeds most wicked, vile!

ARCHBISHOP.
So called, Good king! yes, once good king, I say.

I make an end; which is, This little isle Has sides too near for such a priest and kings.

Is, then, Toulouse by thee forgot, and all My services in France?

My services in France?

KING HENRY.

'Tis bad repute

For all I love, that cowl and lance should tilt So near; it is unwholesome and forbid.—
Justiciary, please take account of this:—
E'en this of treason tastes.

My Lord, thy grace
Must hear and answer far less boastingly
The charges which I last transmitted thee.

I owe thee nought, my liege; and that thou know'st.

Go! go! and fleece thy Merton healthful flocks; And all the tithe I ask is fealty. Prepare to answer what I charge to thee, And pay to our exchequer promptly, priest. No longer urge such slanders on my fame.

ARCHBISHOP.

Alas! thou King! I served thee much. This hand, I now extend to heaven, has ne'er thee wronged; Nor from thee riven aught of earth that had Thy love—nor aught in heaven. And can'st thou dash Thy knightly foot on venerated things, To form example for the vulgar swains, Who learn to hate the holy Church of Rome?

KING HENRY.

I will not thus be poised or catechised. Be pithy to the idle wind! Away—Such divination I've no mind to hear.

SIR RICHARD.

Your grace of wisdom, as of love, has need.

ARCHBISHOP.

Thy wisdom has no ray of love.

KING HENRY.

Enough!

The measure of thy insolence is full.—
And now begins the worst of civil wars.
England and I 'gainst thee and Rome. Try now
Your best; and let the Pope send forth his bulls.
'Tis doomed eternally that one of us
Shall perish in this combat. To the death
I thee defy. And as Athletes fierce,
We need no artful means, but madly fall
Into each other's arms; and then I'll tear
The puny skin which hides the traitor's blood.

ARCHBISHOP.

Shall all the storied services, though past, Be counted nought in this account? 'Tis sad!

KING HENRY.

True honour ever takes account of all Which is, or was, or ever may be known.

ARCHBISHOP.

Thou sovereign of these realms, now mark my words! Thou art not just; and I dare tell thee so. Though thou art King of England, yet e'en thou Shalt hear. I have another king, whose line Did royal sceptres wield o'er wide domains Ere thy poor ancestors had name, or lands, Or home. That king I serve; that king I love. But thou—

KING HENRY.

'Tis treason! What king dost thou mean? Now light before me darts, and shews me gulfs, And many broken ways, and straits, o'er which Thou wouldst have urged thy lord, thy generous king! I see thy Roman faith is a rank weed, Which chokes all honesty, and makes thee vile. I see! To-morrow's hour shall prove (I see) Those whom I hate, and those I love.

## ARCHBISHOP.

Poor king! to-morrow cannot come too soon!

[Archbishop leaves.

SIR RICHARD.

And now the Primate has withdrawn, perhaps My liege will meditate what course to take, And how rebellious subjects we may quell.

KING HENRY.

There's much in all thou now hast said; but yet My subjects little know or think how far Above their kindly love a king must dare To live. High on a precipice he stands, Severed from all:

Exposed to e'en the storm Which scares the woodman to his sheltering hut, Where crackling furze, sparkling on kindred eyes, Makes home. No safety from assassin's steel, Or brigands vile, belongs to him who leans Upon a throne. Alas! no friend has he To explicate his best intent; awhile He halts, bay'd by the vilest of his kind, Who hunts his noble spirit out of pace, As Leo in the Etrurian shades expires,

Dashing his tail upon his gory sides. His roaring voice as sylvan thunder sounds, Makes timid echo spring from many a glade; Whilst the coarse huntsman rends his flowing mane, And angry curs assail his noble brow. At last, in desperation dire, he bounds—In madness bounds—and, with convulsive leap, He seeks revenge on those who seek his blood.

ARCHBISHOP [turns back through the open door.]
My liege, true pride will guard true royalty
From cunning slander's rage; and bid it wear
The lofty graces of a king, as one
Of Christ's anointed,—high—high up
Above the common hireling's reach.—But say,
What evil have I done? Absolve my name.

Ah! thou hast done thy very worst, sir priest; So hence! away!

Scene II .- In the Court Yard of Palace.

Two Courtiers; one an Italian Priest, the other a Crusading Knight.

KNIGHT.

If we might listen to this sad debate, Perhaps t'would teach our consciences in wit; For priests have wond'rous use of placita.

PRIEST.

Good knight, I sorrow much; 'tis very sad To see this land so foul with heresies. No Catholic, who truly loves his Church, May trust his ear in such affrays; indeed The King will suffer heavy penalties, And holy Rome will be a furnace hot, Where cardinals will as refiners sit, Until our liege's pride does shrink and fade, As some poor pale and squalid artisan's.

KNIGHT.

Ah! sir, ye priests mistake Plantagenet: The Second Henry has no fear of Rome.

#### PRIEST.

No king on earth has power except from Rome; And soon, Sir Ralph, that voice, as thunders loud, Will echo fierce in royal palaces.

Soon will this nation stand in interdict; And then the sacraments of every kind Will be withheld from every English born; And then the very dead will want a grave; The King will be an outcast, and the crown Will be transferred to some more hopeful son—To France, or Spain, or Portugal's young heir.

#### KNIGHT

The proud A'Becket's ire may bathe in blood, Ere that mad fire is quenched. Alas! alas! Yet that bright liberty which Saxons love Shall come and spread her universal joy In many a noble heart. As when we've watch'd The last and lingering breeze of night retire, Whilst at the eastern gate Aurora waits: Though piteous tears bedim her lucid eyes, As though she sighed to leave Tithonus' arms, Yet on that day proud Phœbus wears a crown More lustrous far than all the stars of heav'n; And at his altar every knee then bows. He's god of light, and life, and loveliness! So England from a sea of blood shall rise, Arrayed in awful majesty; her locks Glist'ning with gore, yet, as an angel freed, She plants her footsteps on this trembling world.

## PRIEST.

Alas! this King wants grace! Woe upon woe, Brought on this land by royal heresy, Now cries aloud to Rome for special aid.

### KNIGHT.

Silent and sure the awful process is,
Which forms that power which rules all Christendom
Kings are deposed, and martial men made dumb;
Whilst cruel torture and imprisonment
Waylay the honest citizen and humble serf;
Their lovely daughters fill the convent cells,
To slake the lusts of impious hypocrites.

#### PRIEST.

The mirthful Gollias has ventur'd much,—But, my good friend, thou must be more discreet; Thy sword will help thee nought against the Church. Come, let thy valour and discretion too Preserve their owner from a mightier foe Than fields of blood or stormed castles yield. I could pronounce thee heretic, Sir Ralph!

#### KNIGHT

That breast, which has no love for common life, Can fear no common death, but dares the worst. Within this soul, a fire illumes its walls, And all its mystic elements, which neither man Nor fiend can e'er put out:—'tis holy fire—'Tis fed by heavenly hands—eternal fire! No priest or Pope dare stamp upon its flame.'T will burn through ages yet, when lisping tongues And stammering Popes are silent in their graves.

## PRIEST.

These words but ill assort with that bright cross Which marks thy holy name, "Crusader Knight!"

## KNIGHT.

Ah! priest, thou little know'st,—and time is short. Another time we may descant on holy things,—Of dull and outward rites, and inward grace, And signs and forms, and ceremonial guise—But farewell now.—Here comes the magnate priest.

#### PRIEST.

Now may the Cross he bears direct his path!

#### KNIGHT.

And fair humility cast all her beams On one, whose love of earth may cost e'en heav'n! Farewell!

PRIEST.

Let us stand back awhile.

KNIGHT.

Farewell!

## Scene III .- A Chamber in the Palace.

Enter Archbishop alone, bowing before the images of the Virgin and Saints.

And does a Judgment-day attend the steps Of some, ev'n in this world, and closely press Upon the heel of crime; whilst yet with some Their sins are suffered to accumulate,— And then a retribution fierce pays all At one fell swoop?—I, who have sown the wind, Must the dread whirlwind reap. The heavy storms Which I in time's perspective clearly see, Would now bewilder me; but that I know There is a quiet haven for my soul, Where she will ride at peaceful anchor safe: Protected by that Everlasting One, Who bids the storm be dumb, and cleaves the sea. Yet, as a faithful soldier of the Cross, I must awhile be militant. Sweet saints! O Mary! grant me patience to endure, That I may win the crown; and waging war Against the haughty world, keep in my eye The heavenly vision bright. There, there, I see "The great white throne," and by it dazzling stand Adoring hosts of saints we lov'd on earth, With radiant robes and glittering pinions stretched For heavenly circuit. See! they come to break These chains, which bind my fluttering soul to earth; Soon will the world, and all its vanities, Fade, as a leaf, in death. 'Tis then the soul Enters within the veil! 'Tis then she hears The Spirit and the Bride inviting say— "Partake the eternal supper of the Lamb. Return, thou weary prodigal, return: The bounteous table is already spread." 'T is then the soul, from every trammel freed, By no such tedious grades as mark on earth Its slow development, triumphant rides On light unwearied wing, and roams at will Through all the ethereal heights and baseless depths Of knowledge spiritual and infinite; Where timid faith gives place to certainty,

And hope is whelmed and lost in constant love.
Nay, nay, fell Death! thy fierce and ghastly looks
I heed not; though thy fleshless finger point
To the dark silent vault, reminding me,
That all this strength and mortal might I own,
Whose prowess Gallia's proudest knights have owned,
Shall passive lie, and not a muscle move
To toss aside the slimy worm, that crawls
And feeds on the putrescent flesh.
Such triumph thou art welcome to; but me,
My real self, thou canst not touch. Tyrant!
This mortal soon shall immortality
Put on: then, where's thy boasted victory?

Scene IV .- A Convent.

Abbess, Julia a Nun, a Priest, and another Nun.

JULIA.

Ah, yes! and we must wait, believing all; For we are pilgrims, trembling on our way: We see but faintly here that holy light, Whose bright intensity enwraps the throne Of the Eternal One; while holy saints Bask in the dazzling blaze, from which a ray Reflected by fair Mercy's polished wing Reaches our sluggish earth to point the way To peace.

ABBESS.

The priests direct the way to peace; 'Tis thus our Church declares.

JULIA.

Mysterious!

ABBESS.

Mysterious!

JULIA.

Man—all—is mystery; from Heaven—

E'en man endow'd with grace from Heaven—With dignity, the image of his God—In him a spirit holds his awful court, Calling the various passions to account—Pacing his lofty halls, revolving vast And infinite idealities. 'Tis oft It mounts its high ethereal towers, piercing

All space which hides pure Heaven from man! 'Tis then It hears a voice which rends the ethereal bounds! Ten thousand voices join that mystic song—"The lust of life shall quickly pass away; The brightest seraphim shall draw aside That veil which hides the unseen world from man, Whilst angels tear from deepest ocean's bed, As in the twinkling of an eye, all sins."

### ABBESS.

All sins! Your voice alarms me, Julia. What frightens you?

JULIA.

[Much alarmed, and rising up. There! there! I see—I see

That grisly thing! 'tis horrible to see! Would now that I were blind. But ah, 'tis mine—'Tis mine! I have the power to tear this skin, And pluck these eyeballs from their sockets forth.

[Julia puts her face in her hands, and faints; the Abbess slides out; the Priest stands behind at a distance; Julia somewhat recovers.

Yes!—ah!—I dreamt the Abbess sat just here,
And that I saw the wicked, evil priest
That first I met at the confessional;
Who told me that my eyes were glistening stars,
And that he loved me more than sacred things;
And spoke with blasph'mous tongue of holy saints,
And said the Virgin's eyes were dull to mine,
And wrung my hands within his greedy palms.

[Looks round, sees Priest approaching; screams. O Heaven, in pity hear my woful sigh! Oh! place thy tender arms around my soul, And guard thy temple from foul violence. Anguish!—I wake! Awful!—Heaven! Heaven!—helpless! Oh! hide me from that wicked, impious priest.

[Julia points to a corner of the room.

PRIEST, [aside.]
Perfection, there! that form! those wavy locks
Now lie upon that tossing breast—so soft,
It steals the sweetest of all worship—love!
And blushes too! My soul exults! Such eyes!

They ope, as from a cloud the god of day On burnished helms with virgin splendour glows! The dainty dew—soft tears—they yield their aid, To give my panting heart a feast so sweet.

[Approaches Julia.

JULIA.

Sir priest, stand back! Is this thy faith to Rome? Stand back, sir priest! see this—see this—vile monk!

[Shews him a dagger.

PRIEST.

Sweet maid, thou must not mourn away this eve, Whilst many a happy nun sings cheerily; And cardinals who tend about the throne, And merry monks who revel in Castile, Enjoy their happy hours in beauty's arms,—Leaving no pious duty quite undone.

JULIA.

[Struggling with her feelings. Sir priest, this work lies far beyond the hand Of common villany,—'tis cowardice And lust, which give you impudence. Monk—priest—whatever is your name—beware! My sire has set a guard to watch thy steps;

[Wafts the dagger to and fro.

And gave me this to keep my honour safe, From foul corrupting things as thou. See here! But for the other world, thy life should pay This wrong. The Church shall know thy black designs.

PRIEST.

The Church will ne'er believe thy lonely voice. Such tales offend the Church. Put down that blade: The Church will take account of this dark sin.

JULIA.

The Church I lov'd, and vow'd so long to love—
To love, that I might rest from troubled time,
And steep my care-fraught heart in that soft stream
Which flows exhaustless from bright Mercy's fount—
May e'en be false as thee, abandoned priest!
The Church I sought, as I was taught to seek,
For peace—as in a tomb so consecrate,
That not a hand of flesh should ever dare
To raise the veil which hides this wasting frame—

May close its arms; but Heaven is open, free—My home, my refuge from thy villany.
Sir Priest, begone—I cannot bear thy looks:
I'll dash into thine eye this liquid flame,
And stop those inlets to thy lustful brain.
See here this smoking fire, my second aid!

[Julia, frantic, opens a vial which smokes. Priest starts back. Julia approaches him.

#### PRIEST.

Thou wily elf, I'll call up Death himself To press thy polished breast.

JULIA.
E'en Death will laugh

To scorn a fiend so base and lost as thou.

#### PRIEST.

The power to raise e'en hell is mine, e'en now.

[The Priest shouts and stamps, laughing hideously. Julia turns pale, and faints. A person disguised sings with hoarse voice.

"I'm one of the fiends that dimly sweep,
Scaling up from the dreary deep,
Where Horror, like a wind,
Leaves carnage and woe behind;
And mutters some frantic yell
As it clutches the bars of hell.
I come as a loathsome cloud
In a wet and putrid shroud.
Who calls me from my lair?
Is this my bride—my fair?"

[Room darkens with smoke, &c.; great noise and confusion.

Scene V.—King Henry alone, just before going to the Council-room.

Some supernatural and evil powers O'errule these times:—some spirit eminent In wrath protects perhaps this stubborn priest. It claims, howe'er, our joy and gratitude, That this rebellious potent criminal

Has been in form and order due arraigned. Perhaps a pine so lofty, by its fall, May fright the thousand hinds he long has held In superstition's blindfold vassalage: Some vigilance, therefore, may needful be. Yet spies are not fit ministers for kings, But rather are usurping tyrant's tools. Can Henry then his enemy waylay? No! no!—perish the thought!—To reign in peace I ne'er can hope, or pray, or strive. Abroad-Within—without—is war; nought now but war. My blood against my blood is leagued—my bones Against my bones, all recreant-my life Against my life. Alas! why did I fan A quarrel with this haughty priest, and thus Sad judgments bring upon my fellow-men? But let us to such gloomy thoughts give truce, And for the approaching council clear our brow.

Scene VI.—Council Room. Archbishop before King, and Bishops and Barons.

#### KING HENRY.

Ye fond companions of my weary wars,— Ye who have lived in camps, may well attend This solemn senate;—whilst our bishops, priests, And lords, will add their faithful aid. This priest Has wearied us, and much our woes augments. Wise Winchester advice has proffered here; But let your sentence be unanimous, And bear the seals of all.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

We are not loth,

My liege, to pass a sentence moderate; But of such judgments we have not the right Or honour. This for laymen is, whose tongues Are moulded for the judgment, and whose hands Do itch for execution prompt.

KING HENRY.

These times

Need this. Ye priests, who should your office know,

Let not perverse delay, or want of zeal, The virtue of obedience destroy.

We are but servitors of peace, and want Those sinews powerful which gain respect For laws. The Primate's sins surprise the Church.

KING HENRY.

Now list. Wise Winchester, to you I look; For well I know your fealty is proud, And eminently prompt.

WINCHESTER.

Standing in midst
Of might, and love, and wisdom, well combin'd,
With full permission of my King, I raise
My humble voice; nor fear I partial ears,
Or blear-eyed prejudice that waylays truth.
The sentence we decree is free alike
From vengeance or severity. The King
Sets confiscating seal on all the goods
The Primate holds: and by his countenance
I see the prelate to this sentence yields.

ARCHBISHOP.

'Tis true I would not clench these earthly things: All I resign; but my soul's rights remain
The same. Above this royal violence
They soar; and from their course ethereal
Such wrongs with indignation they regard,
As insults to the faithful and the Church.

KING HENRY.

Rule well that flimsy monarchy! Rage on, And thy aërial kingdom rule aloft! Whilst I, below, with ruling England's sons Will rest content.

ARCHBISHOP.

But first the greatest slave, Thyself, redeem; o'erruled by false conceits, Which, like foul noxious weed, entwine Around thy nature, and destroy that grace Which held so high a stature in this world. ROGER, ARCHB. OF YORK. Sage father, less litigious be.

## ARCHBISHOP.

Peace! peace!
Thou evilone! I spoke to the King, not thee.
It were to step to ignominy low,
To bandy words with thee.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

My much loved Liege,
How plausible soe'er this deed may seem,
Take heed of gathering storms. You now cast forth
Great treasure to the waves. The Primate's fall
Is Henry's bane; and this a lowering sky
Predicts.

### KING HENRY.

Sir Priest, necessity is paramount. My kingdom is a bark distressed at sea: And her to save, I know no right nor worth In cumbrous treasure; but will cast it forth As a polluted and polluting corse.

#### ARCHBISHOP.

'Tis thus the timid toss away the stores Of learning, costlier far than Ophir's gold! Yet scarcely save themselves with all this loss; But in the great accounting, even they Will need soft Mercy's touching plea.

#### KING HENRY.

What then?

Kings are responsible to none on earth: And every papal satellite I see Shall own this doctrine true, or glare no more In this my kingdom.

#### ARCHBISHOP.

This royalty is overwrought,
And most ungratefully forgets the power
On which its being hangs. Poor prodigal!
'Tis well indeed, on thy poor soul's behalf,
That this French war, and the rebellious bands
Led on by Geoffrey, ingrate as he is,

Are sent to scourge thy pride with scorpion stings,
And teach thee lessons of humility.—
I leave you, Henry, now, attended well
By holy and thrice valiant courtiers all—
Roger of York, deceitful Chichester,
Sir Richard, and the whining Leicester! Yes!
I leave you all, wise counsellors, to aid
Your sceptred chief. My eye is now weighed down
With this assault of broils. Yet, valiant King,
Thy knee shall bow, until its surface vie
In hardness with thy unjust, stony heart.

[Archbishop retires into another apartment.

KING HENRY.

These sons of Rome to all will faithless prove, Though servile to us now.

SIR RICHARD.

These saints at all times act as dictated; And, as automata, their moves are made By wily hand most artfully concealed. As locust-swarms, they darken and affright The land, on every healthful viand feed, And the whole atmosphere corrupt. Alas! What hideous sight it is, and sad, to see A fair dominion heaving qualms for life, With such base vampires lying on its breast!

KING HENRY.

Therefore, good justice, as I prize my peace, My inward peace, above all pomp or fame, I will with all my soul and power expel This vain and haughty priest.

SIR RICHARD.

He comes.

E'en the Archfiend himself returns—he comes.

[Archbishop returns through the open door.

ARCHBISHOP.

To warn you of your sins and heresies.

KING HENRY.

Ye choke the course of justice, and allow Vile murder to remain unpunished. In civil things ye have no right to judge.

ARCHBISHOP.

Oh! know ye not that we shall angels judge,—Yes, and archangels too? Then are we not To judge these smaller matters of this earth?

KING HENRY.

The king of hell himself does thee instruct In this perversion of God's righteous word.

ARCHBISHOP.

I say again, O king, thy reign and power Are earthly both.—I say again—

KING HENRY.

Beware!

For thy rebellious acts shall cost thy Church Coffers of gold and tribulation dire.

ARCHBISHOP, [aside.]
Oh! now for wings to scorn the rolling seas,
And cut the distance short 'twixt this and Rome!

What mutters now the priest?

ARCHBISHOP.

That we enough

Of converse here have held; for, as you say, This island is too small for th' exercise Of royal rancour.—

KING HENRY.
And the insolence

Of braggart priests.

ARCHBISHOP.

My liege, I leave thee now

To study style and kingly emphasis.

## ACT III.

Scene I.—Archbishop's Palace. Archbishop in Apartment.

Enter HERBERT DE BOSEHAM, Secretary.

BOSEHAM.

My honored lord, a stranger audience asks.

ARCHBISHOP,

Admit him instantly.

Enter CHICHESTER.

CHICHESTER.
Your grace I seek.

ARCHBISHOP.

You come with messages from royalty? Too late. For by this very post I write To Rome, that Henry be forthwith deposed, And humbled to the dust;—that interdict Be sent from holy Rome.

CHICHESTER.

Vex not thy mind
On such account; for 'gainst the proudest king
Rome has a shelter supereminent,
Which neither power of king nor court can reach.

ARCHBISHOP.

Yes, yes! It is to Rome that I appeal, And to the great protector there; who can, As God's vicegerent, when he will, allay All earthly differences of men and kings; And in this faith and confidence, I pledge My life, my everlasting life. Farewell!

CHICHESTER.

'Tis yet my duty to remind your grace, That still extant the oath of Clarendon Remains in august might, and challenges Your fealty unto this King. It speaks With eloquence all-powerful, having Consent of all our Church.

#### ARCHBISHOP.

That virtue wants. A moment's patience have,
Whilst I will explicate. These signatures
And seals were wrong initio; and so
Will ever be.

But may we violate
An oath we swore with dread solemnity?

That oath was sacerdotal; but of things Episcopal, which oft are intricate, The Father of our holy Church alone Can judge.

CHICHESTER.
But ev'n the Pope gave his consent.

#### ARCHBISHOP.

Yes; but in terms which were equivocal, With mental reservations, that did leave Him free to act as policy should point.

#### CHICHESTER.

And yet, my lord, the oath is registered In Heaven's high archives. And can we regard This oath as null and void, or never made?

### ARCHBISHOP.

'Tis prejudice! Wise Chichester, forbear. I will again remind you, I appeal
To one who never yet has erred—yes, one,
Before whose footstool every heart shall bow;
Where mighty kings, and people of all climes,
Shall ever strive to reach some abject place
For their humility. 'Tis there my cause
Doth lie. Now leave—now leave me, Chichester.

#### CHICHESTER.

Must I then leave thee, Father? Must my tongue Be true to this fell message to our King?

### ARCHBISHOP.

No more, save Fare thee well!
So, using wholesome speed, good Chichester,
Thy once great master tell, that every lance
His vaunting hand shall cast, with swift recoil
Shall turn its glittering point upon himself;
And e'en his chained mail, and all his host
Of fiery knights, shall no protection prove
Against the ire of Rome's omnipotence.

CHICHESTER.

God bless thee, holy Primate! fare thee well! The Pope has granted Ireland to our King, On terms that England's arms shall aid the Pope, Who longs to claim from Erin's million sons The Peter-pence.

ARCHBISHOP.
Ah well! Well, well! Farewell!

Scene II .- Council Chamber.

King, Barons, Bishops of Winchester, Worcester, Salisbury, Hereford, London, Norwich, &c., waiting the Archbishop's reply.

Enter CHICHESTER.

KING HENRY.

Thrice welcome, Chichester! Welcome to all!

SIR RICHARD.

Wise Chichester, the Primate's answer give.

CHICHESTER.

'Tis well! thank Heaven, this leaden lip has power To move before my Liege, his barons bold, And learned justices; yet 'tis with fear It yields the messsage that it brings.

KING HENRY.

What answer to the treason does he make? Why comes he not in person to our Court, As in the Constitutions he did sign? Hast thou reminded him of Clarendon?

CHICHESTER.

I did, my liege. The learned Primate heard, And then, with curled lip, he did defy

Your Majesty to prove, by process due, The charge before his Holiness of Rome. And in his bitterness he said, he hoped The Church would quick and ample vengeance take Upon the ingrate King, for heresies Innum'rable and great.

KING.

Insulting priest! Richard, attend me hence.

[Makes a step, as if about to leave.

I now will execute my will in spite

Of all considerations.

Yet, my liege,

I pray you stay awhile.

And why? why stay?

Shall I be passive as a trembling lamb, And let the beasts of Rome drink up my blood As pastime and festivity?

> sir richard. Dear Liege!

> > KING.

The time is come.

SIR RICHARD. Oh, stay!

KING.

Stay? stay? Ere this I could bestrew a heaped of mailed men
In blood. Stay? Ask the fiery Mameluke
To curb his fretting steed, and stay his arm
With vengeance strung! ask him to stay! Then mark
The maniac glance that from his shrouded lid
Quivers and gleams, when first he deigns to turn
To listen whence that strange voice came! Ask him
To spare his trembling foe, and sheathe again
That reeking blade, and his hot temples bathe
In holy dew that lies on Mercy's brow!
Yes! ask again,—and list his hoarse response,
As issuing from some vaulted sepulchre;
And, as it passes o'er the perfumed clime

Of Araby, it takes no fume of earth, Nor wakes one tuneful chord of sympathy. Hopeless it sounds—as death; 'tis death to hope; 'Tis death in blood; 'tis blood in death; all death! It is the angry voice of deepest hell!
Stay? stay? Such rage is mine, as erst possessed The rugged soul of Peleus' mighty son, When he proud Ilium encircled thrice, And tracked the triple path with Hector's gore. And hardly even then the hoary locks And rolling tears of Priam could prevail To ransom at high price the mangled corse, For holy funeral rites and honours due. Now see that he no messengers to Rome

Transmits! And yet I care not. Heed him not For me. I will with my own arm drive out

This crafty minion of the Pope.

## CHICHESTER.

He comes!

Archbishop enters, wearing a gorgeous dress, carrying a large golden cross. Bishops rise to meet him.

SIR RICHARD.

'Tis even so, my liege, he stands within, Prepared to answer.

KING HENRY.

Affecting not to see A'Becket. If he's here, I see

Him not.

ARCHBISHOP.

The eye will often faithless prove, When evil darkness is preferred by kings.

KING HENRY.

Sir Richard, is the hateful priest away? No—no—for th' air is noxious, poisonous.

ARCHBISHOP.

Thou royal dreamer! thy indulgent priest, Thy holy father, hears with deepest grief Thy frowardness.

KING HENRY.

Thou scarlet hypocrite!
Say, didst thou not approve in formal terms,
"With faith, without reserve, and without fraud,"
The Constitutions, sign'd at Clarendon,
Which thou dost now abjure?

NORWICH. [Aside to Salisbury. A question, this,

To test the Primate's art!

KING HENRY.

And think'st thou, priest, That perjury like this cries not to Heaven?
I do appeal to you, ye bishops all,
Did he not take the oath he now abjures?

SEVERAL BISHOPS TOGETHER.

He did.

KING HENRY. Is this not perjury?

A FEW BISHOPS WITH FAINT VOICES.

It is.

ARCHBISHOP.

Tis not, ye half-learn'd dolts! What! know ye not That all those Constitutions were annulled, And we were then from all our oaths absolved, By one, far, far above earth's petty kings? Yes! one to whom the full authority To Peter given in one unbroken line Has been transmitted; that whate'er on earth He should or bind or loose, the same in heaven Should stand all ratified!

SALISBURY. [Aside to Norwich. All this is true.

Well has he stood the test. Proud Wisdom sits Upon his brow, enthroned with eloquence.

KING HENRY.

Arch-hypocrite! Perversions such as these Of Holy Writ are Satan's wiliest lures.

Did not the Pope, who can, as thou pretend'st, Or bind or loose, himself give his consent?

ARCHBISHOP.

His mind has never changed. Ever the same, He, like the sun, is fixed; 'tis worldly men Who change, and then they charge this evil sin On one who never sinn'd. Vile heresy Forgets the true vicegerency of Heaven.

KING HENRY.

The principles of Rome might justify Theft, treason, murder, and the blackest crimes That wicked man or devil e'er devised!

ARCHBISHOP.

The end, if good, does sanctify the means. Oft seeming hatred turns out purest love. The forked fire that stretches at man's feet A blackened corse, the form he doated on, Purges the air from exhalations foul That would depopulate earth's fairest climes. But 'tis in vain to talk: now anguish deep Spreads o'er my soul. God's peace be with you all. A soft internal voice oft whispers me That I shall fall by hand of violence, A victim to blind ignorance and hate! Then shalt thou see as now thou seest not: And this poor body, fed upon by worms, Shall far more reverence and respect receive Than in its pride of manliness and strength! Then shall the curtain from thine eyes be drawn; And, clad in sackcloth's penitential garb, Thou shalt make pilgrimage unto my tomb.

Scene III.—Thames Bank, near the Temple Gardens.

BAYNARD.

Let's pull in here, just by this gloomy tree: 'Twill hide the boat. Give me the slasher now.

SIMMEL.

The old monk said, there was no kind of fear;

But, Lord! you never know what darkness brews! I'll say no more just now: you know my mind. I've always called off this sad job, you know.

BAYNARD.

Come, Sim, now hold your serpentine fine stuff, Unless you want this fairy bird yourself. Come, come, hold up this chick, and tenderly, Or else you'll tear her downy feathers off.

[Moans heard; they raise a bag.

SIMMEL.

Come, lady fair, we now can prate no more: No more delay! Now then!

BAYNARD.

Come, Sim, hold on.

I'll bring the darky. Quick! let's make good speed,
Or the big light of heaven will gape outright,
And tempt some drowsy priest, who dreams of sack,
To take the air, and wander in our path.

[They take the bag, each holding one end.

SIMMEL.

I wish that evil priest, old Saul, was here!
[Looking into the bag.
The tide is out of her! She's struck—she's dead!

BAYNARD.

I feared she was: she heaved so on her beam. Here's a cold calm!

SIMMEL.

She seemed so giddy like.

BAYNARD.

Let's try to put her on her pins awhile: No! see, she won't now answer to the helm.

SIMMEL.

The devil take that hoary land-lubber! It is a crying shame for priests to sin, And then absolve themselves all clean again. BAYNARD.

If he was here, I'd chuck her in his claws, And clean his purse of all his golden coin.

SIMMEL.

I'll hold her chin, and slip her gags.—Poor thing! But it 's all nothing now. I'm sure she 's dead.

BAYNARD.

I see she'll never 'arn us nothing now.

[Splashing of oars heard, and boat seen with another man waiting, who sings with hoarse voice.

"Where is the sea and its mighty power?
We will dance on its heaving breast:
Let the sun shine, let the clouds lower,
With whirlwinds from the west;
A sailor's life, or a sailor's death,
Are all the same to me;
For I know, this fleeting breath

Will last 'till eternity.

"I saw Jack's ghost pass round the bow;
The thread of life in his hand.
Says he, 'Tom, here's a pretty go!
I've joined the pirates' band.'
I beckoned him to wait awhile,—
I threw the rope ten feet:

He seemed to say, with a grogram smile, 'Another day we'll meet.'"

SIMMEL.

Let's go! Let's go! I like not this rough job: She 's but a chick:—she 's fit for nothing now. The wily priest won't pay: he'll see she 's dead.

BAYNARD.

He shall,—or I will rip him up, Simmel. What say? we'll jig her in the boat again.

SIMMEL.

Or leave her at the old Priest's door.—Let's go.

BAYNARD.

But first we'll scramble to the old hawk's nest, And bring away the gold; then go:—that 's best.

# Scene IV .- In Priest's Chamber.

FATHER SAUL [alone.]

Then silence is a spirit too. Dumb Time!
Why dost thou lag, and beard me with dull thoughts?
Baynard is true—a pure, determined fiend!
When looking in his eyes, I see myself.—
But stay, thou beating heart! Does Simmel live?
Simmel—Baynard—both sound as vile, and yet—
And yet—this Baynard said, he Simmel loved.
Is Baynard murderer, or is he not?—
I did not like those strangers at Old Val's.——

The rustling winds rush in and out like fiends,
And all around seems echoing sounds from hell!
Hark! stay! I hear some heavy steps.—Who comes?

[Knocking heard.

Who knocks?

BAYNARD.
Baynard, the murderer! 'Tis I.

SAUL.

Welcome—welcome, murderer!

BAYNARD.

Gold! the gold!

SAUL.

But where's the nun?

BAYNARD.

But where's the gold—the gold? Come, priest, hand me the gold, and I—

SAUL.

And you-

BAYNARD.

Dost hear? I want the gold. I came for that.

SAUL.

But where's the maid?

BAYNARD.

Take off your lustful eyes,

And give me all the gold you have; and I-

SAUL.

And you ?-

BAYNARD. Why, priest, your colour comes and goes!

SAUL.

I fear—

[Puts his hand on his sword.

BAYNARD.

Is this a time for white-faced Fear?
You fear!—whom—what? Vile priest, you want my blood.
Put up that sword, or I will drain thy veins
Of that rank stream which makes that frantic rage,
Which threatened e'en to seize me by my throat.
Ah! priest, see here the hired murderer!
Dost think to scare a wolf by bleating thus?
The blood of that poor gentleman now cries.
Thou guilty priest—

SAUL.

[Approaches, drawing his sword. Baynard, I will end this.

Passions have power and right to bait my soul,
But no man lives who long shall frown on me.
Yet thou hast dared—Take heed! Baynard, take heed!
I may e'en yet give voice to fame—ill fame!
The Church has twisted springe for such as thee!

BAYNARD.

False priest! True hypocrite! I fear them not. At hand is one who longs to glut his sword In thy thick blood.

SAUL.

You're angry, Baynard. What? Hast thou commission for my life, Baynard? Be peaceful—sit—speak honestly, Baynard: You flurried me, good Baynard—sit awhile.

[Sheaths his sword.

BAYNARD.

For you we murdered him,—then where's the gold? Somehow I'll have the gold.

SAUL

But where's the maid?

BAYNARD.

In heav'n, I hope.

You've murdered her!

BAYNARD.

'Tis false.

She died with fear of seeing you again; And well she might, poor soul!

SAUL.

He's practising. [aside. Tush, man! she's only couch'd in woman's guile.—

Let me but have her, whatsoe'er she be.

BAYNARD.

Come, priest, let's have the gold, and then we'll talk; And count the deaths you've caused, and laugh at this. Sim knows, she turned upon her beams, and died.

SAUL.

Was Simmel there? I thought you said he died.

BAYNARD.

You wished him dead, and wished these blood-stained hands

To smoke in old Sim's blood. Come, follow me! I'll show you the poor nun—perhaps alive. If dead, she died e'en since I left poor Sim.

SATIT.

Is Julia here?—within my reach?—What, here?

. BAYNARD.

Come, follow me!

[Many footsteps heard; lamp put out; Saul's voice heard.

Baynard! Away! Away!

# ACT IV.

Scene I.—On a Terrace of the Palace.

KING, LEICESTER, and RANDOLPH.

The nauseate presence of that haughty priest Has moved me much. And am I always thus To be besieged by agents of the Vatican? A'Becket too!

RANDOLPH.

Forget him, dearest Liege.
It is not meet that pensiveness should cast
Its clouds and shadows o'er thy noble brow.
Let recreative action winnow off
These gloomy thoughts, and bid the ruby blood
Run joyant through kind nature's passages.
May't please your Majesty to hawk or hunt?

KING HENRY.

Right well proposed. See now the risen orb Rides forth in full unshrouded majesty, To cheer the woodlands, and with lustre gild Umbrageous bowers, and all their charms expose.

RANDOLPH.

The lark too rises till he seems a speck; He fills the air, though vast, with thrilling notes: 'Tis his sweet matin song of happiness.

KING HENRY.

Now let the chase prepare. Let every plume Dance dalliant to the breeze; and let the horn Send forth its full and mellow notes, till hill And valley weary to respond.

LEICESTER.

My Liege, All ready stand, and wait but your command.

KING HENRY.

Bring us our steeds.

RANDOLPH.

They come, my gracious Liege.

KING HENRY [having mounted].

And now to Woodstock let us wend our way.

[All ride off.

Scene II .- Ditchley Wood.

Enter KING HENRY and LEICESTER.

LEICESTER.

My gracious Liege, indulge not gloomy thoughts. Thy condescension makes me bold to ask, Why 'tis thine eye has lost that brilliancy That used the gleaming cuirass to eclipse, When lit to dazzling by Apollo's beams.

KING HENRY.

My summer now, dear Leicester, is far spent. 'Tis neither burnished lance, nor love, nor lust, Can wake it from the dead. Once—once, indeed— And only once—I loved. Ah! who can tell, When first the new-born infant opes it eye, And drinks the light of heaven, what mystic thrill Of joy extatic then from nerve to nerve, Through this of all the portals to the brain Most complicate, attends that rushing beam! 'Tis even thus with passion's first wild throb In noble hearts: 'tis indefinable; And all we know is, that it gave a zest, An impetus unto the tide of life, That until then had sluggish been and dull. Oh! tis a gift from Heaven! and could it last, I could not wish for any higher heaven Than this bright trance of love.

LEICESTER.

Once, my good Lord,

You loved.

#### KING HENRY.

But ah! soon came the fiends from hell, Bringing their tainted precious things from thence, And, in arrangement, with much artful guise, They offered honour, power, wealth, and fame, Together with the shadowy form of love! "Twas then I did my ardent spirit sell; And now am patchwork,—an unreal thing,—And life is weary, flat, and profitless. I charge the Vatican with this foul sin,—It press'd me to that marriage which I hate.

#### LEICESTER.

Oh! let not sorrow thus o'erwhelm your soul. The ruby stream which flows from holy Church Will purify all fallings off in kings; And in thy treasury there is bright gold Which will absolve for every broken vow.

#### KING HENRY.

Leicester, these things do oft disturb my soul!
But I would be alone. To-morrow's noon
Shall summon thee again; till then, farewell.

[Exit Leicester.

KING HENRY [walking in the wood.]

Yes! my dear Rosamond, I know the hour Fix'd by thy love, And in this wilderness, This weary, barren desert of my life, That hour smiles forth a glad oasis bright, To cheer my soul, and give it impulse fresh To wander on unto my journey's end. Oh! I can ne'er forget what thou hast done And sacrificed for me. The new-fledged swan Has not a plume in either wing so white, One half so purely white, as was thy soul, Thy virgin soul, when first thy trembling eyes Encountered mine with timid, furtive glance. Oh! hadst thou been less chaste, less innocent, Thou wouldst not, in the world's misjudging eye, Now guilty seem, immodest, and unchaste. Ye matrons dignified—so active seen To play the coy, the amiable, to catch Some rich inheritor in Hymen's noose—

Sneer not, that Rosamond the Fair, my love, Has ne'er profaned, with false and falt'ring lips, The altar of her God with impious vows Of love and constancy, what time her heart Did to another secret homage pay! To thee, dear Rosamond, I'll bend my steps; Yes! thy caresses ardent, fond, sincere, Shall banish every wrinkle from my brow, And light it up with cheerfulness and love. And yet the meddling monitor within Intrudes his whispering, unwelcome voice, That every visit to thy fairy bower Augments my long, long catalogue of sins. Well, well! it boots not! I have lands and wealth That would full absolution buy for sins. 'Tis thus these priests pretend to lull the soul. In what a mesh the soul of man is placed! Fiends aid the Fiend of hell. Those Romish priests! They burrow far within, and soil the soul— That holy, beauteous thing, companion fond— That dove which mourns when cloudy sin appears!— As some hoarse hawk springs on his prey, so they Wring from the soul its first, its holy love— And then Corruption desolates the whole. The Pope has sworn he can absolve my soul, And that he is the mighty Being's self,— And for the purse I gave permits this sin. I cannot stay this question to resolve: No! my heart-strings are intertwined with thine, And they must snap e'er I can give thee up! Yes! I will hug this sin, if sin it be, And will prefer to die within thy arms— Thy beauteous arms!—enfolding tenderly This rugged heart, than mount with unknown saints To heaven itself.—I would be just to all;— But yet 'tis hard to heave on boisterous seas, And watch the tiny stars, whose glittering marks The lovely shore where Peace and Love preside,— And yet obey some strong internal power, That keeps us ever from the blissful spot!— And is it thou, sweet Rosamond, that keeps That peaceful shore from me? Must I resolve To give thee up, and to console myself By drawing from fond memory's stores

Soft images of thy all-beauteous form? Yes! yes! I see thee now! Thine azure eye Floating in tenderness upon me beams; Whilst ever and anon that auburn fringe Curtains its lustre, and gives kisses soft To the rich bloom that mantles on thy cheek! A smile now sports around thy mouth, And bids thy ruby lips reluctant part,— As opes the rosebud to Apollo's kiss! And now those pencill'd brows begin to rise In playfulness, and grow more arch'd. A glossy tress from its confinement strays, And rides upon that heaving breast, so calm! O Mary! Virgin Mary! I am lost. Ah, treacherous Fancy, thou dost fan to flame The very passion thou wast sought to cool! I'll hold no longer parley with this thought; But now I haste to thee, sweet Rosamond, Although the withered ghosts of all the Popes That Rome e'er owned should rise to bar my path!

# Scene III.—An Apartment in the Labyrinth. Rosamond. Aba reading.

ROSAMOND.

Dear Aba, read no more. This history O'ercomes me, and awakes such painful throes, That at my very shadow I do start.

ABA.

Yes, lady dear! the once-loved past is quick, And its impressions ineffaceable Do sometimes start before the astonished mind, After long years of slumbering.

ROSAMOND.

Oh yes! I know that many a thought long buried lies, And e'en forgotten, in the mind, until Some kindred thought strikes on its tomb, to which It wakes and quick responds;—as my sweet harp, Untouched by hand, vibrates, when I do sing, To some concordant note most faithfully.

But oh! the echoes from the past do all Breathe melancholy through the pensive soul— A drop of pleasure in a sea of pain!

ABA.

Yes! But that drop is of so potent taste, The mind is left in doubt which quality Is prevalent. But sometimes wringing pangs Are requisite to search and purify Young hearts. I'll bow before that sacred form, That holy Mother mild may grant us peace; 'Tis her fond will that we be sad awhile.

ROSAMOND.

Aba, thy words are true. My Aba dear! I know this earthen vessel must be searched By woes, which her great hand alone can heal. And even now, whilst thus I speak, and pray Her heavenly aid, my wanton, pining heart Is far away, and close communion holds With him, its lord, its idol, angel, judge. Alas! how difficult it is to wrap In darkness of oblivion all!

ABA.

What! all

In darkness, lady dear?

ROSAMOND.

Yes! Aba, all
This heart has loved, and must, and ever will,
And without which I die. Alas! I fail!
Oh! Aba, draw me back,—hold me, or else
I fall again!—No! no! I cannot fall
Again! So low and penitent am I,
I can nor rise nor fall! Stay me awhile;—
I will not fall again.

ABA.

Fall? Where?—Alas!

Her eye is wild and wand'ring.

[Aside.

ROSAMOND.

Aba, dear,

You must not stop me now. My poor, poor heart

Is on its wing ethereal: o'er hill
And vale it flies! Ah! ah!

[She sighs deeply, passing her hand across her forehead.

I'm better now.

Excuse, O Aba, this distraction strange: I'm better now. I had a dream last night, I wish I had the power to tell at length Just now, as here we sit.

ABA.

What was your dream? .

Dear lady, tell me, pray.

#### ROSAMOND.

Methought, my dear, That I was sitting in this very room, Near to that open window; when I heard The sound, as 'twere, of thousand rustling wings: And looking up, I saw descending fast A train of snow-white doves, and in the clouds, That seemed to part, a glittering car. And ere I could well say I was surprised, that car Was on the earth, e'en at my feet; and out There stept a form, that ne'er has been surpassed In earth or heaven! Venus I instant knew. To me she came and whispered: "Rosamond, My dear, come, haste! I make thee Henry's own." The car we entered straight; and Cupid, who, His well filled quiver o'er his shoulder flung, Did hold the reins, the signal gave. Away We flew. My heart did beat as rapidly As beat the air the snowy pinions light Of those sweet birds. Proud Hymen's fane we reached, Whose pompous dome, in marble pillars reared Of Doric order, did the sky invade. There, all prepared, the god awaited us, With Henry by his side; whose lofty mien Such majesty bespoke, a stranger's eyes Could not have told which was the god, and which The human form, but for the torch in hand, And rosy crown that Hymen's brows adorned. Should I the beauties of the place describe, And the bright beings there—but these I leave.

The rites were nearly ended, and the ring Upon my finger placed, when suddenly A hoarse, unearthly, and demoniac laugh Was echoed by the temple's vaulted aisles! I turned; and lo! for Venus' smiling face, Aba, I saw the harsh and pursed brow Of Eleanor.

Oh, horrible!

### ROSAMOND.

Her eyes Flashed sparkling fire. When I looked to see Where Hymen, Cupid, and the King had been, Three forms, more horrible than tongue can name, Their place usurped: they were the Furies three! There, Aba, stood they, black as the deep hell From which they came, whilst gleamed from ear to ear In contrast, their white teeth, when they did grin! "Ha, ha! this is the bride!" shricked Eleanor,— "Come, sweet, look at thy bridegroom, Rosamond!" And then she pointed to Sisiphoné, Who in her bony hand a scorpion scourge Did hold. "Thou 'rt married now! that ring declares; But know, thou harlot rank, that ring shall be Thy death! Look, look!" I looked, but can I say? Aba, that ring of purest gold turned dark, And did increase in size a hundredfold; Slowly it did uncurl, and a black asp Become, and putting forth its head—its eyes On fire—its ringed neck with venom swoln— It hissed most horribly! The other snakes, That wreath'd the heads and arms of those dire nymphs Of hell, did quick respond; until my brain With this loud hissing concert dizzy turned.

Did not this hideous yell awaken you, Dear Rosamond?

No, no! it was reserved For something far more dreadful still to burst The bands of sleep.

ABA.

More dreadful still? Methinks That nought more dreadful could, by man or fiend, Be e'er conceived.

ROSAMOND.

Ah, Aba, you shall hear. Seeing myself beset by monsters dire, I turned to flee; but then Alecto fierce And stern Megara each did seize an arm. "Softly, my pretty one!" cried Eleanor, "I have a love-gift for thee ere thou go'st!" And holding up the asp, whose neck was now More bloated still, and inky black, she said— "See, see, the fruit is ripe! its juice will cure All mortal lusts;" when, griping fast my throat, Tisiphoné my head pulled back; and then, Compressing hard the struggling viper's neck, The Queen distilled the black and clotted filth Into my opened mouth! I know no more:— Intensity of horror broke the spell, And morning's light upon my eyelids played. But even now I feel the viper cold, Slimy, and writhing 'gainst my cheek and neck! Still do my ears with hideous hisses ring! And oh! I never shall forget its forked tongue, Spurting black venom—Pah!

ABA.

Dear Rosamond,

I have no words my horror to express! I wonder not that you should seem distraught: Oh, what a dreadful dream!

ROSAMOND.
Oh! Aba dear!

I fear some evil in the womb of time Is near its birth.

ABA.

Oh! think not so, my dear!
No, no! ill dreams good fortune oft forerun,
As heavy morning mists oft predicate
A glowing day. Cheer up!

ROSAMOND [suddenly going to the window, and pointing. Aba, my dear,

Didst see that tall, majestic figure pass Through yonder glade?

ABA.

Dear lady, where ?—where ?—where ?

ROSAMOND.

There! see! it moves!

ABA.

'Tis but the flitting shade Of some dark-foliaged tree, whose arms are moved By evening's fitful breeze.

ROSAMOND.

You mock me so!

You never see as I do, dear!

ABA.

That shade!

ROSAMOND.

Shade, say you? Look again: near that dark copse I see a god in earthly form appear!
Ye streams, I pray your rippling murmurs hush!
Ye rustling leaves, now stay your dalliance
With the gay wanton winds! And nature all
Be mute, lest I should lose the melody
Of his rich voice! But now I see him not.
Yet it was he! I could not be deceived!

ABA.

I would not thee offend, but, dear-

ROSAMOND.

Offend!

I think not that; but, oh! these gushing tears Are ominous of some approaching woe.

ABA | aside |.

I did not like the dull confessor's tone, When he proposed that I should write to Rome And intimate how oft the King is here.—

Dear lady, change the scene. Let us go forth; [aloud. It is the silent hour of eve you love.

ROSAMOND.

It is indeed a lovely night, and wins Sweet Contemplation to her pleasing task; I 'll therefore forth alone; for solitude Just now, methinks, will better soothe my soul. ABA.

Well, well! Yet go not far; and may kind Heav'n Compose thy troubled mind!

ROSAMOND.

Aba, farewell!

Say Paternosters for this breaking heart.

[steps forth by moonlight.

How glorious is that richly gemmed sky! See now that lingering band of silv'ry lights Break through the gloom of night, and seem like pearl, Tiny as sands, yet bright as sapphires shine; And now Night's pale and lovely Queen Has thrown aside the mantling clouds that veiled Her beauty. Now from her azure throne she bids All nature homage pay. How peaceful, calm, And holy is her light! How meek her brow! Oh! how unlike the proud and scornful eye That Henry's Queen would glance on Rosamond! Yet could she see, within this breaking heart, The anguish festering round its heaving base, E'en she would feel soft Pity's tender touch. But this I seek not now; but to myself And Heaven, in silent night's deep solitude, The pent-up sorrows of this aching heart Can I alone pour forth. There's mercy there, Which will not break the bruised reed. 'Tis there' Contrition's prayer is ever heard,—'tis heard For that contrition's sake. 'Tis even there Adoring seraphs stand, and midst are those Who out of tribulation came. Kind Heaven, Teach me some holy song of rhapsody, Such as the lips of choral cherubs chaunt; Whilst golden harps resound in symphony, To hush the tumults of this aching heart, That else would burst. The golden gates of heaven! To enter there in direct penitence, All earthly comfort, pleasure, joy, or bliss, Yes, everything below, I'd sacrifice, At such rich price! Yes, all-without reserve-Except my Henry's love—all, all but this! This—only this—I must retain. Alas! I dare no longer pray: 'tis blasphemy;

For a divided heart ne'er entered heaven. The Spirit in that temple will not dwell Where but one sin, one cherished sin, remains. This eye I would pluck out—this hand cut off— And harder things I'd do to merit heav'n; But to resign my Henry's love would tear From out this heaving breast the heart itself! Yes! Henry dear, such is my hard, hard lot,— So intricate a web is wov'n by sin. Other alternative is not than this: Or thou, or heaven, must be resigned. Well, well! I pause not, Henry; for without thy smile, The highest heav'n would be no heav'n to me! I've purchased absolution for this sin: Until the Lammas-tide permission lasts, And then the Church shall have another fee— But not this ruby ring it ask'd of me! Oh, Mary, mother! chide me not again. The hour, the fleeting, blissful hour is near, My Henry did appoint for love's next trance.— Now let me brush away these tell-tale tears, And fly, all smiles and blushes, to his arms!

[She returns.

Scene IV .- An Apartment in the Palace at Woodstock.

ELEONORA and ISABELLA, a Spanish Lady, her Companion.

ISABELLA.

Oft of this story have you given me hints, But its particulars I only guess. Its odds and ends, and varied incidents— On these to hear your Majesty dilate,—

ELEONORA.

No, no! the past 'tis useless to recall.

ISABELLA.

Oh! say not so; for Memory extracts
The sting from bygone pain, and makes us feel
A grateful pleasure that 'tis past and o'er;
Whilst Joy's fond retrospection often is,
Though far less vivid, yet more calm and sweet
Than its bright, fleeting, transient presence was.

E'en thus, Apollo, when at evening tide He doffs the radiant glories of his brow, Presents soft beauties which his noontide blaze Denied the dazzled eye. For my own part, The past, the present, or the future—all Shall to my merry soul some pleasure yield.

# ELEONORA.

I oft have named my love to Isabel—
That love which can alone stamp worth on life.
Those eyes I loved, are gazing now perhaps
Intently on some chosen happy fair,
Who little dreams or thinks that they have bent
E'en on a princess proud, of Spanish birth—
Before whose smiles two kingly plumes have bowed—
Have bowed obsequious in their rivalry.\*
Louis, my husband first in time, did yield,
In meanest attitude—the heartless wretch!—
Yielded this heart, which ne'er was his—base wretch!
And next came Henry—brave Plantagenet—
Husband in form:—his heart is everywhere,—
Means nothing by his smile or graceful step.

#### ISABELLA.

No home for all he feels, and hopes, and fears?

# ELEONORA.

I care not, Isabel; my heart can rove—Ah! may I say, my eye can glance afar,
E'en to the sunny clime, where burning eyes
Lit up that face whose heavenly form I loved.—
Such luscious eyes I ne'er may see again!
We both were young. That flaming glance, which told
The passion deep that glowed within his breast,
Brightly attends me as I journey on
Through the long wilderness of tedious life.
Cheered by his smiles, the world with beauty shone;
But since, 'tis overcast with lowering clouds and gloom.

#### ISABELLA.

So long ago?—Dear Queen, you should forget.

#### ELEONORA.

We cannot so controul the soul's delights, And bind up bursting, tender sympathies; Which in their wild luxuriance help to make

<sup>\*</sup> See Appendix, XXI.

That scenery our dear loved troubadours
So oft describe with sweetest minstrelsy.\*—
But come! sing me a song, gay Isabel:
That song the dark-eyed Emir made—sing that.

"Oh! come to my side, thou form of all spell,
Whilst I gaze on thy beauty, thou dark lovely 'Bel:
Thy soft tender voice, as the murmur, I love:
It trembles on chords which make the soul move;
And then thy soft eye shines with radiance as clear
As night's brightest star o'er the dark gondolier."

ELEONORA. Is me back to happy ho

Oh! Bel! this wafts me back to happy hours.

ISABELLA.

What!—Did you really love? Miraculous!

ELEONORA.

The mighty gallants of the day are chilled By war:—their love is of their steed,—their lance,—And divers other ornamental gear.

ISABELLA.

A girl may love—a child may love—but Queens! I would not love for kingdoms! I?—what?—love? A woman love?—Ha! ha!—strange things occur!

#### ELEONORA.

Ah, Isabel! thou know'st that bards concur
Torepresent the light-wing'd god as blind,
To indicate that he at random shoots,
Without respect to rank or dignity.
And I by dearly bought experience proved,—
When, cased in armour of Damascus steel,
As bold Antiope, a host I led,†—
That there's no earthly panoply that's proof
Against the little archer's darts. No—no—
Resistless as the levin bolts they glide,
And shake each nerve with strong convulsive force.
How have I trembled neath their influence!

ISABELLA.

Oh, bards are all proverbially mad! And yet the witcheries of poesy Are sweet;—and pleasant too it is love-tales

<sup>\*</sup> See Appendix XXII. † See Appendix XXIII.

To tell and hear; but in plain, sober truth, Love and his votaries are fools! Oh dear! If ever Love, upon his rambles wide, Should stumble 'gainst my happy, merry heart, He'd find it such a bounding, rampant thing, That he'd be glad to take his wings in search Of tamer subjects for his yoke; -and we Should never meet again, I frankly vow! Such sport to see poor fools in love!—to watch The tremblings which you notified!—the sighs And faintings, often with cold sweats and chills, And lengthened respirations, when asleep!— But stay,—'tis loss of time to paint a fool! I love—thou lov'st—he loves—as meek as doves!— Ha! ha! ha! Dear Queen, how laughable! We must not tell such tales to youthful lords, And bring on rheums and pallid sicknesses.

#### ELEONORA.

Dear Isabel, you are too humorous: I must not have sweet love so ridiculed.

#### ISABELLA.

Good Queen, I speak the truth, though thus jocose.

#### ELEONORA.

Ah! Isabel, thou'st waked, as from the dead, Those darker thoughts, that ever and anon Start up to check the buoyant laugh.

#### ISABELLA.

Dear Queen!

# ELEONORA.

Though traceless by the eye of England's King, Yet all the ocean's thousand angry waves Can ne'er efface those thoughts:—they're deathless here! How long shall honied kisses pass, and pass, Between my Lord and mistress Rosamond!

Dear Bel, the Vatican has late declared Henry of England ingrate heretic. There is a secret I would not tell now, Not e'en to thee, sweet Isabel.

ISABELLA.

Indeed!

# ELEONORA.

Why, yes-Indeed!-What makes you stare so wide?

Thou hast not seen the Pope's commissioner? No? Yes? Now speak! I see thou hast—say Yes.

ISABELLA.

I?

ELEONORA.

You!—you have! I see it in your eyes. Oh, if my hatred were not elsewhere fix'd—

ISABELLA.

Dear Queen, I do conjure you now, believe, I ne'er have seen the agent of the Pope. Never.

ELEONORA.
Not since he left for Rome?

ISABELLA.

Never!

ELEONORA.

Dear Isabel, I knew that well—I joked.—Yet in your eye there is a light; I know
A strange indictment written there—so clear
And undeniably it stands—Never?
And yet I see I am betrayed and lost;
For thou hast heard my noisy dreams, I see.
Now, Spaniard! give me back my thoughts—mere thoughts.
Spaniard, beware!—I may go mad e'en now.
These hands may tear out eyes—may tear out hearts—And disembowel all thy cunning craft.

ISABELLA.

[Handing a beautiful dagger.

Madam, here is a key to noble breasts,—
This ornament may be my better friend.
It was a plaything once,—a shining toy;
But, like that smile which better natures wear,
Can form a frown rigid and cold as Death's.
For years I've lov'd; but I can hate thee more
Than ere thou did'st the Spaniard hate just now.

ELEONORA.

Come, Isabel! dear Bel! forgive me, dear! You nothing heard?—no, never?—no?—never? Come, let us smile!—I'll tell thee all—yes, all. The Vatican has proffered me its aid.

ISABELLA.

For what?

ELEONORA.

For what ?—To bow proud Henry's knees, And help that mistress he so loves to heaven.

[Holds up a purse of gold.

And yet I know, through agencies like this, The Pope has now employed old Hugo's skill To weave me in a net, and catch my soul. But, silly priests! I'll make them do my ends.

Enter Hugo.

ELEONORA and ISABEL, surprised, arise.

ELEONORA.

Here comes a pond'ring priest: from Rome he seems.

HUGO.

Your Majesty's most faithful servant bows.

ELEONORA.

Why is the holy father Hugo here? Some statesman's haste, I fear, now brings thee, priest?

HUGO.

The humble duty lies with me to hand This letter, just arrived from sacred Rome.

ELEONORA.

From Rome?—from Rome, you say? But I perceive Its superscription, Legate, is to thee.

HUGO.

Yet is the essence of my message there.

ELEONORA.

I see, I see! There is some wrong within,
Some threatening blow to fall on thy true Queen;
Which is so rank and vile in all its parts,
That tongue so holy as a priest's prefers
To dole this mighty gift of speech away,
E'en to the parchment foul and fictious too.

[Reads.

Here is my lord the King, my royal lord
Rejoining with his Holiness of Rome—
On special matters of his state and fame—
His tainted marriage with his Queen, he says.
Come, priest, take heart and breath, and tell thy Queen.

HUGO.

If I dared speak my feelings, noble Queen-

ELEONORA.

Ho, ho! Without! Ho! Isabel, come in!
Here is a priest—a legate—laden here,
Forsooth, with sighs and tender sympathies!

[Isabella comes through an open door.

Isabella [aside.] It is the Gather-purse—Hugo the Sly.

[aloud.

What, feelings in a priest!—What of—and for—And to—and from—and whence—and what?—ha, ha!

ELEONORA.

The learned Hugo is weigh'd down with sighs! I wish that Walter Mapes, old Gollias, Were here, to take a note of all the sighs That may escape the mighty Gather-purse!

ISABELLA.

Say, solemn beadsman, what has brought thee here?

ELEONORA [aside.]

I know these priests have many fancied wrongs, And agitating contests with my lord, Who thus makes foes without—within—with all.

[aloud.

But wherefore came you here, most reverend priest?

HUGO.

Within my humble path I pace content,
And thus I serve the holy see of Rome.
I live and toil for sacred Rome alone;—
But would you know why I do this, great Queen?—
Then ask the seaman's course upon the deep:
'Tween earth and heaven he fearless hangs in faith:
He leaves his home—his land—and all he loves,
And looks with fever'd, anxious eyes, intent,
Through Time's long varied vista dark, and hopes
That he may lay great countless treasure up
In earthen vessels;—I in heaven, great Queen.
This is my faith—my hope—my joy—my aim.

ISABELLA.

Listen awhile to me, most reverend priest. A willing, able, serving friend we want, Who, loving gold from glittering fingers given, Yields wisdom, which is given by Heaven to priests. Now dost thou see—or hear—or understand? Dost fear the King? Fear not; he's far away.

HUGO.

Nothing I fear.

ISABELLA.
What! nought on earth? Not Rome?

HUGO.

And nought in heaven! There 's one in Rome I serve. I came to tell thee that thy lord the King Loves peace, and of thyself has spoken oft In terms of grace with highly favouring tone.

I am well favoured by your graceful grace!
But say what peace he loves—and tell the tone
You mark'd so sweet. Good priest, what note was this?

HUGO,

Yet still, my lady Queen, my business here-

ELEONORA.

If you to sound me of divorcement come, Why, then, I am invited hence awhile;—
Some other time.—I now go forth to meet—

HUGO.

I go to seek his Majesty myself.

ELEONORA.

'Tis well! And when we meet again, Sir Priest, I trust thy rev'rend tongue will aid thee more. Dear Isabel!—Dear Isabel!—See—see! Just then the King did pass the eastern porch: I now, perhaps, may trace his hasty step;—And if occasion smile upon me now, I'll plunge this radiant blade where his false hand Oft strays, and spoil their am'rous play.

#### ISABELLA.

[Stands between the door and Eleonora. Oh, stay! Dear Lady—Princess—stay! Dear Queen, Oh, stay!—one moment stay!—dear Queen, oh stay!

#### ELEONORA.

What! stay? Oh, ask the boiling billow mad To stay and back upon its fellow's crest,—
To ope its ear, and mute attention give
To the exhausted swimmer's bubbling shriek,
As, in despair and helpless solitude,
Casting one glance upon the dreary waste,
To its dark cemet'ry below he sinks.

#### ISABELLA.

Dear Lady, stay! Sweet, noble Queen, oh, stay! Stain not thy woman's hand in woman's blood!

# ELEONORA.

I say again, speak to the heaving waves, And ask the mightiest of that awful host To dissipate its power in tiny drops; And, as refreshing dew, mark evening's hour Evaporating o'er the inland mead, There glistening on some tall and emerald spear, To make bright mirrors for the playful gnat, Ere she looks loving on her tuneful mate! Yes! ask that vaulting wave to stay awhile! List to the answer wild:—"Without, within, I am a grave,—as Hades deep and dark; And thus I swallow, in my angry jaws, The great, the beautiful, the wise, the good;— The bridal blush in maiden innocence; The prayer of kindred, wing'd for sacred home; The conqueror's triumph, and the captive's groan: Grieved, unrequited Merit's stifled sigh; The elbowing insolence of Conscious Wealth; The gold of Ophir, and the chains of slaves; The smile upon its way, the transient bliss;— In me, with vile corrupting things, unseen They lie,—whilst I roll on my lonely way. 'Tis thus I grind out of these mortal hearts The direct veneration dust can yield! 'Tis thus I make them bow in humid death, And cast their boasted honours at my feet!"

Just so I stop my ears to Isabel's Meek cries to stay me bounding on my way! Vain are thy shrieks, thou petty, mortal thing!

ISABELLA.

Dear Queen, Heav'n yet will show some better course.

ELEONORA.

Impede me not! my vow is made with fiends! Hate is my guide; and nothing else I'll heed Though Hell should watch my victim and myself; 'Tis now—'tis now, my vengeance shall be quell'd! I am absolv'd by all the Vatican. See here! This little saffron scroll—'tis this Dissolves the sin, and then absolves my soul. Goes out and picks up a silk skein, which traces

to the Labyrinth.

Scene V.—An Apartment in Labyrinth.

KING HENRY and ROSAMOND.

ROSAMOND.

Oh! did my Henry know how dark and drear His absence makes this soul, he would not leave His faithful Rosamond to count alone, With dull and idiot toil, the weary hours.

KING HENRY.

Dear Rosamond! Philosophers do say, The heart is just a world in miniature.

ROSAMOND.

The world must then be very dark.

KING HENRY.

At times.—

Ah, love, this world has kingdoms, empires, climes, Varying in power, in beauty, and extent; O'er these are rulers, jealous of their rights, Who oft upon each other's provinces Wage war, and conquests make, till one at length Reigns paramount,—to whom the others bow,— Swear fealty. 'Tis thus within my heart:

There is a province brighter than the rest,
That may for beauty with fair Tempé vie;—
'Tis here that Venus has a palace built;
And far within, exalted on a throne
Set with ten thousand pearls, which Love's own hand
Did choose, sits the fair empress of this world,
The peerless Rosamond.

ROSAMOND,

Fie, Henry! fie!
All flattery! Thou know'st, poor Rosamond
But a small portion holds of Henry's heart!

KING HENRY.

Nay, nay, she rules o'er all. But let me now Complete the faithful picture I've begun. See! at her feet all other potentates Their tributes lay.—And foremost in the scene, Olympian Juno, though reluctant, stands; And in her train blind Plutus, with his stores; And numerous princes, bending low the knee, And proffering their glittering diadems; Whilst opposite, Athenian Pallas stands, And brings with her a countless host of bards, Philosophers, and warriors, known to fame,—Who all their myrtle crowns or laurel wreaths Do throw, in meek submission, at the feet Of her whose beauty shines predominant!—

ROSAMOND.

But ah! those learned tropes yield me no joy. I'd rather talk with thee by looks alone.—
I am so jealous of this greedy world,
Which steals so much of Henry's noble heart.—
Oh! love, I am so jealous grown!—I sit,
And think, and wait, and hope, and fear, and think,
Perhaps thou hast another labyrinth,
And in it blooms another Rosamond,
More bright and beautiful than that poor flower,
Which bows forlorn whene'er the trump of war
Sounds fierce in Henry's ear.

#### KING HENRY.

Nay, Rosamond, It is not so; and yet there was a time When Glory, perch'd upon the brow of Death, Led me where highest rolled the tide of war. But now Ambition's bubbles all have burst; The camp, the court, the wild-boar hunt, have lost All charm. Nay, e'en the gorgeous tournament, At which the plumes of Europe's chivalry United nod, would not a pulse increase, Unless the azure eyes of Rosamond Lent to that scene a zest. Then would I break A lance, their matchless lustre to maintain Against a radiant galaxy of eyes, Through hosts of mailed knights.

#### ROSAMOND.

I would not that.
Oh! ne'er such danger run, my dear lov'd Lord.
The cruel knights, who tilt for common fame,
May hold conspiracy to murder one
Whose matchless honour breeds green jealousy.
I often sigh, when thinking of the foes
Thy noble spirit makes. Besides, I hear
The Pope now hates my Lord.—But why? ah, why?
Oh, who could hate my love?

# KING HENRY.

But pray for me, Dear Rosamond; thy prayers will turn aside The heavy lance and wanton arrow's power, Which Treason and her children cast at kings.

#### ROSAMOND.

Stay here with me: I will protect thee, love. I wish I was a radiant beam of light,
That I might smile on thee when morning breaks!
But though that may not be, within its shrine,
Close to my soul, thy lordly image rests.
E'en now, good soul, awake; now contemplate
The joys the presence of thy lord creates—
Which have no life in his long tarryings.—
But why, my Lord, so sorrowful?

# KING HENRY [sighs.]

Āh! ah!

#### ROSAMOND.

Perhaps some long vicissitudes have torn That breast I lov'd to lean upon so oft.

#### KING HENRY.

Dear one! we would not mingle in this hour The strifes and turmoils of this naughty world.

#### ROSAMOND.

Then stay that deep philosophy, which weighs With secret power upon thy manly breast. I fear it often heaves when far away! You do not tell me, love, what makes you sigh. Is it the heaving of a storm gone by, That gives those glittering orbs that pensive dye?

# KING HENRY.

Well, yes! this heart has deeply sighed and heav'd Wildly, as some sore-vex'd and angry sea Madly throws up its ancient firm foundation In many countless dusky atoms, thickly, Which hide the glorious golden sands below, That sparkled in the sun of calmer days.

# ROSAMOND. [In tears.]

'Tis thus thy brow has gloomy spectres dark, Which execute sad havoc on this heart. Well, well! this misspent life is wearing fast.

# KING HENRY.

'Tis but a speck,—a visionary spot,—
Or like a fragment, or a splintered spar,
Lent for a while to sinking mariners.
Some buffet long, and gain the distant shore;
Some drift along the turbid tide alone;
Some bound upon the beach triumphantly,
Dashing the sea-foam from their weary brows;
Whilst some are shattered like a tiny shell,
Where serf and swell in angry waves break round,
Rousing the sea-bird in her airy nest;
And others, desp'rate, plunge to darkest chasms,
And o'er them roll the ceaseless, deafening waves.
The noble, mighty, and the fair, there sink,—
Then rest entombed where fretted pinnacle

And gleaming aisles are sculptured by the waves,— Those busy children of the mighty deep.

ROSAMOND.

My dearest Lord, I love to hear thee talk: It elevates my soul to rapt'rous heights; But then come dull and stormy thoughts and fears. Well, be it so! one storm has ruined me: But soon comes peaceful Death to hide e'en all; And then the resurrection comes, when Heav'n Will give me back that pearl,—which being lost—

KING HENRY.

What pearl? What pearl? What means my Rosamond? What pearl is lost? and where? and when? and how? Through every land, o'er every sea I'll roam, Until I find the pearl my love has lost.

ROSAMOND.

It was a pearl of drifted snow, giv'n me By One who rules the heavens, the earth, the sea; And before whom all kings must humbly stand.

KING HENRY.

Some heavy woe disturbs my Rosamond.

ROSAMOND.

Oh! 'tis a woe no mortal hand can heal! It has eternal influence to wound, Until one stream of anguish fills my soul.

KING HENRY.

Sweet Rosamond, see! heaven's pale queen is up, To take her lonely course. The sparkling stars Will soon assemble round. Be cheerful, now.

ROSAMOND.

Ah! ah! 'tis thus with man!—Woman to him Is but a toy—a secondary thing.
Alas! the sin-sick timid nun now sinks.

KING HENRY.

Dear Rosamond, thy pallid cheek alarms-

ROSAMOND.

The hour has come! I now will yield up all. Monarch of heaven! I now will yield to Thee.

These mortal eyes, which loved to glisten bright, Feasting on all those kindred things, in midst Of which I fell—fell!—are now immortal, And ne'er shall glow again with finite joys. Listen! ye radiant beings bright—listen! Listen! With you I'll spend eternity. To you I'll chaunt sad melody—too sad For mortal ears. Alas! sad minstrelsy!

KING HENRY.

Dear Rosamond, revive! Consider, love, These ills are common to mortality. How long or short is life, we never know, But must await the loud archangel's voice; Whilst tell-tale Time lags on his weary way, And gossips wonder, doubt, and ruminate.

ROSAMOND.

I wait the blast which calls the wand'rer home.

KING HENRY.

Come! charm this human sorrow off, dear love. How often we have met, and often may!

ROSAMOND.

We may! Oh, faithless, fragile, hopeless hope! I dash thee and thy opiate censer down To that poor being, who, well-intending me, Did win me from my heavenly path so far, To sink for ever in one woful slough.

KING HENRY [aside.]
Oh! now I feel the scorching fires of hell!

ROSAMOND.

Thus the green leaves of youthful life do die, Entangled midst this pride and wild desire, With them to putrefy.

KING HENRY.
Oh, say not so!
Why wilt thou hug this sorrow, Rosamond?

ROSAMOND.

E'en now let pale and greedy Sorrow hear! Listen: thou shalt have all these ashes,—

To thee I yield these charms, though now so spoiled, Which made this mortal being loved and lost. Ye aiding spirits—provident in all!— Take down, take down this tabernacle—slow! Unloose this little trembling, anxious thing;— This sister-spirit take,—it longs to fly; For whilst it writhes, it longs to be released. Oh! tender be, as your Creator kind.— Farewell! dear King, until we meet in heaven. Ten thousand years may roll in purgat'ry, Ere we may meet again. Dear King, farewell!

> [At the word "heaven," ROSAMOND advances towards a door, when it is suddenly thrown open, and Eleonora, her features inflamed with anger and vengeance, stands before them. Rosamond, terrified, runs back and faints in the arms of KING HENRY.

# Enter ELEONORA.

ELEONORA. The King! What here? Is it the King himself?

KING HENRY. Madam! how came you here? You had, I think, No little difficulty to trace a path So devious?

ELEONORA. Shewing the skein. Yes! very so, my Lord. But see this faithful skein! See here, my Lord! This pretty guide was honest too, my Lord ;-Has honestly my footsteps led to one Whom England boasts her King!-To one, indeed, Who once did make this wild impassioned heart Beat high and proud! But I no more complain: I see enough t'excite my sorrow.

> KING HENRY. Hold!

Madam, all this I can explain anon. I do command you hence; for present time Allows not explications various. Leave me, I say!

#### ELEONORA.

Nay, why so earnest, Sire? I just have seen commissioners from Rome, And business brought me to sequestered parts. I wished to see a King a-chambering.

[Affecting to leave. I leave. I grant your suppliant claim,—I go! You once my humble adoration held; But the sweet glances of a dying nun—Which well entreat such fitting company—Have made thee truant, negligent, unkind! But since thou lov'st—love still, I pray thee now. I do e'en yet admire thy fortitude: Thy Majesty has much endured, I fear? Thy treasure there has cost thee watchings long, Waitings, and kind sustainings, and the like.

# KING HENRY.

I look to see thee gone.

# ELEONORA.

Oh! do not look This barren way; for see, that lily pale Threatens to sink again, and e'en will die Without thine arm. That arm, which wielded erst Most mightily the battle-axe and lance,— Which made proud foes for mercy meekly sue, And savage men, as couchant lambs, submit,— Has now a pious office to perform,— A dying sister to support, whom piety And cloistered penances have hither brought! How noble does the heart appear when girt With tender sympathy! Oh! 'tis a sight Resembling heav'nly scenes, to see a King— A great and chiv'lrous King—leave court, and camp, And hunt, on devious mission such as this. Oh! would to Heav'n thy tim'rous subjects all,— The lords and stately matrons of thy court, The Pope, the false and pand'ring Vatican, The proud and handsome cavaliers of Spain, The gallant Emirs of Noureddin's camp,

The ambling priests that gad about these parts, And all the finical and posied maids
That flirt and romp at vulgar revelries,—
Could take a peep at England's noble King,
Purveying essence odorous and rich
To the palled senses of a cloistered nun!

KING HENRY.

Madam, I mark thy poison'd raillery. Thy malice wears a proud crest, eminent Above thy other passions numerous; As the black cormorant, when perch'd on high, O'er some dark rocky peak, yells fearfully Her dissonant portentous cry,—scaring The timid flocks, that peaceful rest at ease In the soft plains below. Malicious wretch! This lady is as favoured as a queen—As honoured,—as well-bred,—as learned too; And wants no drop of gentle blood.

# ELEONORA.

Sans doute! The lady you've described with graphic touch,— For which her thanks abundantly are due,— Wants nought; her wants are richly all supplied! First, nature's gifts are amply found on her,— Blooming as Flora's self, when first her hand To wanton Zephyrus she blushing gave 'Neath bowers that lavished odours as they passed. And to add grace to nature's generous boons, If such were wanting,—see, a valiant knight, In transport wrapt, kneels blushing by her side, Dissolving tedious time with balmy sighs And tears, all vaporized by rapt'rous smiles. Oh! this is precious, consecrated ground! Yes! dedicate to holy purposes, Where pearl-white hands devoutly are employed To cool the fevered brow of gallant kings!

KING HENRY.

Madam, I may do that which I would not; Thy absence, therefore, I once more request. The anger I 've repress'd will soon burst out In flame, from which e'en you may not escape Unscathed.

ELEONORA.

Is it then courteous to leave A meek and fainting maid to sink so low, Without the del'cate aids which her own sex, Methinks, are meetest to afford? Well, well. I will not blame—I rather pity thee, A monarch great, encompass'd as thou art. And yet, oh blissful state! how fine the tie That binds in secret bonds congenial souls! And sure the lute of Orpheus never poured, When he won back his lost Eurydice, More ravishing or more heart-touching strains, Than the soft, floating, murmuring melodies, That charm all sense in this sweet Paradise! But see, my Lord!—that lady falls again! Now she essays to speak; perhaps she seeks The unction of the Church.

# ROSAMOND.

[Opening her eyes, unaware of Eleonora's presence. Wanders for the rest of this Act.]

Ah! that cold hand!

Remove its heavy palm—it drives me down
With more than lightning speed. Yet, yet I have
The fond assurance here, that guardian love
Will bear me from this low abandonment,
To those sublime and pure ethereal realms,
That are too rarified to bear the weight
Of sin—or pain—or penitential woe.
There all is lost in love so pure, so great!
Hark! heard you not that glorious shout above,
By seraphs' lips? They call for Rosamond,—
The guilty and the wandering Rosamond:
"Return, return!" Hark, hark! Angels, I come,
To bloom again above, and grafted there
On stem that man nor fiend can break, shall fear
No second fall.

[Wild and wandering. Sees the Queen. Ha, ha! see there! Who's that? Ope that dark gulf for Rosamond! Here, here!

Take me, ye Furies! Oh! must I go there?
What! go to hell, to find a refuge there
From the hot fire that burns within this heart?
And rase for ever from my maddened eyes
That sin I see as deed of yesterday,—
When, deaf to all but Passion's suasive voice,
I left the peaceful roof that sheltered me
In buoyant childhood's days of innocence?
Ah, ah! this weight of woe might e'en a ray
Of sympathy awake in blackest fiends!
The Church did promise to withhold this draught—
This bitter draught! Oh faithless, faithless Church!

[Seizes Henry firmly and wildly.

Is this then Death? Is this long-envied Death? If so, I love thee, Death! I love thee, Death,—That not e'en Henry shall unknit this clasp, Or tear thee, Death, from Rosamond—But soft!

[Passionately pushing Henry aside.

Hush! ye rude, boisterous winds, and lightly blow,— And, in soft dying cadence, bear your wings To your far distant homes, where southern skies Shed brighter beams upon the smiling earth! Go, go, where cascades clear, and crystal streams, Did erst suppress their murmur sweet, to list The sweeter sounds, with which the Mantuan reed All vocal made the sunny vine-clad hills And orange bowers, so loved by Dryad nymphs! Ah! now the shadowy vale is nearly passed, And the bright confines of eternity Before me shine. See! yonder now descends The fairest, meekest of the spiritual world,— The herald Mercy, smiling through her tears. Yes, yes! she's pointing to the spotless robe, And all my accusers stand abashed and dumb! (The wicked priest, who prompted me to sin, Is there, in fetters held by almighty hands!) She comes triumphantly—the penitent To meet upon her way! I come, I come! Now plume my wings to fly !-- Where am I now? Ay, ay! The King—the Queen—Does no one speak? And yet something there is that holds me down. Firmly it holds! What is 't that keeps me back?

Who can it be that keeps me back from heav'n?
Who is it? Speak. Ah! Henry, is it thou?
'Tis he—'tis he! [She sinks.

Hugo appears.

HUGO.
I humbly would salute

Your gracious Majesties.

KING HENRY.

And can our Queen

Find food for malice in a scene like this?

HUGO.

All this is strange!—What have we here, my Liege?
[Addressing Eleonora.

Your Majesty's attendant seems to faint.
Where stray her wand'ring thoughts? Upon her brow Sits Agony too great for Reason's sway—
The worst, the deadliest form that Death can take.—
It is De Clifford's child, Fair Rosamond.
I fear this is the wakeless sleep of Death;—
But here comes timely aid.

ABA appears.

ABA.

My mistress dear,
Awake! The King, the Queen, and Father Hugo here,
Do round thee stand. Dear Lady Rosamond,
Take, take this draught—it will your strength restore.

ROSAMOND [looking up].

It is my Aba's voice! One comfort then
Is left me still.—Raise, raise me to the air
For breath!

[Aba again offers the draught.

No, no; I cannot take that draught—
See, it flames up!

[Points to the glass.

[Looks round more collected.

I know you all full well,—

And all your various purposes divine,— Except the reverend father's there. Therefore Wise priest, thy mission tell. Was it to see The hectic glow that flushes in the cheek, Ere life's faint glimmering taper is quite quenched? Or list a tale of penitence and shame, And glean wherewith to point your homilies? Or hast thou holy unction brought, and wait'st To shrive my soul? 'Tis well! I thought the end Of time was here, and that my sorrow's cup, Being full, and drunk unto the dregs, was sunk In the deep ocean of eternity!

[Looking towards Eleonora.]
But soft! I now some real substance see
Protruding there—some creeping thing—coiled up
As 'twere, for so it seems to my glaz'd eye!
Stay, stay! thou purring, buzzing thing—what is't
Thou seek'st.—Is't I? If so, then speak. Here, see!
Here is the lost, abandoned Rosamond
The Fair! But, greedy thing, I now escape
Thy power!—

Yes, now!—but only now.

ROSAMOND.

Still, still,

Enchantress, thou attempt'st to follow me.
Thou panting, gloating thing, I leap from thee!

ELEONORA [muttering to herself]. But sooty Death shall take thee soon, and toss Thee into hell!

ROSAMOND [falls]. Ah! ah!

ELEONORA [aside.]
For present time,
Adultress, fare thee well! anon—anon—
I will another visit pay this bower,
And stop this plaintive bird's seducing airs!
These affectations sound of harlotry!
I'll make thee act another part ere long,
And give thee time to learn thy part in lands
The Church has called fair Purgatory's climes.

Scene VI.—An Apartment in Palace at Woodstock.

Eleonora alone.

ELEONORA. Long have I mused, (as on a couch intent Fair Dido let the proud Æneas leave Her arms expanded for his noble love,) And thus this ambling doe escapes my toils. I now throw back the curtain of delay; But how? but how? No room is left for doubt: That must be quickly done, which must be done. Dull Resolution lies on th' back of Time; As on a speck of land, mid boisterous seas, Some shipwrecked treasure long neglected lies, Whilst many suns and moons alternately Glance by; and many a billowy tide bounds on, Until some angry storm sweeps it away. Thus change on change goes on, and chance is lost.— 'Tis now, the King being absent for a while, 'Tis now I may enfold this downy lamb Within my longing arms, and then—aye, then— I well may feast, in all the rest of time, When that blood chills, which in its current dares To gleam like rubies, sparkling on the cheek,

# Scene VII.—Eleonora in the Wood.

ELEONORA.

Up, up, my daring soul! up, up, I say! Let fiends attend and gossip, as we go,— Contend,—dissent,—agree.—

As Hebe's fresh, of this adulteress!

[Furies appear. Too wit—too wit.—

FIRST FURY.

I sit by the forest pine,
And dream of death and blood:
The realms of the future are mine;
I float in its boiling flood.

SECOND FURY.
I have poised in the trembling air;
I have slept in the coral bed,

Where every glistening spar Shines on the putrid dead.

THIRD FURY.

I sleep near the cataract's thunder, Within the lion's lair; Where the rocks are riven asunder, And forked lightnings tear.

ELEONORA.

The day is gone,—whilst Evening beckons Night T' array the concave heaven in funeral suit, That Melancholy from her cell may step, T' indulge her dreary thoughts and musings deep. But night is bright, and day is dark, to Guilt,—Whose lidless eye owns not the boon of sleep. Ye Furies, blench not at the task prescribed; But some wild song of hideous import chaunt.

The speckled moon rides high,
The gloomy fir rocks in her bed;
And every angry wind that's nigh
Is by a fiery demon led.

The sighing breeze, with perfumed wing,
That wantons o'er the plain,
Shall fan a victim's death-pale cheek;
And Henry's reign be vain.

As sure as morn shall gild the sky,
Or rippling stream declare its course,
De Clifford's peerless child shall die,
And die by vengeful woman's force.

ELEONORA.

Oh that the murky lamp of wandering fiends Would gleam conductive on my devious way! Oh! how I long for proofs most palpable

Of Death's irrevocable work!—Yes! yes! Let every sensual organ yield its share:—
The fixed, the glassy, visionless eye;—the mouth Half open, and the nostril gaunt; but yet
No breath of pride or grateful sweetness comes:—
The bosom silent, marble-cold, and still:
There issues forth foul Putrefaction's breath.—
But I must haste, lest better angels come
With mystic palm, and stop this work of blood.
Come, tardy Death! here is my bright ally!

[Looks at dagger.

Or, if my purpose turns, accounting well, Here are more tender viands sparkling high!

[Holds up phial.

What holds me thus, and keeps me from my end? The steed that oft outstrips the wind he snuffs, Halts and curvets in nature's majesty: The tributary stream, that wanders long, Great Ocean's honours deep at length shall share: The gentle breeze that skims the flow'ry plain, And stops to kiss the glossy curls of Youth, Or fan the ruddy cheek of robust Health, Or lull to rest the labour-wearied serf, At Æolus' trump shall wake, and awful join The council of the storm, and roaring loud In all the pride of desolating power, Rend Nature's high materialities. Now, soul, be steadfast here. Long hast thou worn An earthen crown: bright is that precious earth; But yonder lies a kingdom brighter far Than heavenly realms. A waxen wall alone 'Twixt thee and thy long sought possession stands. But hark !—it is the nightingale I seek.

[Rosamond's voice is heard, singing.
"That morning's beam is gone,
Which shone at break of day;
And I am still alone—

No change for me!

"Oh, do not change that face,
Thou lonely, murmuring stream!—
Oh, do not lose that grace
O'er which I loved to lean!

"I wish I had a grave
Close by some rocky shore,
In madness there to rave,
Nor think of Henry more.

"But whilst the sky is bright,
And all the stars are high,
My souls feels light,
As though 'twould fly.

"Poor soul! thou must not rove
To that fair land,
But wait and watch thy hour
Till God's command."

#### ELEONORA.

Ye wailing notes, encompass earth,—then haste To hell itself, and bid the gates wide ope For Rosamond the Fair. She comes to join, With tenor light, and vain lascivious airs, Pale Hecate's bands, and play coquetries there.

[Going towards the maze.

How awful is this silence deep!—List!—list! Some little insect by me purrs!—Tush! tush! His love-tale to his listening fair he sings. No wandering phantom or seraphic ghost Shall turn me from my resolution firm. Conscience! thou busy, meddling monitor! Trust me awhile, and I will pay arrears; But stand aside just now, and let me lead. We'll meet again,—if not on earth, in hell. Ah! must I—can I—shall I—dare I do 't?-Put out that spark, which then no human skill Could to its moulded clay restore?—spoiling Those heaving orbs that mock the mountain-snow Tinged by Apollo's parting farewell glance? Giving those dimples to the filthy worm, Whose greedy lips shall foul corruption suck, E'en where the King has kissed?—But soft!—what's this?

[Walking slowly, and looking around.

Just here some ancient river calmly flows, Sweet with the lavish vernal breeze, which oft The flowing locks hath turned aside to kiss The bronzed brow of my unfaithful prince. Must I turn vulture in his paradise? And with the substance of my talons tear From out their sockets deep those floating eyes He doats upon? O Night, thou kind ally, Fold thickly over me thine ebon cloak; My angry purpose thus conceal and aid. 'Tis now this lovelorn harlot I will drive To Death's unfathomed bed. But stay! What passed?— Tush, tush!—the wind sweeps roughly o'er the stream; And the tall pine, as quivering marshy reed, Makes Fear a body animate with eyes, And arms, and bony hands.

Conscience, be still!
'Tis better far that I in this affair
Should take the lead.—I 'll make amends, I said—
And for my vengeance praise the god of hell.

Scene VIII .- The Labyrinth.

ELEONORA. ROSAMOND.

#### ELEONORA.

I come to be the messenger of peace,— Of peace that never ends, my lady fair. Say, shall I wile away these slow-paced hours, Or hasten on, by magic wand of mine, Thy bosom's lord to thy expectant arms?

### ROSAMOND.

[Looking up and starting.

If thou art human,—or whate'er thou art,—
Oh! break this awful spell, and tell me true:—
Hast thou some mission terrible? Ah!—ah!—
Thy quivering lip declares it. What art thou?
Whence comest thou?—Thou dreadful thing, declare!

ELEONORA.

Stamps and advances.

The hated, hateful Eleanor, thy Queen, Seeks audience of the harlot Rosamond.

[Rosamond shrinks back and swoons.

ELEONORA [whispering.]

'Tis Heaven, or hell, that smiles upon me now, And this most opportune occasion grants.—

> Taking a phial from her breast, approaching Ro-SAMOND, and affecting to support her, speaks in a feigned voice.

My lady fair, thy maid attends thee here. This draught nectarian will quick revive That light, which, too far sinking, yields to death. Thy lord will soon return to thy embrace.

> [Holds herself back, and puts the draught to Ro-SAMOND'S mouth.

[Begins to pour. My lady fair, take this,— And this,—and this.

[Continues to pour.

How soon it takes effect! She sleeps! she sleeps! 'Tis done! Ha! ha! the curtains both are down On those blue stars that late on Henry smiled! (But they on him shall smile no more!) See how Their jetty fringe kisses the peachy bloom Of her soft downy cheek! Were I man, I must the King forgive, that loveliness Resistless such as this o'ermastered him. But I a woman am, (or rather was, For I can feel the fiend within me grow) And mould of beauty in a rival's form Is mould of guilt and loathsome ugliness. But what now do I see? Transition quick! How ghastly pale she turns! a heavy sweat Her every dimple fills! Where 's beauty now? All fled:—in particles respective gone, To clothe the lily and revive the rose, And thus adorn its native settlements: Wearing its virgin blushes there, unstained By false affections or by mortal lusts.

ROSAMOND.

Opening her eyes with wandering gaze.

Where is the cake to give this Cerberus? Ah! was it but a dream? Alas! they say, That even royal beds are visited By wandering and haunting phantasies.

ELEONORA.

Has placed evening's mild restoring balm Quickened thy virtue, Mistress Rosamond?

ROSAMOND.

Ah! Mistress! Mistress!—Whence proceeds this sound? These glaring eyeballs float in lurid fire,
Like stars of hell! I see, with malice fraught,
O Hecate, thou hast crossed the Stygian flood,
Bringing foul magic arts to scare me! Ah!
Ah! when I look upon thy scowling brow,
A chilling horror creeps through all my veins,
As if o'er Acheron's cold bitter stream
My languid soul were being now conveyed!
Oh! oh! these pangs! they pierce, they rend apart
Sinew from muscle, flesh from bone, as storms
Tear from the hull both sails and splintered mast.
Oh! oh! A heat comes over me, as showers
Of burning sulphur:—I can't bear it!
There, hold me.—Aba—Aba—where am I?

ELEONORA.

My lady fair, thy lord is near thee now— Bends by thy knee, and wipes thy pallid face.

ROSAMOND.

That voice is hoarse—I've heard it once before.

ELEONORA.

Thy blood flows lazily; thy lair is soft, Good Mistress Rosamond!

ROSAMOND.

Good Mistress, sooth! I dreamt A weary dream, that, 'midst of sulph'rous mists, Something incarnate crouched by my side And suck'd my breath—insatiate, hideous, thing!

ELEONORA, [aside.]

Ha! ha! fastidious Mistress Rosamond! I cannot listen to Arcadian airs, Or strains thou 'st practised in this labyrinth:— Thy time for such coquetry grows full short.

[Rosamond's head falls on her breast. How now, my drooping posy flower? how now? Thy head is pendulous, as if 'twere filled With juice from Grenada, and rocks about As stately vessel on a billow's crest.

ROSAMOND.

Opening her eyes, and appearing composed. What see I now?—The Queen?—It is the Queen!

ELEONORA.

Look not on me—I can forgive thee now— But rather look at Eve's soft golden beam. Take thy last look of her, Fair Rosamond; Thou seest she blushes deeply as thou look'st.

ROSAMOND.

And do thou look on th' high and azure throne, Whence Vengeance winged with burning wrath shall come. Dar'st thou, defying all the laws of God, And all the dread magnificence of Heaven, A foul and dastard murder perpetrate?

ELEONORA. I—I—I—murder!—Dare—I—murder?—I?

ROSAMOND. Ah! wouldst thou kill a helpless penitent?

ELEONORA.

Thy vile adult'ry brings it on thy head; And I am but an humble instrument In Heaven's avenging hand to punish thee. This hour—triumphant hour!—is all my own. My joy, my long sought joy, is now possessed. Ah! ah! why beat so high, thou merry heart! Wait, flutt'rer, the consummation of our joys.

ROSAMOND.

Ah! this is Death's own chilling hand, I feel
Upon me now, absorbing nature's powers!
[Rosamond's body sinks, and slides off the seat.

ELEONORA.

That mystic crash! The throne of intellect
Now falls! What countless streams of thought rush forth,
As though their occupation gone! Electric touch!
Region mysterious! how prostrate now!—
Thy secret purposes are closed: that part,
That something of eternity, is gone,
As some far distant sail; 'twas but a speck,
An atom quivering on the horizon bright,
Then sunk for ever on the viewless sea.

ROSAMOND.

I sink—I sink! I do confess my sins!— Accept my prayer—forgive!—O God, I sink!

ELEONORA.

Bear up awhile—

ROSAMOND. No more—I sink! I sink!

ELEONORA.

Ha! ha! Fair Rosamond, thou Parian fair, Tell the cold Grave that I thee forward sent, A dainty mistress for old ugly Death; And when in joy he gapes convulsively, Seeking to press thee to his chapless jaws, And mumbles thy lips o'er as if he'd kiss:—Tell him that I thy sole brideswoman was, And sent thee in the heyday of thy life To his encircling, gaunt and scaled arms!

[Rosamond sinks in death; Eleonora frantic with joy.

She dies! Regale thyself, thou gallant heart, And watch awhile this waxen, wanton thing; While every atom of mortality, And all the careless matter, thus forlorn, Declines and sinks into eternal sleep.

All that the everlasting world awards—
The may-be, and the black deception vast,—
All this she now is welcome to. But see!
The mystic tale of nether life is told,
And made the refuse of eternity!
Well! now, ye fairies, trip upon the green;
Let Echo hasten hence to join the song.
Let Hate and Murder wild, with angry eye,
Take part and join this merry midnight glee.

[Rosamond's body quivers. Tut! tut! Say why this quivering, quailing, dear? Quibbling with Death? 'Tis past; but now I see—So—so—thy bridegroom's arms thou likest not; Thou shrink'st, and may'st distort thy comeliness;—And p'rhaps these deathlike features may remain, And breed grave doubts in grave fools' heads; and then Suspicion in her jaunting car may rest Somewhere.

[Rosamond's body falls.]

[A minute's dead silence.

Come spirits, brand her as your own, And lead her blindfold to the chasm, which marks The land of woe and toil. You'll prove her coward, And truant, if she can;—but gripe her hard; Entwine your web-like forms, and if she trips, Then dash into the grave; her hopeless hope Thus blast, and lash the vile offender home.

Pauses.

Dark Midnight, leaning on his ebon wand,
Complaining walks with melancholy steps.
Where's Henry now?—the false King!—Where, pale ghost,
Where is thy Lord? What! moody and chagrined?
Hast thou no answer? Well! I thee will tell.
He dreams of gold and glittering scimitars,
And on thy Parian breast he vows again
Soon to recline. Fond fool! Adultress vile!
Thy palling charms, poor ghost, he 'll soon forsake.

[Approaching the body, she picks the face. Those heaving pangs have rent and marked her—here—And here. But hark! 'tis Aba now returned! Or is 't the gusty wind moaning in woe? Or some intrusive wandering serf? Ye stars,—And placid moon,—and thou unslumbering sea,—

Now bear me witness, I am merciful, And but performed the will of vengeful Heaven.

Now here, fair ghost, we part, and I must beg
Thy silence on our meeting's cause. What still
In moods? Come, bounding, panting Fear—thy nod
I now obey, and leave this company Of solemn, silent things.

[A voice is heard. Rest, spirit, rest!

# ACT V.

Scene I.—Camp near the sea in Normandy.

KING HENRY [alone, rising from his couch. I seem to hear the buzzing as of gnats, With twittering chaunts, changing their tuneful lay; The mind's eye sees their light and graceful dance; The ear is charm'd by sweet fantastic airs, Which woo to tender languishment the soul. Or are they midnight spirits watching me, And pace their path as sentinels, obedient To execute their mission from high Heaven, Waking the dead and distant things now past? So memory breaks in and robs this clay Of nature's food,—the seeming death,—soft sleep. But what the message? Wherefore seek they me? Now speak;—ye know the things of heaven and earth. In pity break the bonds which ever held Ye free from man's susceptibilities. Say, what shall dark to-morrow bring to me?— Shall I be spirit then, or be a king? Tell, shall I meet some greedy ponderous axe, Wielded by some unerring arm, to kill This real phantom thing, which plays its airs To dazzle Death whilst aiming his fell shafts? If so, I'm charm'd that I so soon shall be All soul, without the nerve to feel-or eye To bear the gaze of sportive insolence, Which Richard and the upstart imp of France Would dare to cast on what they fear'd in life. So when vile rebels pass this mangled corse, They'll find it empty of that thing they sought. Oh, say! Now let your wither'd lips respire;— Say, must I lay this body down for wolves Of France to tear with vip'rous teeth? Or say, May I once more hear shrill the clarion cry Of victory?—once more to feel the hectic glow Which spoils the utt'rance, and recrowns the brow?

Whate'er shall hap in sad to-morrow's hours
Shall load this soul with gloomy mourning clothes;
For every eye which quails before gaunt Death—
Yes, every spark of light to-morrow dims—
Is mine, to be accounted for above.
But let me wear the breast-plate of the brave;
With that, once more I'll face the foulest foe.
But oh! 'tis hard to win in civil war,
And see the blood I love in clotted heaps.
I wish 'twere o'er, and I could rest and rise
No more.

[Lies down on couch; dreaming. You tilt for royal blood! thou priest!

'Tis old and lazy-take it, thief, and budge.

[Soldier knocks; Henry starts up.

What on my couch? 'tis like Rebellion's shifts To kill by stealth.

SOLDIER.

My Liege, the hour is come, Appointed for the council to be here.

KING HENRY.

Ah, yes! and I must come to do my part.

Scene II.—Council in Camp.
KING HENRY, ARUNDEL, MOWBRAY, &c.

KING HENRY.

'Tis thus, my friends, that, like the mighty Jove, Who rides alone triumphant on the storm, While yet attent a thousand spirits wait To bear the vengeance of his mighty state, And hurl Rebellion's sons beneath his feet, We hold our court near foaming seas, and oft In lands far distant from our native hills. But to the brave it matters not, my lords, Where, unforeseen, the will of Providence Unsheaths our ready swords. 'Tis honour calls: All know our cause—the noble cause of all Worthy to live or die.

ARUNDEL.
The sea runs high!

KING HENRY.

The sea is faithful servant of a King To whom we trust our crown and all we love.

My Liege, the third watch now is passed.

## KING HENRY.

'Tis morn;

For see! the eastern gates are open thrown,
And bright Aurora's milk white steeds appear:
Those spreading oaks, affording goodly shade,
Mark well our path; 'tis there they form their lines.

[Wind roars, shaking the tent.

The winds in contest are. Rough Boreas! He comes to tempt the angry cetus forth, And madly roars upon this rock-girt sea. If so, the swelling waves will quickly bear Our friends to this bold coast. Let heav'n proclaim, We have no fear of death; nor would we sigh For brighter blood to flow in civil war. To wild and false rebellion Death 's no friend; His dreary empire undisputed stands; No rebel there to wrong his rightful state! This day, ye Norman knights, and Saxon friends, Your wives, your offspring, your once happy homes, Your noble country, liberty, and laws, And all the laurels won in blood-stained fields, Demand your swords,—your ever-gallant breasts Now pant with patriot's ire.—Prepare! Go, sweep These rebel hirelings from my sight, and—

Hark!
I hear the champ of steeds and rustling casques!
Lord Arundel, look o'er the hazy plain:

Although I cannot see, I have a sense That troops of soldiers skirt the hill.

[Arundel goes to the door of camp.

#### ARUNDEL.

My Liege,

Whole troops of bounding steeds, bedecked in gold, On either side the stream approach our camp: There's one with mantle loose and blazing casque. His bright array marks more than mortal pride; It bears unnumbered hues; its fulgency Has tints as varied as the bow of heaven: As some tall pine, it tops the myriads round—There 's majesty adorning all.

[Shouts heard without.

## KING HENRY.

Hark! Hark!

Their haughty leader shakes his heavy lance.
'Tis he! 'tis he! They come! they come! They shout!
The clank of Richard's scaly mail I hear,
Midst heav'n and earth—like a black fiend he comes.

[All rush out.

# Scene III .- Open Field.

KING HENRY.

Let all who sue with bending knee be spared; And if Black Richard comes, leave him to me, Once more to save this recreant son from death.

AID-DE-CAMP.

My Liege, sad news! Brave Mowbray now is dead. Fast sinks the mighty soul of brave St. Clerc.

KING HENRY.

Twice rebel! hold thy faint and trembling tongue. [Aside,

Ah! this will be a dreadful day of blood. Some demon sits and guides this angry war. But I must execute my arduous part, Until I faint beneath the load of woe, And jumble 'midst the heap of England's slain,

Another AID-DE-CAMP.

My Liege! My Liege! still—still the rebel hosts Press on our rear. Thy son now leads the charge.

WALLENGE.

A valiant knight!—And here he comes, my Liege. 'Tis said he is the Duke Bretagne,—he comes!

KING HENRY.

Ah, ah! I see his lofty nodding crest; His sable plumes wave like terrific clouds: Before his threatening arm whole troops fall back. Thus moved fierce Diomede, when he, by night, The Thracian Rhesus slew, with all his host, And carrying off the fatal horses, broke The spell that rendered Troy invincible. But see! thus slaves eternally must bleed, Where gods, or men as gods, shall deign to move. My foe is not my foe, when girt about With lustrous arms steeped in the gore of war. He comes to break his lance e'en where I stand! Thou furious chief, besmeared with crimson tide, Thy deeds this day have placed thee on a par With kings. Oh that thy cause were just, as great! Lord Duke! May Justice break the lance which breaks! He leaps o'er pools of blood to meet his King! Come, Fortune—Fate—join on! My brain is thick: My eyes will scarce distinguish friend from foe. Alas! alas! I see his form again! It is the Duke Bretagne, whose sire I loved— Unhorsed !—I will not fight on 'vantage ground. Wallenge, take this true steed aside, [dismounts.] Perform my part in this sad murd'rous scene, To kill my friend! All hell resounds with joy!

[The DUKE DE BRETAGNE approaches the KING.

Heroic rebel! whose unconquered arm Rises to slay thy King, prepare for death. Would that my crown were sinking in thy brow, To pierce its angry thorns within thy brain! Then might I be accounted free from blood I would not spill. No middle path remains.

DUKE DE BRETAGNE.

No, not for Henry—wild Plantagenet! Whose frown, though darker than the storm itself, No more shall awe the faithful patriot's soul With tyrant's power.

[Tilts at the King.
Impenetrable mail!
[They encounter fiercely, the King defensive only.

## KING HENRY.

Thy arm is fall'n; thy King wears mail of heav'n: No rebel's arm can pierce this deathless frame. Come, measure back that foot—thy lance is broke! Rise, rise!—Look once again upon thy King.

## DUKE DE BRETAGNE.

In mercy, King, take, take this weary life! This is the last and only grace I ask.

O'er streams of noble and ignoble blood
I sought thy blood, willing to wage my own;

'Tis thine! then let it flow, and bubbling join
The reeking streams that ooze through patriots' veins.

## KING HENRY.

Inglorious sight! The bravest soldier bends. Now let Rebellion fall with thy proud lance, And then, Lord Duke, I give my hand again.

[A chance arrow kills the Duke, and he falls in the act of approaching the King.

All now is o'er,—that routed spirit flies,
As oft the lingering rays of golden eve
Dash down to join the nitrous gloom of night.
Injurious Death! that pledge will rise to Heav'n.
Alas! poor Duke! the earth will hide this dust,
Now this inglorious life is passed away;
But what can wipe away those stains which blot
The standard that thy father bore?

## RALPH DE GLANVILLE.

No hand

But that which spared this ingrate chief. 'Tis thine, Great King, to raise that fallen name once more.

## KING HENRY.

Wallenge! see, see,—remove this fallen chief, With escort of our body guard, to camp.

[Aside.

This graceless job of death sinks deep within, And aids the vile revolt of passions here. [Puts his hand to his heart. It makes young bony Fear look out awhile.—But as I have a Christian soul, I swear, I'll make Rebellion's voice cry—Mercy, King! Until its echo shakes fair Britain's rocks.

[Addressing SIR JOHN BALIOL.

I would that wing were flank'd with heavy horse.
Those archers spend their fury vainly, whilst
The citizens of Mans seem gall'd in rear.
Let Breuse, with his thrice noble host, sustain
The charge where France's bloody squadron lies.
But see! those foul Castilians now fly.
Who rides with news advancing on us quick?

Who rides with news, advancing on us quick? As the wild charge of death he comes. See! see! Some worthy news, I trust, or else 'twould come Before the vagrant blast. 'Tis Stutteville Vies with the wind to reach our anxious eyes.

Well now, good knight, thy steed has chafed the gale: Say, what repairs in this foul gust of time?

## STUTTEVILLE.

Alas, alas! some tears are needful here, Or heaving sighs, to garnish well this day, Which seems as Day of Judgment come too soon.

#### KING HENRY.

Why hangs thy speech, Sir John de Stutteville? I am no ghost; this bloody arm proves that. Has Philip's silly face confronted thee? Now, by St. George, I see it in thy face.

## STUTTEVILLE.

Pell-mell comes France to make our gory beds, And Henry's heir, bearing the torch of hell.

## KING HENRY.

And is this all, Sir John de Stutteville? Where did'st thou see the trooper fiend, my son?

## STUTTEVILLE.

I wish 'twere all, my Liege, and all was o'er! I'm blind with gazing at the things which were. 'Tis all one heap of death—Death 's everywhere. The Prince looks down on all—he's Death himself:

Just now I passed him cleaving down De Vere; With that fell axe he hurls men into hell: It clatters like the moving clouds of heav'n. His deeds of black impiety alarm The boldest of the bold; the timid sink As quicksands in the overwhelming tide, When hideous roaring waves for ever close.

[Cries of the wounded.

Hell hears the insufferable noise, and laughs. Soon some thick flood of fire will drive us on In masses to the house of deathless Death. Would that my time was come, or I alone Could gage with Death my everlasting hopes Against that fear of death which thousands kills, And fight for victory with my lone arm,—Then on one die cast all or nought with him.

## STUTTEVILLE.

Now not a moment's interval can stay
The harvest that gaunt Death is gathering in;
Like baleful meteor's blaze, the Prince moves on;
Midst groves of spears he cleaves his fearful way,
Fierce as an angry boar;—his foes below
Cry Mercy, Mercy, Prince!—then shrink and die.
Before his powerful arm Montgomery sunk,
And even Mowbray found no milder fate.
In one vast ruin all that 's noble lies.

[Shouts heard.

# Scene IV .- Another part of the Field.

Prince Richard encountered by Murchand, the General of a mercenary band in the pay of Henry.

## RICHARD.

Come, bloody Murchand, we are now well met,—A prince's blood against a caitiff's brains. Yield to the mercy of this dripping axe; 'Twill make thee payment now for all this war.

MURCHAND.

Thou wheezing, woodcock star of infamy, Lay down that twittering shuttle, or thy sire Shall see a hatchway made into thy brow.

RICHARD.

Thou burning brand of sin, take charge of this! Strikes at Murchand. I'll crown thee king of fiends with this light wand,

And make thy crackling skull spill out thy brains.

[Murchand averts the blow.

MURCHAND.

Sir prince, thy thirsty pride is not discreet: That gallant tongue is scarcely fit for thee. Come, mend thy skill, and strike at me again. [Richard's horse plunges forward.

RICHARD.

Thou Moloch Jew, dealer in blood, prepare! Thy tawny flesh shall lick the filthy mire, For swine to wallow in, and swell themselves In vile inodorous festivity.

MURCHAND.

Display thy dazzling mail to puny France, And with thy oily tongue make Philip's praise; See here a foe who heeds thee not—at death He laughs.

RICHARD.

Hold there, then, boorish murderer: What! hast thou dared, thou grim barbarian, To try thy craft in midst of princes' broils? I'll drive thee down ten thousand fathoms deep, To dwell with fire in some dark bog below, And there to count thy blood-stained gold, in midst Of raving fiends. There bellow out thy foam, As fiery surge from Sodom's heaving sea; There in the midst of blood enthrone thyself, Where howling Cerberus for ever moans.

MURCHAND.

Thy tongue is like thy freaking axe; it lolls As tossed by the light of jostling breeze;

Ye gallants vainly play the game of war.
Thou speckled Gaul! I'll teach thee how to fight.
Thou squeaking bud of boasting royalty!
I'll spit thee on the tail of this old lance,
And toss thee to the fighting cocks at court;
'Twill make thy wanton royalty spirt out,
And spoil the spangles on thy glistening mail.
Most puissant knight! go hide thy rebel's face.

RICHARD.

Thou brazen-throated murderer, stand back! I'll lop thy brutal tongue, thou dragon-calf.

MURCHAND.

Thou wanton prince, go pipe Arcadian airs, And watch the tender lambs in Norman meads, And weep until fair Alice hears thy sighs.

RICHARD.

Infernal, foul barbarian—take that! And that! and that!

MURCHAND.

And that!—thy infant arm Wants bearers for that axe, although besmeared With blood of thy own countrymen. Base prince!

RICHARD.

Base fiend!

[Murchand falls, severely wounded.

Scene V.—Another part of the Field.

Philip of France encounters the Abbot of St. Osith's.

PHILIP.

Come, ambling priest, now fight for some rich see. I'll teach thee how to poise thy targe—and die In honour of an old adult'rous king.
Thy oily personage, so odorous,
May fade in beauty ere we part; but yet
I'll give thee, Abbot, marks of royal grace,
Which thy sleek skin shall bear to Death's cold court.

ABBOT.

Well, mad presumptuous France! thy envious craft Has torn away the Prince;—the heir himself Hath been beguil'd from the bright happy path Of manliness, and honour's noble ends.

Thy cozening and wit shall cost thee much;
For thou must tilt for life, e'en with a priest.

PHILIP.

Thou purse-tongued priest! The blaze of arms hath made An idle monk sing songs of chivalry. I'll pull that gleaming vizor down, sir priest, And make thee gnash thy tusks in gurgling gore.

ABBOT.

Now, vaunting chief, prepare! Point well thy lance.

PHILIP.

Vain priest! thy wrath is bubbling from thy throat, As some vile stream fed by dark Acheron, Reeking with death o'er all this beauteous earth: 'Tis endless infamy to tilt with thee.

ABBOT.

Poor fool! The whirling wheels of Death are here; His pawing steeds now wait to drag thy limbs Swift o'er the glassy surface of the air. Poor cavalier!

[Cries of victory; Philip flies.

Scene VI.—The Camp. Officers come in from Field.

FIRST OFFICER.
The rebels fly—the Prince has left the field!

Philip escapes! As hunted fox he skims
The field;—his pallid face entreats for life.

Oh, ghastly sight!—the track of slaughter's strewn With stained and broken armour, and in heaps Lie flery foaming steeds and dying men!

In one vast ruin England's children sink. Some yield to fortune, and regain their camps;— Some to their ships a passage try to force.

[Shouts in various quarters.

SOLDIERS.

Henry the King! the King! 'tis victory! Victorious King! the victory is thine!

KING HENRY [in deep reverie; aside.] Richard, 'tis thine! this day has killed thy sire.

[Aloud.

Good friends! good news I hear;—this victory Will gladden thousand hearts on our lov'd isle.

[Aside.

Britain's pale bounds will blush with guilty shame, And some will weep for many years to come.

WILLIAM OF WARREN, [a knight.] Good King, 'tis Fortune smiles—'tis victory.

KING HENRY.

On you 'tis Fortune smiles—'tis victory— But to thy King, who loves both friend and foe, 'Tis woe;—immeasurably deep it sinks; No leech or healthful herb can gauge the wound! But we must doff these royal woes,—and smile On all the valiant deeds of valiant men.

[Music—a Cavalcade—a figure of Rural Beauty leading twelve Maidens dancing before the King—Nobles, Arundel, Breuse, Soully, Wallenge, Fitzbernard, Vaux and others assemble—The King talks with them whilst music plays, but looks pale and dejected—Music ceases.

I sorrow much, my lords, that I am sad In midst of so much faithful joy; and yet I love you much for this day's toil. I owe Far more than I can pay—but take my thanks.

ARUNDEL.

Dear Liege! we give thee love for love, and thanks For thanks, but sorrow much our King is sad;

Yet in these angry wars sad scenes for woe Cannot escape thy tender love. Here comes—

[Bearers bring in bodies of Montgomery, Mowbray, Vesey, and Duke de Bretagne. Funeral March playing.

### KING HENRY.

Ah, ah! it must be so. Bring in the dead. Their spirits watch us now, and share our joy. Give them their rightful place in this our camp;—The loyal, noble soldier never dies. Place them around their King.—My friends, The crystal gates of heaven will open wide, When these three martial spirits enter there.

[Pointing to Montgomery, Mowbray, and Vesey. E'en here they stand array'd in glory bright. Ye gallant souls! this day from battle rest. Faithful have been your lives; before your shades I kneel! Invincibles I thought you once;

But ye have bled, in mercy to our foes.

[Looks on the body of Mowbray.
Though death hath dimm'd the fire, 'tis even now
Not quite extinct; the noble spirit fondly lurks,
As if reluctant yet to leave these eyes,
Whence it was wont to break in lightning's flash.
Such from their honour Death could not divide.
Pale Shade! accept thy Sovereign's sacred tears.
Would that my crown, and all the laurels won
In tented field and gallant tournament,
Could purchase back that valiant breath of thine!

[Passes to the young Earl Montgomery.

The light of glory circles this young brow, E'en as a halo round night's favourite star!

Oh! I would give the rest of this dull life,
To meet the cursed arm that rent this breast.

Oh! what a monster's plunge broke in that mail!

(A present to his sire at Wallingford.)

Thus savage valour taints the soul of man.—

Thy native land will ne'er forget thy worth;

'Tis public sorrow when a hero dies.

Illustrious youth! accept thy Sovereign's woe.

[Turns to the body of the venerable Sir R. Vesey. Ah, ah! what here? I thought thee by my side;

My best, my earliest friend! What reckless arm Has murdered thee? Why didst thou trust thy age Among thy Sovereign's foes? That hoary brow Tempted some coward traitor vile to strike, And make these gaping holes, and thus let forth The noble spirit from that gallant breast.

[Takes the hand.

This hand is scarcely cold.—Well, good old friend, Thy King can only sigh, and say farewell!—

[Approaches the body of the Duke de Bretagne, who had been spared by Henry.

Sad scene of reckless tumult! All now calm!—
That haughty breast that lately heaved so high!—
Ah! who can mourn thee now? The rebel Prince
Will spare no sigh for one who bled for him.
Thy countrymen? Ah! what to them avails
That noble thoughts, which might exalt the soul,
And render life illustrious and loved,
Were once the portion of this bleeding corse?
In spite of all its daring chivalry,
That arm has found a traitor's grave at last.
That soul was once a favoured spot, on which
Delighted Heaven would shed its brightest beams;
But dark Rebellion's planet came between,
And all her glorious loyalty eclipsed;
Then left her in foul darkness base to sink.

RANDOLPH DE GLANVILLE.

Poor ghost! thy dumb attendance here yields pain And sorrow to thy King, who loved thee much, But may not mourn thee dead.

KING HENRY [turning again to the corse.]
Inglorious fate!

I would forgive thee now, if thou couldst hear; But we shall meet in some promiscuous crowd, When years of purgat'ry have passed away. There are within the soul harmonious strings, Which, howsoe'er the finger of rough Time May rudely snap them, yet bright seraphs' hands Shall gather in again, and bid them chaunt To choral symphonies of heavenly harps.

So until then we part. Poor ghost, farewell! Once bravest of the brave—Bretagne, farewell!

[Suddenly shrieks are heard; a female with disshevelled hair rushes in before the King,—the Mistress of the Duke de Bretagne.

#### CHRISTABEL.

'Tis here, 'tis here! then rumour has been just.

[Looking at the King severely.

Some one has stolen the body of my lord; His corslet and his brilliant mail of chain Have won the favour that their lord had lost. Whose share is this? At any price I'll buy.

Her eyes darting at the King.

Yes, King! a royal price I'll even give. I know, the lust for gold, with other lusts, Have rendered royal honour much abused, Made many wars, and spilt much honest blood.

What means this fair intruder in our camp?

CHRISTABEL.

[Looking at Sir R. Glanville, and sneering. Perhaps it is the portion of Sir Ralph?

If so, I'll litigate his right—'tis mine.

And [Looking at the King.]

Heav'n forbids the mightiest here, to touch

The sacred body of my murdered lord. Before the King of kings' eternal throne, High in the arched heavens, I'll plead my cause.

WALLENGE.

It is the mistress of the brave Bretagne.

CHICHESTER.

Our Liege, dear lady, feels thy sorrow much; And freely grants, in this sad troubled hour, Thy dearest, amplest wish; for he thy lord Had long and deeply loved.

## CHRISTABEL.

I have no lord.

My lord is drown'd in that oblivious sleep, Which nought but the archangel's voice can break, When Death shall find his sceptre broke in twain. Oh, reverend father! resignation teach. Dear mangled corse! give me thy icy hand. [ Takes the hand. The lustre of those orbs is ever veiled; The font of thy enchanting eloquence Shall ne'er be oped again, until that day When Heav'n shall send its radiant ministers To roll away the stone, which wakeful guards Shall want the power to stay. Oh bitter loss! Ambitious Death! thou greedy, cruel thing! The beautiful, the valiant, thou seizest first,— All that the heart holds dear, the mind respects,— Leaving these pallid forms our woe to soothe. Oh, breathless clay, once more delight my ear

[Becomes frantic.

What passed, so awful, through my hollow ear?

With the known accents of thy tender love!

Shouts and stamps.

Listen! oh list, ye gentlemen! That cry!
They kill the Duke Bretagne!—'tis Death! I hear
His low sepulchral voice. Hark! hark! 'tis Death!
I'll tear his bony arms in twain, and stamp
Upon his pulseless heart. But hark, my Lord!
Who kills my Lord Bretagne, now murders me.
It is—it is his well known voice I hear!

[Moves round the camp, stooping her ear, with idiot vacant stare.

I come—I come. Where—where is he? Whence comes That voice? Pardon me, gentle lords—my Liege—
[Recovers.]

But why, alas, should I disturb that peace With earthly sighs, that have no power to save? Thine is a state too pure for mortal love. Ah, cruel Death! thou 'st ta'en away my all, And left me joyless, hopeless, and alone. Will no one help the wretched Christabel?

[Becomes again frantic.

Where is the King? I seek his mighty throne;

To him I'll plead, and ask my murdered lord.

[Walks up and down; then stops before the Bishop of Chichester.

Father, I want to see my lord again,
Before he goes into the battle field:
I want to warn him of the rebel Prince,
And those false priests who at our castle supped.
They urged my Lord to turn against his King;—
They said they were the Pope's commissioners.
Oh! I would fondly whisper many things
To soothe his racking brain.—Dost hear, good priest?
Is this a time convenient for my lord
To list the tale of faithful messenger
Come from his castle straight?

## CHICHESTER.

Lady, your lord Is now away—in heaven, perhaps. He's dead!

## CHRISTABEL.

Dead? dead? dead—who? The duke, my lord? What, dead?

He left his couch while visions strange did flit And play their antics in my sleeping mind, Ere e'en the lid of morn had 'gan to ope. Yes—no!—just now his pillow is yet warm; His precious breath still lies, like fragrant myrrh, Upon our happy couch. Duke de Bretagne!

Calls out aloud.

Let heralds sound the cry, Duke de Bretagne!

[Turns round, and sees the body of the Duke being

removed by Bearers out of the Camp. Stop, stop! I see my lord is taken sick,—

I must attend his couch,—must nurse,—must watch,—
Or else those dark-brow'd knights may murder him—

Murder him! I must go too—go too.

[Follows the Bearers; the King turns pale.

## CHICHESTER.

My Liege, this sight has touched your royal breast With painful sympathy. Let's change the scene!

## KING HENRY.

Sad withered garlands Triumph now must wear! My lords, some solemn duties yet remain;

Let Love, in Sorrow's garb, attend these friends
To their last silent home. Let all our dead
Have honour, love, and ceremonies too.
May we die deaths as honourably bright!
I sorrow, friends, to leave you in such plight.

[Henry leaves—Trumpets sound—Exeunt omnes.

Scene VII.—King Henry's Bedchamber.

KING HENRY and NIGEL DE SACKVILLE.

What, Sackville? Art thou Sackville? I had thought Thee dead. Is this another world?—or what?

SACKVILLE.

My Liege, your sleep seems to have been perturbed.

KING HENRY.

I've pass'd a weary night; such burning thirst And racklike pains I've felt! whilst dream on dream Successively my vexed spirit crossed, Until with piteous groans it shrunk and quail'd, As it material parts and organs had. There once came crawling over me, with talons Of odour vile, all, all those servile things Which erst would shrink, and their mean selves abase Where'er I trod. They eddied round me fast, Like wild and gathering current when restrained, Laden with things offensive and corrupt, Striving this soul t'engulf—Revolting thought! In second dream, I seem'd descending fast A dissonant cataract, and beneath me saw Th' interminable abyss that foamed below. Awhile a crag or jutting rock delayed My progress; but relaxing soon, I fell (So wild and strange are sleep's imaginings) Headlong into a dire, pestiferous lake, Such as the fam'd Avernus is described, Whose magic waters form the gate of hell. With raving, maddening plunge I once arose, E'en to the water's face; when Becket's hand, His bony fingers fretted o'er with gold, And glittering with fiery sapphire stones,

Fell on me like the universe, and down It drove me headlong with the lightning's speed. I pierc'd all space, until I reach'd at last The deep abyss, where, in black horror, broods Eternal Midnight with her raven wings; And there I met the dark and angry Priest.

## SACKVILLE.

Though this is but a dream,—mere pictures drawn By truant Fancy when grave Reason sleeps.

KING HENRY.

Yet, yet 'tis ominous: all now is lost. At some convenient time, I once had thought To bring A'Becket to a full account, And ripping up the surface smooth assumed By him of late, discover all his plots.

But thy confiding soul postponed that day.

KING HENRY.

'Twas thus I was deceived. And even now Some hired assassin may here raise his steel To pierce this wall of life; I may be tracked In this faint hour by that rebellious Priest, Or some dull ghost the Vatican has hired To plague my spirit in this nether world! Perhaps that flaunting cavalier, my son, That mad crusader,—may now seek me out. Oh Death! thou prince—thou monarch! quickly come. The thing I lose, I yield: 'tis a wan good— A painted property; although it was My being's end and aim; for all my hopes, My sorrows, joys, and my intense desires— My yearning thoughts—have but one object known, To hold in firm embrace what now I own I cannot hold.

ostard [holding a narcotic.]

My Liege, your servant waits,
And prays your Majesty will take this now:
'Twill stay that fervent tide which raves within,
Perhaps, my Lord.

## SACKVILLE.

Ah, yes! give me the cup. Your Majesty has need; pray take this draught, It may give heart to life, or stay e'en death. God grant your Majesty may rally soon.

## KING HENRY.

'Tis now my good confessor should enforce His last pure homily on th' eternal world I soon must visit. Yes! my mortality Must pack up all, and the soul's vessel store With all that may sustain her mystic course When she shall leave life's little bubbling stream, To enter on that ocean infinite, From which no voyager has yet returned To warn us of its rocks or whirlpools dire. Alas! all habits loved and joyed in once Are wearing fast, and I shall leave this trunk Bare to the stormy and insulting world. Yes, yes! I see the spindle now is full; Stern Atropos lifts up her instrument, My thread to cut. Ostard, let me borne To th' holy place, my spirit there to yield.

# Scene VIII .- Interior of Cathedral.

#### HENRY.

Stop, bearers, stop! Ah! Randolph, faithful friend! Here comes the weary dried-up husk, to seek A safe receptacle for royal dust. Is there no pandect, Randolph, for the dead, Which strictly will prevent the bones of kin To clank with mischievous abuttals rank? 'Tis this destroys the peace e'en of the grave. Now try the might and power of Rome itself, And ask for me a grave intact from all—From all rebellious kin and crafty priests.

#### MAPES.

Learned justiciary, our Liege to thee Does speak.

KING HENRY.

A wholesome heart thou hast, and true; Too full for utterance.

RANDOLPH.

My Liege! my King!

Good Master—ah! my bitter, solemn woes I cannot speak; and on all other points Am dumb; and would be so till the great trump Shall break Death's sleep.

KING HENRY.

Well, I forgive thee this;
Another time will be, when stammering tongues,
Released from bondage—Ah! Another time—
Another—Ah! ah! ah! [Slightly faints.]

MAPES.

Most mighty King,

We heard thee say—Another time.

KING HENRY.

Yes, yes!

Where was I? I did say Another time.
But yet it boots not. Where 's my chaplain now?
That draught,—give me to drink that freezing draught.

OSTARD.

'Tis here, 'tis here, my Liege; it will revive,
And, for a time, great potency will give;
[Aside.
But then the torch of life must fail.

[King drinks in frantic haste.

MAPES.

My Liege,

We hope, finds comfort now.

KING HENRY.

As much, my friend,
As this cold world can grant to one who falls
So low so suddenly. If Heaven me more
Intends, then Heaven that more will grant; and so
The past will rectify. God pardon those

That murder kings! And I do execute
That will, and pardon all who murder me.
I pardon all the guiles of ruthless Rome,
And all those deeds by which I am undone;
And yet I would not lengthen life so long
That I should Richard in that prayer include—
That recreant rebel! Yes! so far, so far,
I have been king. Now I this golden woe
Renounce for one who hates me: yes! 'tis thine,
Richard—'tis Heaven ordains this woe to thee—
To be a king; and with unnatural heart
To live no natural age, but by mischance
To die, as ingrate, cursing life and death,
And heaven itself.

[Wanders.]

Or are these truant fiends, Who, having snapped the chains that bound them fast In fiery torture, come to minister Some fervent anguish to my soul? Stay, stay! I hear them dashing through the bubbling tide Of heaving Styx. Perhaps these messengers Convey some secret to my vexed soul. But I who 've lov'd the rights of man, the rights Of fiends will now respect. An earthly king May subject be of hell. Yet herding thus With monsters curdles all my blood, and drives My soul to every corner of her manse. Perhaps it is dark Chaos' progeny, Revelling with joy to see th' approach Of Henry,—warrior—king; who e'en in death Will look undauntedly. I cannot blench At what I see not.

GLANVILLE [aside].
Ah! poor King!—Much wrong
He hath received, which thus distracts his mind;
Or else a better Christian never lived!

KING HENRY.

Before the altar place me:—slowly step. Here my last journey ends on earth;—and now Another waits me, where attendance gross I may not bear: spirits alone will be My courtiers there—where king, and baron bold, And priests, by paths respective and alone, Enter.—Sigh not for me, Randolph. I know death's presage, and have often seen Its consummation, when on Summer's eve The battle-field I've paced, and viewed around Its trophies breathing their last piteous sigh, E'er the hoarse wolf tears from the crunched bones 'Tis now The muscles scarcely stiff in death. That voyage I must go, and yielding up That mystic secret, hopeless hope, I'll peer Into dark Death's domains, as quite intent To stay.—His ebon majesty shall find In me a loyal subject; and I pray At meeting to prove graceful, and subdued To meekest confidence, that in the world To which I go, there consolations are Unknown on earth. This world is but a prison Of niggard bounds;—but the chill land of Death Has regions vast and limitless; and thus It is that spirits take a grade, a step Towards the ethereal, eternal life. If a new skein of life were granted now, How could I use it? What is yet undone? The great Supreme above will punish sin; And noble Honour has my praise; but yet There are revolting muscles in this frame Which writhe in serpent forms, as worms that strive For life. This is Rebellion's last attempt. Alas, alas!—they elbow their poor mate, And urge the spirit to finish work. They seemed In happier times bye gone so well prepared To punish insults and dire wrongs—oh yes, And all that cowards ever dared to do. The heavy wrongs which Rome has done thy King Make e'en the blow of Death to seem but light. To die, would be severe calamity, But that I know Death's arm clanks like my own, Death is a vassal, and his ghastly train He leads but to the confines of a land He may not, cannot enter. Yes! 'tis there The important change is made; there mortals shift, And awful immortality put on. Yet ye may riddles in that state resolve: Perhaps a sleep of countless years must pass:

Perhaps the mortal parts there undergo Transitions mystic and arrangements dread! Perhaps for thrice ten thousand years to come, Filthy and shapeless things of odour rank Crawl in and out the avenues of sense, Holding their riotous festivity On all the atoms which dull Time has left For slow corruption in the silent grave. These things will make the heart-strings creak. Geoffrey, They say thou art not mine. I say thou art, My son! the best belov'd of all. Geoffrey, Give me thy hand. There in thy honest palm I place this envied ring. Precious it was: It sparkles now as bright as it was wont In court and tournament—thou faithful gem! There, Geoffrey, take the gem—wear it for one Who loved thee much, but now must leave. Geoffrey— I may not stay to tell thee all I would— Upon thy filial arm I'll muse the rest. As on a summer's eve the lazy serf Sinks into wholesome rest.—Yet—yet—I wish— [Sinking in the arms of Geoffrey.

RANDOLPH [leaning to the King.]
Thou valiant King—farewell—farewell—farewell!
What can amend this loss? 'tis woe for love.
Dear King! awake once more.

KING HENRY [wandering]. It may be so— Yes, yes; -Rebellion stood in his dark path. The Primate, too! how cruel 'twas of him! And so he sought my blood. Now Death becomes Importunate,—a tyrant too.—But now I go Where Death's power ends, to reach that pinnacle, To which this timid, fluttering, anxious thing, This little veering gossamer, ascends. Death has no power, no magic charm, to break The solemn cloud which circles round that peak Whose sanctity by gorgeous seraphim Is kept. O Death, I call thee up thy part To take, the vulture's share. 'Twill soon corrupt And nauseate. Farewell—farewell to all!— Sense is receding now:—of sight and speech

The ways are clogged:—to hear is needless now. E'en the twelfth hour is spent. I will not filch A moment, while this clay obedient wears The pallid hue of Death.

GRYME.

It is the dew

Of the first morn in the eternal world.

#### HENRY.

See, see! through every passage now he creeps! He scents the last, last fortress!—Look, he 's in! He 's in the breach! The ramparts all are scaled. It is the priest, the black revengeful priest! See where he goes!—He bears the cross before. He stamps upon my heart!—tis he, tis he, Relentless! Ah! 'tis Death! the tyrant Death!



# APPENDIX.

#### No. I.

Forshal, in his Notes to the various Travels, gives a description of three kinds of leprosy. It appears by Dr. Mason Good, that a variety of recipes were collected from the use of fruits, plants, and roots, from which the first principles of medicine were collated; but that even amongst the comparatively advanced nations, such as the Egyptians and Babylonians, there were no physicians; but the custom was to expose the sick in public places, that those who passed by might be induced to communicate the processes or medicines which had been useful to them in similar cases. In process of time, patients were taken to the temples, not only as places of public resort, but in the expectation of assistance from the god of the temple. The temple of Serapis was often resorted to for that purpose by the Egyptians. and that of Æsculapius by the Greeks. Thus the matter very gradually came into the hands of the priests, who at length obtained vast information by tending the various cases brought to their respective temples. The priests, or rather the lower class of them, kept a register in the temple of all cases, and the remedies applied. The cures were necessarily very many, and the glory was given to the god to whom the temple might be dedicated. Herodotus says there were physicians for separate parts of the body-for the eye, the ear, the teeth, the stomach, &c. It is generally agreed that the Egyptian priests were the first to bring into a system the loose facts which former ages had collected.

It is thought by some writers, not perhaps without reason, that the worship of Æsculapius, the god of physic, under the form of a serpent, was derived from some tradition concerning this animal, that the sight of it made the bruised whole.

#### No. II.

The titles assumed by the Papal chief were many, and some were titles which belong to Christ, such as the Bridegroom of the Church, the Keeper of God's Vineyard, &c. &c.; but the mere title of Pope was originally common to all bishops, being derived from the Greek word signifying Father. Gregory VIII., in a Council held at Rome,

declared the title applicable to the Bishop of Rome only. The general name of Pope seems scarcely enviable, as there were many most infamous and unnatural beings who owned that title: so many were murderers, and all blasphemers. The character of John XIII., Alexander III., Julius III., Gregory VII., John XVIII., Urban VI., John XXIII., Julius II., Alexander VI., Benedict IX., stand out from the awful list as exceeding all others in polluting crimes and impious conduct. Baronius, a Catholic writer, calls John XV. a thief and a robber; and, speaking of the Popes of the ninth and tenth centuries, he says, "Vile strumpets then domineered in Rome, by whose will sees were changed, and bishoprics given away, and their lovers, pseudo-Popes, were thrust into Peter's chair, as the wages of their prostitution. Alexander VI., from the earliest age, was disorderly and infamous. He obtained the papal chair by bribes and falsehood. He was guilty of poisoning, simony, and false swearing, of reckless debauchery, and incest with his own daughter. Poisoned wine, which he had prepared for certain cardinals, whose riches induced him to attempt to murder them, was given him by mistake, and thus he ended his disgraceful career. The Pope claims sovereign preeminence over all civil potentates. Pope Urban II. speaks of temporal sovereigns thus: "It is a thing abominable that the hands of those who created God their Creator in virtue of their character, should be bound to the ignominy of being drudges to those who are polluted with filthy and dishonest handlings."

## No. III.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Adrian, servant of the servants of God, to his Son in Christ Jesus, Henry, King of England.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Sends Greeting, and Apostolical Benediction. The desire your Magnificence expresses to advance the glory of your name on earth, and to obtain in heaven the price of eternal happiness, deserves, no doubt, great commendations. As a good Catholic Prince, you are very careful to enlarge the borders of the Church; to spread the knowledge of the truth among the barbarous and the ignorant; and to pluck up vice by the roots in the field of the Lord;—and in order to this you apply to us for countenance and direction. We are confident, therefore, that by the blessing of the Almighty, your undertaking will be crowned with a success suitable to the noble motive which sets you upon it; for whatever is taken in hand from a principle of Faith and Religion, never fails to succeed. It is certain, as you yourself ac-

knowledge—Ireland, as well as all other islands which have the happiness to be enlightened by the Sun of Righteousness, and have submitted to the doctrines of Christianity, are unquestionably St. Peter's right, and belong to the jurisdiction of the Roman Church. We judge therefore, after maturely considering the enterprise you propose to us, that it will be proper to settle in that island, colonies of the faithful who may be well pleasing to God. You have advertised us, most dear son in Christ, of your design of an expedition into Ireland, to subject the island to just laws, and to root out vice which has long flourished there. You promised to pay us out of every house, and to maintain the rights of the Church without the least detriment or diminution. Upon which promise, giving a ready ear to your request, We consent and allow that you make a descent in that island, and enlarge the bounds of the Church, to check the progress of immorality, to reform the manners of the natives, and to promote the growth of virtue and the Christian religion. We exhort you to do whatever you think proper to advance the honour of God and the salvation of the people, whom we charge to submit to your jurisdiction, and own you for their sovereign lord: provided always, that the rights of the Church are inviolably preserved, and the Peter-pence duly paid. If, therefore, you think fit to put your design in execution, labour above all things to improve the inhabitants of the island in virtue. Use both your own, and the endeavours of such as you shall judge worthy to be employed in this work; that the Church of God be enriched more and more, that religion flourish in the country, and that the things tending to the honour of God and salvation of souls be in such manner disposed as may entitle you to an eternal reward in heaven, and an immortal fame on earth.

## No. IV.

Walter Mapes was canon of the churches of St. Paul's, London, and of Salisbury. He was a great favorite of Henry II., and wrote many satirical poems under the assumed name of Gollias. He is well known to the lovers of romance of the middle age. His satire was directed against the frivolities and debaucheries of the priesthood. His friend Giraldus Cambrensis refers to him as the first wit of the age, yet complains of his satire against the sacred person of the Pope. These poems are all collected (by Thomas Wright, Esq.) in one volume, printed by the Camden Society in 1841: most are translated.

The spirit which gave rise to these is well depicted in the chronicles

of M. Paris. It is very probable these satires had some share in producing the Reformation; for it is certain they contain a powerful philippic against the abuses of the ecclesiastical body. The notion that Walter Mapes was a jovial toper, is without evidence. His wit, and love for light and elegant literature, probably induced him to assume the name Gollias. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there is frequent use of the term Goliards, who were merry buffoons, attending at the tables of the rich barons, for the purpose of amusing the guests; and this may have suggested the conceit; but the name taken by Mapes is a mere fanciful appellation given to the imaginary personage who was to be a travesty or burlesque representative of the priests, and the instrument of holding up to ridicule the rank vices of the various members of the Romish Church.

## No. V.

Zachary took France from Childeric III. Gregory VII. excommunicated Henry IV. of Germany, and absolved his subjects from all allegiance. Pope Innocent III. sent Paudulf to take the crown from the head of John, King of England. Pius IV. published a bull against Elizabeth, thus: "He that reigneth on high, to whom is given all power in heaven and in earth, hath committed the one Holy Apostolic Church, out of which there is no salvation, to me only on earth—namely, to Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and to the Roman Pontiff, his successor. This one he hath constituted prince over all nations, and all kingdoms, that he might pluck up and destroy, dissipate and ruin, plant and build." He afterwards "deprives the Queen of her pretended right, and absolves all nobles and subjects from all duty and allegiance."

## No. VI.

Alexander VI., when Cardinal, lived in notorious concubinage with Vonazza, a Roman lady, by whom he had four sons and one daughter.

Cæsar Borgia, the second son, was, notwithstanding his known depravity, created a cardinal. The other sons were supplied with riches to support their habitual debaucheries, and titles of honour to defend them from summary punishment, when they violated the rights and feelings of their fellow-creatures.

Lucretia was the only daughter, and seemed of true kin to her wicked parent. She married a Spanish nobleman; but, not liking him,

obtained a divorce through the influence of her father. She then gave her hand to the Prince of Pesaro, from whom she was also divorced; she then married a natural son of the King of Naples, but she released herself from this contract by causing her husband to be murdered. Lucretia then married the Duke of Ferrara. Her general conduct was so infamous and degrading, that it awakened horror in all members of society; but dread of her skill in disposing of her reprovers by assassination reduced them to silence.

The Duke of Calabria having refused to allow his daughter to marry, this vicar of Christ became impassioned, and evinced his irritation by entering into an alliance with Louis Sforza, the usurper of Milan, and joined him in inviting the king of France to seize the throne of Naples. The king of France disappointed this vicar of peace by accepting the invitation, which was made merely to alarm the duke of Calabria; whereupon Alexander privately proposed to the duke, that he would secure Naples to the reigning family if he would consent to the marriage of his daughter.

The sudden death of Ferdinand surrounded Alexander with new anxieties; he used various dishonourable stratagems for the conservation of his power. At one time he levied troops, and invited Charles to become the champion of Christendom against the Turks. another time he joined Alphonso, informing the French ambassador that it was the duty of the vicar of Christ to prevent the effusion of blood; and a cardinal's hat was offered to the favourite counsellor of the king, if he would dissuade Charles from the expedition. Alexander was thus decoyed into difficulties by his own double dealing, which induced him to adopt other frauds; he more closely attached himself to the king of Naples, and sought the friendship of one he had sorely injured,—viz the Emperor Maximilian, and obtained his aid by assuring him that his crown was in danger; and then coaxed Ferdinand the Catholic to employ against the French the money raised in Spain to defray the expense of a crusade against the Turks, and at the same time he proposed a secret treaty of alliance with Sultan Bayezid. This Mussulman being desirous to obtain the high sauction of the Vatican for the murder of his own brother, offered to give Alexander three hundred thousand ducats if he would employ means; whereupon this just priest agreed to use proper means for securing the assassination of the Sultan's brother, who was accordingly promptly assassinated. By the above frauds the brave and generous Duke of Calabria was compelled to return without the satisfaction of a battle.

During the administration of the Borgias, the dagger and the poisoned bowl were the common means used to remove every one whom

this wicked family regarded with jealousy. The foul Lucretia committed incest with both her brothers, the Duke of Gandia and the Cardinal; which causing jealousy in the mind of the Cardinal, he added fratricide to incest, and within a few days from that awful transaction, the Cardinal Cæsar was taken into favour, and returned to his crimes with fresh vigour.

It would seem that history can scarcely report any thing worse; and we would stop our pen, but we think there are very important political principles involved in this relation; and although the policy of Romanism may have changed its attitude, and now aim at a different form of government, yet supreme power is its object, although that power may not be so concentrated in the executive of the Vatican. The Pontiff conciliated the French king, by aiding his divorce from a virtuous though not very handsome woman,-viz. the daughter of Louis XI., and allowing him to marry Anne of Brittany, the beautiful widow of Charles VIII. For this Louis created Cæsar Borgia Duke of Valentinois. Thus passion and policy cast a great and chivalric monarch into the meshes and toils of the Vatican. Alexander raised a very large sum by sale of indulgences, under the pretence of aiding the wars against the Turks, but in truth for the use of Cæsar Borgia, who was aiming to subdue Romagna. Capua was taken by the Cardinal Cæsar Borgia, who entered the city to violate all forms of decency, and selected forty of the fairest nuns of the city, as a part of his share of the booty.

The earthly potentates were constantly being deceived and injured by the intrigues and falsehood of the Vatican; but they were disposed to adopt the equivocal explanations vouchsafed to them, rather than defy its unmitigating vengeance. But Alexander required no apology for a policy which aggrandized himself or his family. Cæsar Borgia ruled Romagna with more moderation than was expected, but the Italian lords deemed that but an artifice and prelude to some wholesale aggression.

The jealous eye of Cæsar detected the anxiety of those Italian lords; whereupon he consulted Cardinal D'Amboise (for whom he had obtained the profitable office of legate in France) who approved of his resolution to destroy these noblemen, the flower of the city; and in a few days there remained but few who had escaped the sword, the gibbet, or poison. It should be observed, that at this time the King of France was subdued by fear of the Vatican; and although Cæsar Borgia and his father had determined to turn their arms against Louis, they induced him to place his treasures under their controul, upon a pretence that they would save the kingdom of Naples from becoming the prev of

the Spaniards. The Spaniards under Gonsalvo had triumphed in Naples, and caused the Duke de Nemours to seek a most disastrous flight.

These changes alarmed Alexander, and he felt that nothing but an immense treasury could now correct these disorders, and secure the station and power of himself and family; and it was with the greatest anxiety he waited the success of an artful and cruel plot, by which he hoped to secure ample finances. His plot was, to poison all the rich cardinals (most of whom had purchased their caps of him at immense sums), and then, under an ecclesiastical regulation, he would be entitled to their property and the revenues of their sees. He sent several flasks of wine to the cardinal of Corneto, in whose house the holy list of cardinals was to sup. The servant was ordered not to permit any body to touch the wine; and this atrocious priest thought it would be kept until supper, for the sacred lips of the cardinals; but Alexander and his son Cæsar Borgia coming early to the place, received from the hand of a servant a cup of this poisoned wine, of which Alexander drank freely; but detecting the mistake, he lived only long enough to prevent his son taking a second sip. Immediately after this, the father reeled in agony, and died in a few hours. The son suffered excruciating pain; and though he survived, so potent was the poison, that the small portion he took nearly killed him, and he lost both his skin and his hair.

It is thus that history requires we should describe this specimen of those called by the Council of Trent "The successors of St. Peter—Princes of the Apostles—and Vicars of Jesus Christ!"

Though the death of Alexander VI. spread great joy through Rome, yet the only person who had preached against the sins of this wicked family—viz. Savanorala—was, on account of this his bold and patriotic conduct, brought to trial, convicted of heresy, and put to death.

### No. VII.

On Henry's return to England, he ascended the throne with a firm step; and all men saw that his resolution was to punish the wicked, and protect the weak, and rule all with that strong nerve with which nature had gifted him. He was hailed by the English as the descendant of their ancient Saxon line. Immediately upon the coronation, the new bride was conducted to the King's palace at Bermondsey, which was then a pastoral village, although partaking of the Flemish character. These were highly cultivated lands, with their smooth and velvet meads, bounded by the fast flowing Thames. At that time the Old Temple was ornamented with its beautiful garden, and the banks of the river were studded with the dwellings of the nobility.

When Henry married the accomplished Eleonora, she had just attained her thirty-first year, whilst Henry was in his twenty-first year. At an early period of the career of Henry II., ambition taught him to regard all danger and fatigues as the flowers which were indigenous in the path to glory and dominion, in which he must make many sacrifices.

But a few days after his marriage with the fascinating Eleonora, he left her insinuating loveliness to seek the face of his enemies. It might be said of him, that when he knew he required sleep, he only took that rest which restored his body to its perfect powers; but he never slumbered, or folded his arms. Every thing that sustained the comfort of his people, or the honour of royalty, was now under his own eye; indeed, the good order of cities, the improvement of agriculture, manufactures, and trade, occupied a just portion of the mind of this mighty and chivalrous being. He was a king: he claimed not to be a delegate of Heaven, or heir to all earthly sovereignty; but he bowed to listen to the sighs and wishes of a misgoverned and noble people; and thus, by duly respecting their comforts and his own dignity, he formed the model of a monarchy which was destined to generate principles that have formed a part of the present peace and happiness of England.

That he might be temperate and energetic at all times, he knew that he must keep his body under, and ofttimes exercised a self-denial both in eating and drinking, which astonished his courtiers. In his dress he regarded all ornament as an incumbrance and an effeminate association, which might, in the hour or strife or danger, become a hindrance: this is too often disregarded from its minuteness, or fascination; but has in some signal instances given that little balance of advantage to an antagonist, which has turned, in the person of the leader, the scale of fortune against nations long revered for their municipal wisdom and warlike power. Yet it must not be assumed that he was ignorant or regardless how much the mass, the herding multitude, are affected by splendid equipage and gorgeous display; but he ruled them by superior and more majestic powers. He was not unaware that the soft eye of woman delighted to bend over brilliant dress and elegant ornament; but his manly and dignified person, his expressive and serene eyes, soon procured a preference in woman's heart, for one whose knightly fortune and warlike successes had become as the living romance of those romantic times.

The history of his gallantries seems rather impervious and indistinct; and some historians have said they throw a shadow on his honour and manliness of character. Indeed it is to be feared that his lust for beauty produced many enemies and detracting factions. Although

the softer passions, such as love, may give fervour and energy to many of the actions of life, and without them our nature seems gloomy and uninteresting; yet this great king most frequently governed them as servitors, to bow under the dark and lofty banner of Ambition. He well knew that to become the too docile subject of several passions, was to distract the attributes of the mind in their inherent action, and to destroy the powers of that body which should be as the companion of the spirit in all its earthly exaltations. Therefore neither Rosamond the Fair,\* nor the handsome Stafford maiden, nor all that is lovely in woman or flattering in man, seemed likely to seduce the mind of Henry from the great vocation of ambition, and the leading objects of his life. Yet, alas! there are lines and pages in the history of this great monarch, which include incidents derogatory to the general distinction which he attained for himself. But perhaps no instance is so definite and detracting to the honour of Henry II. as that of his love for Alice, the intended bride of his son Richard; and, if the historian Brampton may be relied upon, there was, in this ungoverned attachment, some justification for Richard's rebellion; and this weakness seems to have been one of the causes of the sudden ruin and premature death of this mighty king. Indeed the rhymes of Piers of Langtoft are very peculiar, quaintly describing the dispute between Philip, the brother of Alice, and Richard Cœur de Lion, after his accession. For it will be remembered that Richard did not marry Alice, but the beautiful and accomplished Berengaria of Navarre.

<sup>\*</sup> Rosamond had two sons by Henry II., both gallant, spirited and noble-minded men—viz. Geoffrey Bishop of Lincoln, and William Longsword Earl of Salisbury. It is remarkable that Geoffrey was more dutiful and affectionate than any of his legitimate offspring. It was about the year 1148 that Henry commenced his attachment to Fair Rosamond, daughter to Lord Clifford. The anxiety which he must have had, in the progress of his life, to conceal the amour from the high-spirited Eleanor of Guienne, is consistent with Brampton's Tale of the Woodstock Bower, and Rosamond's Death by poison. We know not exactly when this fair lady died, but we are told that her body was found near Godstow Nunnery. The tomb of Rosamond was lighted by many wax tapers, and shaded by a gay canopy. In 1300 the Bishop of Lincoln (St. Hugh) affected to be disgusted—his words were, "Dig up the body, and bury her out of the church; for after all what was she but a harlot! Rapin intimates that Eleanor dispatched Fair Rosamond. The conspiracy of Eleanor and her sons, John and Edward, rather favour the idea that Rosamond was destroyed by the Queen during Henry's absence in Normandy. King John raised a tomb to her memory, with this inscription:—

<sup>&</sup>quot;The tomb doth here enclose
The world's most beauteous rose," &c.

" Then spake King Philip, And in grief said, My sister Alice Is now forsaken. Since one of more riches Of Navarre thou hast taken. When King Richard understood What King Philip had sworn, Before the clergy he stood, And proved on that morn That Alice to his father A child had borne, Which his sire, King Henr Held for his own: A maiden child it was. And now dead it is: This was a great trespass, And against my own wille, If I Alice take."

Yet no gentleman of the age excelled him in real politeness, for the "suaviter in modo" and "fortiter in re" were well developed in his character. His conversation was popular and lively, and well abounded with amenities and tolerance. His memory was good, and supplied a constant spring of varied and interesting facts, which he associated with that singular adroit eloquence with which he graced all he said. He was an ardent and faithful student. Peter of Blois records that his companions were men of erudition and science, and when with them he proved that his knowledge must have been gained by long and patient study. For, unlike most princes and grandees of this world's theatre, he cultivated his mind, not for show, or mere protection from the insolence of the ignorant, but as a friend in severe trials, or hours of ease; and when the glory of fortune cast its beams on him, it was reflected with increased lastre by the object it glowed upon. With his intimate friends he lived on terms of sociality and condescension. His notions of decorum were those which nature and a noble and great mind dictated. The man-the spirit, we should say-who could conquer nations, lead armies, dictate to and counsel with senators, raise the meritorious and humble, quell the rich and arrogant, forgive a thousand injuries, love as a romantic being, face death in any formwas not likely to do any thing very inconsistent with the true pride of roval state. Perhaps the form of a settled court would frown on such condescension as he ever evinced; but the frame and fashion of courts have changed, and may not, for any proper object, be now compared

to the courts of the princes of the middle age; for whilst the one commands our love and respect, and the other our admiration, yet their nature and habits bear little analogy. Henry II. knew how to maintain the honour of his country in camp and field; no journey was too long, no enterprise too dangerous; but at his table he smiled on all honourable men as his equals, though he never contaminated himself with low society or coxcombs. This king was a man formed in nature's best mould; yet he never evinced vanity of his own person, or contempt of beauty in others. As we said before, there were certain vices inherent in him-viz. haughtiness and immeasurable ambition, conjoined, as some have thought, with covetousness; and yet there was an urbanity and liberality which are seldom united to these qualities; and, as regards ambition, we should not complain of it, when it was wise enough to devote itself to the happiness of mankind. such was the ambition of Henry; indeed his intellectual greatness, if not his moral qualities, soaring above the vulgar lust for mere dominion, exhibited many proofs that he prized true glory. When the war trumpet had ceased, and the glittering sword was entombed in its peaceful scabbard, he took much pleasure in hunting and hawking; but when the interest of his people or the presumption of his enemies called, he cast such diversions away, as unbefitting the vast and responsible duties of his station, and as too soft a relaxation for the man who had determined to sustain the "foremost place of all this world." Yes; though he deemed hunting the fierce boar, which then roamed in our forests, as an exhilarating and manly amusement for the young nobles of his court, yet his spirit was too perfect in its capacities, and his ambition too vigilant, to permit him to postpone the still more dangerous scenes of those sudden and bloody wars which were so constantly occurring in England and Wales, and his more distant territories of Normandy.

Peter of Blois, a Chaplain of Henry II., in his letter to a friend, says of his Royal Master:—

"In praising David the King, it is said that he was ruddy; but you must understand that my lord the King is sub-rufus, or pale red: his harness (armour) hath somewhat changed his colour. Of middle stature he is, so that among little men seemeth he not much, nor among long men seemeth he over little. His head is round, as a token of great wit, and of special high counsel the treasury." Our readers would scarcely expect phrenological observations in an epistle of the twelfth century, but we faithfully write what we find therein. "His head is of such quality, that to the neck and to all the body it accordeth by even proportion; his eyes fine, and clear as to a colour while he is of pleased will, but through disturbance of heart like

sparkling fire or lightning with hastiness; his head of curly hair, when clipped square in the forehead, sheweth well his visage, the nostrils even and comely according to all the other features; high vaulted feet, legs able to riding, broad bust and long champion arms,—which telleth him to be strong, light, and hardy. In a toe of his foot the nail groweth into the flesh, and in harm to the foot over waxeth; his hands, through their greatness, sheweth negligence, for he utterly leaveth the keeping of them; never, but when he beareth hawks, weareth he gloves; each day at mass and counsel, and other open needs of the realm, throughout the whole morning he standeth afoot, and yet when he eateth he never sitteth down. In one day he will, if need be, ride two or three journeys, and thus hath he oft circumvented the plots of his enemies; a huge lover of woods is he, so that when he ceaseth of war he haunteth places of hawking and hunting; he useth boots without folding caps, and homely and short clothes weareth he; his flesh would have charged him with fatness, but with travel and fasting he keeps it under; and in riding and going he travaileth mightily. Not, as other kings, lieth he in his palace, but travelling about by his provinces espieth he the doings of all men. Nor man more wise in counsel, nor more dreadful in prosperity, nor steadfaster in adversity. He doometh those that he judges when they be wrong, and punisheth them by stronger judgment than other men. When once he loveth, scarcely will he ever hate; when once he hateth, scarcely ever receiveth he into grace. Oft holdeth he in hand swords, bows, and hunting gear, except he be at counsel or at book. When he may rest from worldly business, he privily occupieth himself about learning and reading, and among his clerks asketh he questions; for though your king be well y-lettered, our king by far is more y-lettered. My lord the King of Sicily a whole year was my disciple: though by you he hath the beginning of teaching, yet by me he had the benefice of more full science; and, as soon as I went out of Sicily, your king cast away his books and gave himself up to Palatine idleness; but, forsooth, our lord, the King of England, is each day a school for right well lettered men, hence his conversation that he hath with them in busy discussing of questions. None is more honest than our King in speaking, ne in alms largess. Therefore, as holy writ saith, we may say of him—'His name is a precious ointment, and the alms of him all the Church shall take."

#### No. VIII.

1. If any dispute shall arise concerning the advowson and presentation of Churches, between laymen, or between ecclesiastics and

laymen, or between ecclesiastics, let it be tried and determined in the Court of our lord the King.

- 2. Ecclesiastics arraigned and accused of any matter, being summoned by the King's Justiciary, shall come into his Court, to answer there, concerning that which it shall appear to the King's Court is cognizable there; and shall answer in the Ecclesiastical Court concerning that which it shall appear is cognizable there; so that the King's Justiciary shall send to the Court of Holy Church, to see in what manner the cause shall be tried there; and if an ecclesiastic shall be convicted, or confess his crime, the Church ought not any longer to give him protection.
- 3. It is unlawful for archbishops, bishops, and any dignified clergymen of the realm, to go out of the realm without the King's license; and if they shall go, they shall, if it so please the King, give security that they will not, either in going, staying, or returning, procure any evil or danger to the King or to the kingdom.
- 4. Persons excommunicated ought not to give any security by way of deposit, nor take any oath, but only find security and pledge to stand to the judgment of the Church, in order to absolution.
- 5. No tenant in chief of the King, nor any of the officers of his household, or of his demesne, shall be excommunicate, nor shall the lands of any of them be put under an interdict, unless application shall first have been made to our lord the King, if he be in the kingdom, or, if he be out of the kingdom, to his justiciary, that he may do right concerning such person; and in such manner, as that what shall belong to the King's Court shall be there determined, and what shall belong to the Ecclesiastical Court shall be sent thither, that it may there be determined.
- 6. Concerning appeals, if any shall arise, they ought to proceed from the archdeacon to the bishop, and from the bishop to the archbishop: and, if the archbishop shall fail in doing justice, the cause shall at last be brought to our lord the King, that, by his precept, the dispute may be determined in the archbishop's court; so that it ought not to proceed any further without the consent of our lord the King.
- 7. If there shall arise any dispute between an ecclesiastic and a layman, or between a layman and an ecclesiastic, about any tenement, which the ecclesiastic pretends to be held in frank almoigne, and the layman pretends to be a lay fee, it shall be determined before the King's chief justice, by the trial of twelve lawful men, whether the tenement belongs to frank almoigne, or is a lay fee; and if it be found to be frank almoigne, then it shall be pleaded in the Ecclesias-

tical Court; but if a lay fee, then in the King's Court; unless both parties shall claim to hold of the same bishop or baron: but if both shall claim to hold the said fee under the same bishop or baron, the plea shall be in his court, provided that, by reason of such trial, the party who was first seized shall not lose his seizin, till it shall have been finally determined by the plea.

- 8. Whosoever is of any city, or castle, or borough, or demesne, or manor, of our lord the King, if he shall be cited by the archdeacon or bishop for any offence, and shall refuse to answer to such citation, it is allowable to put him under an interdict; but he ought not to be excommunicated before the King's chief officer of the town be applied to, that he may, by due course of law, compel him to answer accordingly; and if the King's officer shall fail therein, such officer shall be at the mercy of our lord the King, and then the bishop may compel the person accused by ecclesiastical justice.
- 9. Pleas of debt, whether they be due by faith solemnly pledged, or without faith so pledged, belong to the King's judicature.
- 10. When an archbishopric, or bishopric, or abbey, or priory, of royal foundation, shall be vacant, it ought to be in the hands of our lord the King, and he shall receive all the rents and issues thereof, as of his demesne; and when that church is to be supplied, our lord the King ought to send for the principal clergy of that church, and the election ought to be made in the King's chapel, with the assent of our lord the King, and the advice of such of the prelates of the kingdom as he shall call for that purpose; and the person elect shall there do homage and fealty to our lord the King, as his liege lord of life, limb, and wordly honour (saving his order), before he be consecrated.

## No. IX.

Absolution.—This subject has created much vituperation and contention amongst the churches of the world. The broad distinction seems to lie between the Romish Church and the High Protestant Church of England. For the simple observations here intended, it will not be desirable to notice the dissensions in the present English Protestant Church.

From the best examination we have been able to make, we understand the Romish Church to allege, that Absolution, or the power of absolving sins, is a grace resident in every Catholic priest; and that such absolution may be granted or sold at any moment, and this without regard to the will and word of God, or the state of the heart of the applicant. We are aware that such a general power as this is denied by many; but the history of this Church, and its constant practice, prove that the priests are, and have ever been, in the habit of selling absolution, either to enrich themselves, or the general coffers of their Church.

The Church of England holds a doctrine bearing the same name, but widely different in its nature. The great authority for absolution under the English Church is to be found in Samuel xii. 13: "And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord. And Nathan said unto David, The Lord also hath put away thy sin;" thus declaring to the royal penitent that God was willing to put away the sin, when truly repented of.

This is the simple doctrine of the Protestant Church, that penitence and confession are necessary to obtain absolution, or forgiveness of sin; such confession and penitence being towards God and not to man. The sins of the truly repentant are washed away by the blood of Christ, as though they had never been; and this is the only true absolution, being wiped out of the book of remembrance by God's own hand.

No. X. (See No. V.)

From the Times of Friday, November 15th, 1844.

"A popular French writer has recently asserted, in a work of fiction, in which he virulently, though not always unjustly, assails the policy of the Romish clergy, that the pretensions of the more unscrupulous agents of that Church openly defy all the most sacred relations of mankind, that they dare to set at nought even the ties of filial duty, and that no artifices are too base for them to resort to in furtherance of their ends. But we have met with nothing in the pages of fiction which illustrates these serious and almost incredible charges more forcibly than an occurrence which has actually taken place in the course of the present year in one of the capitals of the south of Europe. We feel impelled to give to these painful events, and most sinister machinations, a greater publicity than they have hitherto received; not only because it is well that the actors in such transactions should learn that they cannot escape the animadversion of Europe, but because

the case we are about to relate affords a warning not to be overlooked by our Protestant fellow-countrymen whose families may chance to fall within the reach of the same dangerous influences.

"The post of Dutch Minister at the Court of Turin had been reputably filled for some years by a Protestant gentleman of the name of Heldivier, who resided with his family in that city, until, in consequence of some new diplomatic arrangements on the part of the Dutch Government, he received, in the month of May last, his letters of recall. Some domestic anxiety had been occasioned to this family by one of the daughters, a young lady of ardent and independent temperament, who was supposed to have formed an attachment for a young lawyer of the town, whose character and position did not make him a suitable match for her. Their departure was therefore hastened; but after M. Heldivier had presented his letters to the King of Sardinia, he was accidentally detained by the illness of another of his children for a few days in an hotel at Turin. On the 8th of June a display of fireworks took place, in honour of the birth of an heir to the Duke of Savoy. The ex-minister and his wife were induced to attend this fete, and very reluctantly to leave their daughter, who excused herself on some pretext, at home. They were absent but a short time; yet, in the interval, the vague apprehensions they seem to have entertained were fatally verified. Their daughter had disappeared-and for ever. At that hour of the night she had quitted the hotel, alone, and without even a change of dress. police were immediately sent in search of the fugitive. The young advocate, who was at first suspected to have a hand in the elopement, was examined, but he proved himself to be totally ignorant of the occurrence; not a vestige of her was to be found within the jurisdiction of the authorities of the city; but this absence of all evidence raised a strong presumption that she would only be found in the precincts of some convent, more inaccessible than a prison or a tomb.

"Application was made to the Archbishop of Turin, as the supreme ecclesiastical power of the kingdom, for leave to pursue these inquiries, or for information, if he possessed it, on the subject; for meanwhile the anxiety and anguish of this unfortunate family had been raised to a pitch which we shall not attempt to describe; and even the public, startled by the actual disappearance of a young lady, still a minor, the daughter of a gentleman who came amongst them as the representative of a foreign sovereign, took the liveliest part in their extreme distress.

"The Archbishop thought fit to reply to this application, that he

had reason to believe that Mademoiselle Heldivier had indeed sought refuge in a convent, but that he was unable to state where she was at present. A few days more, however, brought the whole transaction to light. When the Archbishop of Turin asserted that he was unable to state where this young lady was, he might have stated, and he did afterwards acknowledge, that no person living had had so great a hand in the affair as himself. For two years he had been carrying on a system of secret communication with Mademoiselle Heldivier. Thwarted by her parents in her attachment for the young advocate, she had sought to avenge herself on them by transferring her confidence from her father to this priest—from her natural protectors, to the jealous arms of the Church of Rome. The Archbishop, unwilling to commit himself by a written order, had furnished his convert with one half of a sheet of paper cut in a particular manner; the other half was given to the abbess of the convent of Santa Croce, in Turin, with orders to receive the bearer of the corresponding fragment at any hour of the day or night. Provided with these credentials, the fugitive found shelter in the convent walls; but, by the advice of the Archbishop, her flight was deferred until her father, by the delivery of his letters of recall, had, as these clerical conspirators contend, surrendered those diplomatic rights and privileges which would have been fatal to their scheme.

"The fact being thus ascertained, a strong effort was made to bring the authors of this plot to account for their action, and to yield up the young person whom they had gotten into their possession. Setting aside the odious secret acts by which this alleged conversion had been effected, and the irreparable injury done to an honourable family, the case was one which demanded the strongest remonstrances, as an unparalleled invasion of the law of nations, and of the rights of diplomatic persons. A Dutch subject—a minor—the child of a Dutch minister-is encouraged to quit her father's abode, received into a convent, and there detained, not only by moral but by actual force, since every attempt even to search these convents was successfully resisted by the clergy. The King was personally appealed to by the distracted father. His Majesty granted him an audience; but in answer to the prayers and the demands of M. Heldivier, that his daughter might be restored to him, the only reply which the absolute monarch dared to make was, that whatever might be his own opinion on the subject, if he presumed to interfere with the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the convents, he should be excommunicated! answer on such an occasion might have been expected from a Philip II. of Spain; and such powers as are thus recognized and established fall little short of those of the Inquisition. The principle contended

for on behalf of the Church of Rome is this—That any child, having completed the age of twelve years, may, for any cause, motive, or pretext, throw off the parental authority, and fling itself under the protection of the Church. If the child be a Protestant, so much the better, since, while it abjures its filial duties, it abandons its religious faith; but whether Catholic or Protestant, the protection of the Church, thus sought and thus given, is absolute and inviolable.

"There are few countries now, in Europe or the world, where such a doctrine as this would not be demolished by the ordinary notions of civil rights and of justice. But the dominions of the King of Sardinia are one of those countries. In vain did Mr. Abercromby, our own intelligent minister at the Court of Turin—and Baron Mortier, the representative of France, represent that M. Heldivier, as a diplomatic person, had an incontestable right to quit the country in peace, taking with him all his family. The inexorable grasp of the Infallible Church prevailed. The King of Holland appears to have taken this outrage upon the family of his Minister with a most unbecoming indifference and pusillanimity; and Mademoiselle Heldivier remains in the convent of Santa Croce, where she has formally abjured the Protestant heresies, and will probably take the veil on the completion of her noviciate.

"We have no wish to draw any excessive or unjust inferences from this strange occurrence, which seems to belong not only to another country, but to another age; but it exhibits an awful picture of what the uncontrolled power of the Romish Clergy may still dare to effect, and a humiliating example of a Government, which has allowed the ties of private right and public law to be broken asunder, because it is itself a victim to the worst form of bigotry, and the most servile subjection to spiritual oppression."

## No. XI.

The Creed of Pope Pius IV. was drawn up by the order of the Council of Trent, as a concise formulary of the doctrines of the Church of Rome. It consists of twenty-four articles. The twelve first are the articles of the Nicene Creed: the twelve last are the additional doctrines which the Church of Rome has added to the original Catholic faith. They are thus translated by C. Butler, Esq., in the Appendix to Vol. III. of his "Historical Memoirs of the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics since the Reformation."

- "I most firmly admit and embrace Apostolical and Ecclesiastical Traditions, and all other constitutions and observances of the same Church.
- "I also admit the Sacred Scriptures, according to the sense which the Holy Mother Church has held, and does hold, to whom it belongs to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the Holy Scriptures; nor will I ever take and interpret them otherwise than according to the unanimous sense of the Fathers.
- "I profess also that there are truly and properly Seven Sacraments of the new law, instituted by Jesus Christ our Lord, and for the salvation of mankind, though all are not necessary for every one—viz. Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Orders, and Matrimony; and that they confer grace; and of these, Baptism, Confirmation, and Orders, cannot be reiterated without sacrilege.
- "I also receive and admit the Ceremonies of the Catholic Church, received and approved in the solemn administration of all the above said sacraments.
- "I receive and embrace all and every one of the things which have been defined and declared in the holy Council of Trent, concerning original sin and justification.
- "I profess, likewise, that in the Mass is offered to God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead; and that in the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, there is truly, really, and substantially, the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is made a conversion of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood, which conversion the Catholic Church calls Transubstantiation.
- "I confess also that under either kind alone, whole and entire, Christ and a true Sacrament is received.
- "I constantly hold, that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls detained therein are helped by the suffrages of the faithful.
- "Likewise, that the Saints reigning together with Christ are to be honoured and invocated, that they offer prayers to God for us; and that their relics are to be venerated.
- "I most firmly assert, that the images of Christ, and of the Mother of God, ever Virgin, and also of the other Saints, are to be had and retained; and that due honour and veneration are to be given unto them.
- "I also affirm that the power of indulgences was left by Christ in the Church; and that the use of them is most wholesome to Christian people.
  - "I acknowledge the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church,

the mother and mistress of all churches; and I promise and swear true obedience to the Roman Bishop, the successor of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and Vicar of Jesus Christ.

" I also profess, and undoubtedly receive all other things delivered, defined, and declared by the Sacred Canons and General Councils, and particularly by the holy Council of Trent; and, likewise, I also condemn, reject, and anathematize all things contrary thereto, and all heresies whatever, condemned and anathematized by the Church.

"This true Catholic faith, out of which none can be saved, which I now freely profess, and truly hold, I promise, vow, and swear, most constantly to hold and profess the same, whole and entire, with God's assistance, to the end of my life. Amen."

#### No. XII.

St. James says, in his General Epistle to the Church of Christ, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another." But there is no authority which directs the sinner to confess his sins to man, and by man shall they be forgiven. Jesus said to the leper, "Go thy way, and show thyself unto the priest" (Luke xvii. 14.), but Christ had first cleansed him of his leprosy. Holy Ambrose says, the true Priest is Jesus Christ, after the order of Melchisedech. This is the Sovereign Bishop, who doth with the sacrifice of his body and blood wash away the sins of all those who with true confession of the same do flee to him. It is against true Christian liberty, that any man should be bound to number and describe his sins before his fellow-man. How different is this view to the words of the Council of Trent, which says, "Whoever shall deny that Sacramental Confession was instituted by Divine command, or that it is necessary to salvation-or shall affirm that the practice of secretly confessing to the priest alone, as it has ever been observed, is foreign to the institution and command of Christ-let him be accursed," &c.

## No. XIII.

No heretics ever disturbed the Church so extensively, — not even Pelagius, who agitated his heresy on original sin and free will; nor Arian, in his contention on the consubstantiation or separate and unequal constituents of the Trinity.

The Pope Alexander wilfully confounded them with the Manichæans, and thus, probably, misled the King of England, and induced him to agree to join in a crusade against them. Historians differ as to the doctrines of these sects, and some confound them with the Cathari, whose tenets were very unscriptural. This was done by the Vatican, to induce the cruel crusade against them. Lord Lyttleton says, "But even the best authorities concerning these schisms must be read with doubt."

#### No. XIV.

Transubstantiation.—The Romanist views are stated in the text; but the true scriptural doctrine upon the subject of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is this-that the change which takes place in the elements of bread and wine is merely a change of character and of use, and not a change of substance. The bread and wine become, when consecrated, the sacraments, or the outward and visible signs of the body and blood of Christ; and as such they-that is, the material symbols—are used by the Holy Spirit as the channels or means of conveying to the faithful communicants the inward and spiritual grace, which consists in a personal interest in the sufferings that Christ endured when his body was broken and his blood shed upon the cross; so that those who communicate in faith do verily and indeed feed upon the real body and blood of Christ in their souls, at the very time when they receive and feed upon the consecrated symbols of his body and blood with their mouths; and their souls are as truly strengthened and refreshed by feeding on the real body and blood of Christ by faith, as their bodies are strengthened and refreshed by bread and wine. Thus the consecrated elements are the external means, and faith the internal means of receiving the body and blood of Christ in the sacrament.

Peter of Blois is said to have been the first English priest who used the word Transubstantiation. He was preceptor to William of Sicily in 1157.

## No. XV.

Infallibility.—The opinion that the Pope is infallible, was maintained principally by the Jesuits. But this is easily refuted. Several of the Popes have actually erred. Adrian VI. declared that Popes were fallible. In this he was either right or wrong: in either case, the question of the fallibility of Popes is decided. Stephen VI. annulled the decrees of Formosius I.; John X. annulled those of Stephen, and restored those of Formosius. Again: Popes have con-

tradicted themselves, as in the case of Martin V., who confirmed the decree of the Council of Constance, which placed a general council above the Pope; and yet he afterwards published a bull forbidding all appeals from the Pope to a general council. Again: Popes have embraced heresy, as in the case of Liberius, who, according to Athanasius, adopted Arianism. Honorius defended the heresy of the Monothelites, and was condemned by three general councils, which were all confirmed by the Pope. John XXIII. was accused by the Council of Constance of heresy and schism; and Pope Gelasius condemned communion in one kind as sacrilegious, though this has been subsequently established by the Council of Trent. These, not to adduce innumerable other instances, ought to determine the question of the Infallibility of the Pope.

Some have said that a council, with a Pope at its head, is infallible. But where was this criterion ascertained? Upon what independently infallible authority does it rest? Or is it merely an opinion, resting upon the supposition or imagination of fallible men? Is it not as rational to argue that two cyphers make one unit, as to argue that two fallibles make one infallible? unless we have been for centuries in error, in not extending the principle that two negatives make an affirmative, to subjects of a metaphysical kind! And again, on this principle, instead of a perpetual infallible judge of controversies, infallibility has only existed occasionally, and after long intervals! And since the Council of Trent, there has been no infallible tribunal in existence! If this opinion were true, how desirable that the present Pope should summon another general council, in order to give the world infallible information as to the character of the many religious opinions which prevail, and threaten the very existence of the Church of Rome!

The opinion that infallibility resides in the Church Universal, so that when the decrees of Popes and councils are received and submitted to, they then become infallibly true, is equally absurd; for this opinion will either transfer the infallibility from the governors to the governed, or set it aside altogether; as the reception of the decrees of Popes and councils by the Universal Church could be sufficiently accounted for by the prevalent opinions held as to the authority and supremacy of Popes and councils, without introducing the question of infallibility at all. The mere fact that decrees are submitted to, cannot prove them to be infallibly true, but merely that the power of those who have published them is generally recognised.

Where, then, is infallibility to be found? Let this question be decided; and let the advocate of the Church of Rome remember that this claim cannot be substantiated merely by *moral reasoning*, as the

foundation should not be weaker than the superstructure. Nothing but infallible evidence can support a claim to infalliblity. In the mean time, we cannot but regard the idea of an infallible church as being a device of Satan, to draw away the attention of men from the only infallible guide which Christ has promised to his people—the Holy Spirit speaking in his word, and thereby teaching the believer all things, and leading him into all truth.

No. XVI. (See No. XI.)

#### No. XVII.

The idolatry of the Egyptians and Canaanites consisted not only of worshipping false gods-such as the sun, moon, stars, winds, &c, which they declared were anointed and actuated by some intelligences residing in them, and exerting their beneficial or noxious powers on man—but also in forming certain symbolical and figurative representations of the True God, under the forms of beasts, birds, and fishes, expressive of their peculiar essences or powers; until at length the symbols were forgotten, or perverted by the vulgar into the most grovelling and senseless materials on the one hand, or bestial idolatry on the other. There became a confused mob of gods and goddesses, consisting of corrupted symbols and the heavenly bodies personified, mixed with eminent persons who were deified on account of some exploits or national services. Generally, these classes of gods are mixed up in the most promiscuous medley; and often various characteristics are mixed up in the same god, producing the greatest absurdity and confusion. Some nations confined themselves to one particular class: such as the Persians, who adopted the primitive idolatry, adoring only the heavenly bodies, particularly the sun. Herodotus, and most profane writers, prove that the Egyptians were the most superstitious and wild in their idolatry, of all the ancient nations. Theirs were the dark idolatries, for they bowed down to the most ugly forms of wood and stone. Eusebius, who gave great attention to these cosmogonies and theogonies, is of opinion that they entirely denied that a spirit was the creator of all things; but the eminent Cudworth thinks otherwise, and refers to the fact of the god Cneph being set up by the Egyptians; and though this god was worshipped under the most ugly and monstrous form, yet it was called the Good God. Its figure was that of a man holding a girdle, and a

sceptre and crow, and with magnificent plumes: from his mouth proceeded an egg, whence issued another god, whom they called Phtha. An explanation may give some idea of the monstrous worship:—the overshadowing plumes were to denote his hidden and invisible nature, his power of communicating life, his universal sovereignty, and the spirituality of his operations; the egg proceeding from his mouth signified the world, which he created. The same god was worshipped under the form of a serpent with the head of a hawk, who by opening his eyes fills the world with light—by shutting them, covers it with deep darkness. The worship of the god Cncph was by no means general in Egypt—it was chiefly confined to Thebais. Plutarch praises the inhabitants of Thebais, that they were exempt from the common superstitions; since they acknowledged no mortal god, admitting for the first principle only the god Cneph, who had no beginning, and was not subject to death.

There can be little doubt that the sun, moon, and heavenly bodics were the first objects of idolatry; next came the elements, which were worshipped in their palpable or visible manifestations, without symbol, image or temple; next followed a practice of worshipping living creatures. The Egyptian worshipped the sun, and the Persian worshipped the hawk, as a symbol of the sun; so this system of symbolization seemed to deteriorate in various ancient nations—extended itself rapidly, and seemed to involve itself deeply in the habits of these dark nations; so much so, that many cities were called after the names of the animals who were worshipped in the respective towns; such as Bubastis, Mendes, Crocodilopolis, Leontopolis—severally named after cats, goats, crocodiles, and lions. The next stage was that of deifying men and women.

This painful list might be added to very considerably. Indeed, to give the various names and attributes of the various deities which have been successively worshipped by the Pagan world, would fill volumes. Enough has been said to justify the observations in this book. For further particulars, the reader is referred to "Egyptian Antiquities," vol. i. pp. 370—374, in "Library of Entertaining Knowledge;" also to the excellent work by Cudworth. We cannot refrain from referring to the worship of garlic and onions by the Egyptians. Juvenal says—

"How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known;
'Tis mortal sin an onion to devour;
Each clove of garlic is a sacred power.
Religious nations, sure, and blest abodes,
Where every garden is o'ergrown with gods!"

DRYDEN.

## No. XVIII. (See No. XV.)

#### No. XIX.

Ecclesiastical Supremacy.—For the first six centuries, the Bishops of Rome had no jurisdiction beyond the limits of their own immediate diocese; and this is evident from the fact that in the first General Council held at Nice in 325, summoned by the Emperor, the Bishops of Alexandria and Antioch were declared to have, according to custom, the same authority over the churches subordinate to them, that the bishops of Rome had over those that lay about that city; and that, in the sixth century, when John, the Bishop of Constantinople, assumed to himself the title of Universal Bishop, Pelagius II. and Gregory I., both Bishops of Rome, protested against him.

Prohibition of Scriptures.—The first prohibition of the use of the Scriptures was published by the Synod of Toulouse, held in 1229, and caused by the preaching of the Waldenses. It is as follows:—

"We prohibit the permitting of the laity to have the books of the Old or New Testament, unless any one should wish, from a feeling of devotion, to have a Psalter or Breviary for divine service, or the Hours of the Blessed Virgin. But we strictly forbid them to have the abovementioned books in the vulgar tongue."

The Vatican displays the same disposition even in this day.

Extract from the Encyclical Letter of the Pope, dated 3d May, 1824:—

"It is no secret to you, Venerable Brethren, that a certain Society, vulgarly called the Bible Society, is audaciously spreading itself throughout the world. After despising the traditions of the Holy Fathers, and in opposition to the well-known decree of the Council of Trent, this Society has collected all its forces, and directs every means to one object—to the translation, or rather to the perversion of the Bible into the vernacular languages of all nations! From this fact, there is strong ground of fear lest, as in some instances already known, so likewise in the rest, through a perverse interpretation there be framed, out of the Gospel of Christ, a Gospel of man, or what is worse, a Gospel of the Devil."

The Letter then gives the following advice:-

"We also, Venerable Brethren, conformably to our apostolical duty, exhort you diligently to occupy yourselves, by all means, to turn away your flock from these DEADLY PASTURES."

Extracts from the "Circular Address of the Pope to the Irish Prelates," dated 18th September, 1819, on Bible Schools, &c.:-"The prediction of our Lord Jesus Christ in the parable of the sower, that sowed good seed in his field, but while people slept his enemy came and sowed tarcs upon the wheat, is, to the very great injury of the Catholic faith, seen verified in these our own days, particularly in Ireland; for information has reached the ears of the Sacred College, that 'Bible Schools,' supported by the funds of the Acatho-

lics, have been established in almost every part of Ireland, in which, under the pretence of charity, the inexperienced of both sexes, but particularly peasants and paupers, are allured by the blandishments and even gifts of the masters, and infected with the fatal poison of false doctrines,"

"It is further stated that the directors of these schools are, generally speaking, Methodists, who introduce Bibles translated into English by the Bible Society, and propped up by errors, with the sole views of seducing the youth, and entirely eradicating from their minds the truths of the orthodox faith." The address then proceeds to recommend the establishment of schools by Roman Catholics, wherein "salutary instructions may be imparted to the paupers and illiterate country persons."

The Unanimity of Romanism with Paganism is obvious in many respects. They have tutelary saints, who are said to preside over different countries, and to extend their protection to persons in different circumstances and situations. St. Christopher and St. Clement are said to preside over the sea; St. Anthony, over inflammations; St. Petronillo is applied to for the cure of the ague; St. Sigismund, for fevers; St. Margarita, for assistance in child-bearing; St. Roach, for the plague and infectious disorders; St. Cornelius is said to cure the falling-sickness; St. Apollonia, the tooth-ache; St. Nicholas and St. Gregory are the tutelary saints of scholars; and St. Luke, of painters.

Many of the reputed saints in the Romish Calendar never existed! Others, again, were canonized who had been guilty of notorious crimes;—a remarkable example of which we have in the case of Thomas A'Becket of Canterbury, whose merit was, that he asserted the right of all ecclesiastics to exemption from the authority of the secular power. For this he was enrolled amongst the saints by the Pope, two or three years after his death. His shrine was, as stated, the richest in all England.

Deification of Mortals.-Amongst the alleged virtues for which many of the Romish saints have been canonized, we subjoin what is

called a summary of the virtues of Alphonso Maria of Liguria, as related by a Roman Cardinal:—

"I know for certainty that this servant of God constantly scourged himself, unbloodily and bloodily; and besides the unbloody scourgings enjoined by his rule, he was wont to punish himself every day in the morning, before the usual hours of rising; and in the evening, after the signal for repose. On Saturdays he scourged himself till the blood flowed. . . . I know that this servant of God macerated his body also with hair-cloth with sharp points in it, and with chains as well on the arms as on the legs, which he carried with him till dinner-time; and these for the most part were so armed with sharp points, that they filled with horror all who ever saw them. I have heard say also, that he had a dress filled with a coat-of-mail with iron points; that he had bandages of camel's hair; and other instruments of penance were casually seen by me, and by others of my companions, notwithstanding his zealous and circumspect secrecy. Of a similar kind was his extreme mortification in sleeping upon two planks covered with a sack, with a little straw in it, so that it appeared a hard stone. I frequently also heard say that he slept during his few hours with a large stone hung on, and tied to his feet. I well remember that he never shaved himself, when he was with us, with a razor; but only by little and little he did it with pincers; and he caused his assistant-friar to make his clerical crown with the same pincers."

This wretched man, who seems to have been better acquainted with the fanaticism of the Hindoos than with the principles of the Christian religion, was canonized so recently as the year 1830; so that the Church of Rome, in the nineteenth century, entertains the same opinions as to the absurd qualifications which entitle a man to be registered amongst her reputed saints, as she ever did in the days of her worst and darkest ascendancy.

We subjoin some specimens of prayers from the Roman Missal:

On the festival of St. Nicholas, on the 6th December, the following prayer is used—

"O God, who by innumerable miracles hast honoured blessed Nicholas the bishop: grant, we beseech thee, that by his merits and intercession we may be delivered from eternal flames."

On the festival of St. Damasus, on the 11th December, the following occurs—

"Give ear, O Lord, to our prayers; and by the intercession of blessed Damasus, thy confessor and bishop, mercifully grant us pardon and peace."

On the festival of St. Marcellus, on the 16th January, the following occurs:—

"Mercifully hear, O Lord, we beseech thee, the prayers of thy people, that we may be assisted by the merits of blessed Marcellus, thy martyr and bishop, the feast of whose sufferings we celebrate with joy."

On the festival of St. Vincent and Anastasius, on the 22nd January, the following—

"Hear, O Lord, our earnest prayers, that we, who are sensible of the guilt of our crimes, may be delivered therefrom by the prayers of thy blessed martyrs Vincent and Anastasius."

On the festival of St. Raymond, on the 23rd January, the following-

"O God, who didst make blessed Raymond an excellent minister of the Sacrament of Penance, and didst miraculously conduct him through the waves of the sea; grant by his intercession, that we may bring forth fruits worthy of penance, and be enabled to arrive at the port of eternal salvation."

On the festival of St. Francis de Sales, on the 29th January, the following—

"O God, who for the salvation of souls wast pleased that blessed Francis, thy confessor and bishop, should become all to all; mercifully grant that, being plentifully enriched with the sweetness of thy charity, by following his directions, and by the help of his merits, we may obtain life everlasting."

On the festival of St. Scholastica, on the 10th February, the following—

"O God, who, to recommend to us innocence of life, wast pleased to let the soul of thy blessed virgin Scholastica ascend to heaven in the shape of a dove; grant by her merits and prayers, that we may lead innocent lives here, and ascend to eternal joys hereafter."

On the festival of St. Joseph, on 19th March, the following-

"Grant, we beseech thee, O Lord, that we may be assisted by the merits of the Spouse of thy most Holy Virgin Mother; and that what we cannot obtain through our own weakness, may be granted us by his prayers."

On the festival of St. Richard, on the 3rd April, the following-

"O God, who hast enlightened thy Church by the merits and resplendent miracles of blessed Richard, thy confessor and bishop, grant that we, thy servants, may, through his intercession, obtain eternal glory."

On the festival of St. Stanislaus, on the 7th May, the following-

"O God, for whose honour the glorious bishop Stanislaus fell by the swords of wicked men, grant, we beseech thee, that all who implore his aid may obtain the happy effect of their prayers."

On the festival of St. William, on the 8th June, the following-

"O God, who rejoicest us by the merits and intercession of blessed William, thy confessor and bishop, mercifully grant that whatever we ask of thee in his name may be granted us by the favour of thy grace."

On the festival of the Octave of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the 6th July, the following—

"O God, whose right hand saved blessed Peter from being drowned whilst he walked upon the sea, and delivered his fellow-apostle Paul from the bottom thereof, when he had been a third time shipwrecked, mercifully hear us, and grant, that by the merits of both, we may obtain a happy eternity."

On the festival of the Translation of St. Thomas, on the 7th July, the following—

"O God, who grantest us to celebrate the translation of the relics of blessed Thomas, the martyr and bishop, we humbly beseech thee, that by his merits and prayers we may pass from vice to virtue, and from the prison of this flesh to an eternal kingdom."

On the festival of St. Elizabeth, on the 8th July, the following-

"O most merciful God, who, amongst other admirable endowments, didst privilege blessed Elizabeth with the gift of making wars cease; grant, by her prayers, that after having enjoyed the peace which we humbly crave in this mortal life, we may be received into everlasting bliss."

On the festival of St. Lewis, on the 25th August, the following-

"O God, who removedst blessed Lewis, thy confessor, from an earthly kingdom to the glory of an heavenly crown; grant, we beseech thee, by his virtues and prayers, that we may be received into the company of the King of kings, Jesus Christ, thy only Son."

On the festival of All Saints, on the 1st November, the following prayer is used—

"Almighty and eternal God, by whose favour we honour, on one solemnity, the merits of all thy saints; grant that we may obtain a plentiful blessing of thy so-much-desired mercy, since we have so many petitioners in our behalf."

In the Ordinary of the Mass, in the Roman Missal, there is the following confession:—

"I confess to Almighty God, to blessed Mary, ever virgin, to blessed Michael the Archangel, to blessed John Baptist, to the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to all the saints, and to you, Father, that I

have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, through my fault, through my most grievous fault. Therefore I beseech the Blessed Mary, ever virgin, blessed Michael the Archangel, blessed John Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the saints, and you, Father, to pray to our Lord God for me."

There are many instances of *Invocation*, but we refer to the chief, viz. the Virgin Mary. She is styled "the Holy Mother of God,"—"Mother of our Creator,"—"Most Powerful,"—"Mirror of Justice,"—Ark of the Covenant,"—"Morning Star,"—"Refuge of Sinners;" and, in short, the principal titles which the Scriptures appropriate to the Lord Jesus Christ, are given to her in the Prayer-Books of the Church of Rome.

The following prayers occur in the Roman Missal:-

On the Vigil of the Assumption, on the 14th August-

"O God, who wast pleased to make choice of the Virgin Mary, and in her to dwell for a time; grant, we beseech thee, that being secure under her protection, we may with comfort solemnize her festival."

On the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, on the 15th August—

"Forgive, O Lord, we besech thee, the sins of thy people: that we, who are not able to do any thing of ourselves that can be pleasing to thee, may be assisted in the way of salvation by the prayers of the Mother of thy Son."

On the Feast of the Name of the Blessed Virgin Mary-

"Grant, we beseech thee, O Almighty God, that thy faithful, who rejoice under the name and protection of the most blessed Virgin Mary, may, by her pious intercession, be delivered from all evils here on earth, and be brought to the eternal joys of heaven."

In a book called the Key of Heaven, the following act of adoration to the Virgin Mary, called the Salve Regina, occurs, p. 32—

"Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness, and our hope; to thee do we cry, poor banished sons of Eve; to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears; turn then, most gracious advocate, thy eyes of mercy towards us, and after this our exile, shew unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O most clement, most pious, and most sweet Virgin Mary."

The following occurs on page 39-

"O blessed Virgin, Mother of God, and, by this august quality, worthy of all respect from men and angels, I come to offer thee my most humble homage, and to implore the aid of thy prayers and protection. Thy intercession is most powerful, and thy goodness for mankind on earth is equal to thy influence in heaven. Thou knowest, O blessed

Virgin! that I look up to thee as my Mother, my Patroness, my Advocate. I acknowledge with humble gratitude that thy virtues singled thee out for the mother of my Redeemer. I will henceforth honour and serve thee assiduously. Accept, O blessed Virgin, my protestations of fidelity; look favourably on the confidence I have in thee; obtain for me, of thy dear Son, a lively faith, a firm hope, a tender, generous, and constant love. Obtain for me a cautious purity, a sincere humility, a placid resignation to the will of God, and so faithful an imitation of thy virtues through life, that I may exult in thy patronage at the hour of my death."

Purgatory.—This doctrine has filled many a priest's purse; and although ridiculous, we cannot refrain from noticing the Joint Stock Company formed in Dublin in 1813, called the Purgatorium Society. The Rules being:—

- "I. The Institution to be regulated by the Superior, Rector, and six of the Members, who compose the Office for the Dead; who shall attend on every Wednesday night, to recite with devotion and attention the Office for the Dead.
- " II. Every Catholic wishing to contribute to the relief of the suffering souls in Purgatory, to pay one penny per week.
- "III. A Mass to be offered up on the first Monday of every month in the parish chapel of St. James's, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Subscribers.
- "V. Each Subscriber to purchase a copy of the Rules; and the money arising from the weekly Subscriptions shall be paid to the most necessitated clergyman, who shall be required to give receipts for what they are paid.
- "VI. Each Subscriber shall be entitled to an Office at the time of his death—another at the expiration of a month—and one at the end of twelve months. The benefit of Masses which shall be procured by the Subscriptions shall be extended to their relations and friends in the following order:—Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters, Uncles, Aunts; and if married, Husbands, Wives, and Children.
- "VII. Every Superior shall, on his death, be entitled to three Masses, every Rector to two, and every Subscriber to one; provided he shall have died a natural death, been a Subscriber for six months, and been clear of all dues at the time of his death.
- "IX. Every Superior shall, on every All Souls' Day, advance to the Parish Priest whatever sum is necessary for obtaining insertion in the Mortality List of the Altar.
- "Subscriptions received in the Chapel on every Wednesday evening, &c."

Indulgences.—This doctrine has produced large sums; however, the Pope soon monopolized the traffic to himself, and issued indulgences not only from Church censures and penalties, but also from punishment in the other world.

The "Tax of the Sacred Roman Chancery" fixes the following sums to be paid for Absolution for the annexed crimes:—

For Stealing Holy Things out of a consecrated place	£0	10	6
For a Layman Murdering a Layman	0	7	6
For Murdering Father, Mother, Wife, or Sister	0	10	6
For laying violent hands on a Clergyman, without			
drawing blood	0	10	6
For a Priest keeping a Concubine			
For him that Burns his Neighbour's House	0	12	0
For him that Forgeth the Pope's hand	1	7	0
For him that forgeth Letters Apostolical	1	7	0
For a King going to the Holy Sepulchre without License	7	10	0

About the same time that this book was printed and sold at Rome, Pope Leo X. published a bull, granting pardon of sin and eternal salvation to such persons as should *purchase* Indulgences. Tetzel was the chief agent for selling them; and he, and others who were joined with him, extolled the benefits of these indulgences in the most revolting manner:—

"If," said they, "any one purchases Letters of Indulgences, his soul may rest secure with respect to its salvation. The souls in purgatory, for whose redemption indulgences are purchased, as soon as the money tinkles in the chest, escape from torment, and ascend to heaven. The efficacy of Indulgences is so great, that the most heinous sins may be remitted and expiated by them, and the person freed both from punishment and guilt. Lo! the heavens are opened; if you enter not now, when will you enter? For twelvepence you may redeem the soul of your father out of Purgatory: and are you so ungrateful that you will not rescue your parent from torment? If you had but one coat, you ought to strip yourself instantly, and sell it in order to purchase such benefits."

The following is the form used by Tetzel in granting absolution:—
"May our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on thee, and absolve thee
by the merits of his most holy passion. And I, by his authority, that
of his blessed apostles Peter and Paul, and of the most holy Pope,
granted and committed to me in these parts, do absolve thee, first,
from all ecclesiastical censures, in whatever manner they may have
been incurred; and then from all thy sins, transgressions, and excesses,

how enormous soever they may be, even from such as are reserved for the cognizance of the Holy See; and as far as the keys of the Holy Church extend, I remit to you all punishment which you deserve in Purgatory on their account; and I restore you to the holy sacraments of the Church, to the unity of the faithful, and to that innocence and purity which you possessed at baptism; so that when you die, the gates of punishment may be shut, and the gates of paradise of delight shall be opened; and if you shall not die at this present, this grace shall remain in full force when you are at the point of death."

These forms Tetzel signed with his own hand; and he boasted, that by the grants of such indulgences he had saved more souls than St. Peter had done by his preaching.

The following extract, on the subject of Indulgences, is taken from "The Directory, or Order of Performing the Divine Offices, and of Celebrating the Holy Masses, for the year 1827, according to the rites of the Holy Roman Church;" published for the use of the Secular Clergy of Ireland, by order of the Most Reverend Dr. Murray, R. C. Archbishop of Dublin:—

"To excite, and the more increase the devotion of the faithful in the Catholic world, an INDULGENCE of three hundred days is perpetually granted to all who devoutly, and with a contrite heart, shall repeat the three following verses, or ejaculatory prayers, translated from the Italian into vernacular idiom,—

- " Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I offer you my heart and soul.
- "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, assist me in my last agony.
- "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in eternal peace.

In the year 1809, Dr. Moylan of Cork, procured from Rome a bull, which he published in a Pastoral Letter in 1813, in which the Pope, Pius VII., grants a Plenary Indulgence—

"To all who, after assisting at least eight times at the holy exercises of the mission in the New Cathedral of Cork, shall confess his or her sins with due contrition, and approach unto the Holy Communion, and devoutly visit the New Cathedral Chapel, and there offer up pious and fervent prayers for the propagation of the Holy Catholic Faith."

And in the course of this letter, Dr. Moylan says—"The ministers of Jesus Christ, invested with his authority, animated with his Spirit, expect you with a holy impatience, ready to ease you of that heavy burden of sin, under which you have so long laboured. Were your sins as red as scarlet, by the grace of the Absolution, and application of this Plenary Indulgence, your souls shall become white as snow."

The following is extracted from The Christian Doctrine for the use

of the Diocese of Limerick, by the Right Rev. Dr. Young, and reprinted under the sanction of the Right Rev. Dr. Tuoay:—

"What is the foundation of Indulgences?

- "The superabundant satisfaction of Christ and his saints, by which the virtue of the Communion of Saints is applicable to any one in a state of grace, who may be indebted to God's justice.
  - "What do you mean by doing an action well?
- "I mean the doing it so, or in such a manner, that God may have no cause to find fault with it.
- "Are good actions of any other benefit to a Christian, besides making him virtuous?
- "Yes; for, moreover, every good action is meritorious, impetratory, and satisfactory.
  - "What do you mean by a good action being meritorious?
  - " I mean that it deserves to be rewarded by God.
  - "What do you mean by its being impetratory?
- "I mean that it claims and solicits God's grace, and a continuance and increase of it.
  - "What do you mean by its being satisfactory?
  - "I mean that it is capable of atoning for the punishment due to sin.
- "Can a good action be of any service to any other besides the doer?
  - "Yes; in consequence of the communion of saints.
- "How so?"—"By a good action, one may impetrate and satisfy for others as well as himself."

#### No. XX.

The miracles said to be wrought by the reliques of A'Becket were innumerable. M. Paris says that they cured every disease, restored eyes and limbs to those who had lost them, resuscitated the dead, and even made departed birds and beasts live again. In 1420, 50,000 foreign names were enrolled on the book called "The Martyrs' Roll." The offerings at his shrine vastly exceeded those offered at the shrine of Jesus Christ; and to crown all, there is an authorized Popish Liturgy, in which Christ is desired to save the souls of the supplicants, not by his own blood, but that of A'Becket. The lines are thus translated:—

"Do thou, O Christ! by that blest blood
Which Thomas erst expended,
Cause us to mount by that same road
Which Thomas erst ascended."

Many kings and princes attended at the shrine, and asked favours, which they considered were granted, particularly Henry II. and Louis le Jeune. His biographers have generally ascribed to him-and indeed all may allow to this great man-talent, learning, steadiness, and intrepidity; but as the former two qualities were employed in fomenting political disputes, the latter fail to secure much praise. He was possessed of a violent spirit-was passionate, haughty, and vainglorious; in his resolutions, inflexible; and in his resentments, implacable. It is admitted by most historians, that he was guilty of wilful and premeditated perjury, (although Rapin disputes this as a fact, and argues against its probabilities.) He, like many other Popish Priests, ever since A.D. 324, when Constantine declared Christianity the imperial religion, opposed the necessary course of public justice; acting in defiance of the laws of his country, which he had solemnly acknowledged and confirmed, and proving ungrateful to his King, who had treated him with unprecedented confidence. By what motives this great man was regulated, can alone be known to Him to whom all hearts are open. Perhaps the prejudices of a bigoted age led him to believe that he rendered an acceptable service to the mighty unseen God, and that his long and harassing contention (even unto death), for the supremacy of the Ecclesiastical and Papal authority, was a mode of laying up treasure in heaven. Ah! perhaps obstinacy and demoniac pride urged him to the end of his mortal career, without allowing a moment for contrition or change. His former life, his popular manners, his conversations in camps and courts, his risking his life on many imminent occasions, and exposure of himself to the scrutiny of all persons who were of free and enlarged manners,—contrasted with the suddenness and severity with which he changed his conduct and views in ecclesiastical government, immediately upon his election to the see of Canterbury,-induced some to suspect that ambition dictated his actions, and that he became the champion of the Church for the purpose of sharing its power—a power more independent of the King, and therefore more agreeable to the haughtiness of his mind, than that which he could enjoy as a mere minister of the Crown. It may be, that he commenced with mere craft and craving; but opposition and other excitement worked so rapidly and radically in his mind, as to render him an enthusiast. The praises and honours which met him in his exile, from royal and mighty men, assisted to

increase that enthusiasm:—the latter part of his extraordinary life, as well as some parts of his life during the period of his Chancellorship, was that of the heroic enthusiast. Alas, alas! had he wielded his strong arm for the advancement of the honour of his king, and the preservation of the established laws of his country, then that intrepid spirit might have produced such valuable changes and benefits to his country, that even at this far distant day his name would have been ranked amongst her greatest, most honoured, and most loved patriots. History has assigned causes to the quarrel between Henry II. and A'Becket his Chancellor. Holinshed's Chronicle states, that one of the earliest complaints made by A'Becket was, that Henry did not give him the custody of the Tower and Rochester Castle; but it appears from Lord Lyttleton's simple yet consistent history, (which has led us in all the details of this narrative), that the Priest was aiming to overreach the King, and the King insisted that the ecclesiastical power was subordinate to the State; hence this great contention which stains the page of history. We quote the following letter from the Primate to his Sovereign:-

"Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, to the King of England.

"I have most earnestly desired to see you. Although I cannot deny that in this I had a view to my own, yet it was in your interest that when you should see me again you should call to mind the many services I have done you, with all imaginable regard and affection; for the truth of which I appeal to Him who is Judge of all mankind, when they shall appear before his tribunal to be rewarded according to their deeds. I flatter myself you would be moved by compassion towards me, who am forced to beg my bread in a strange land, though by the grace of God I have plenty of all things necessary to my subsistence. I receive, however, great consolation from the words of the Apostle, 'They that live in Christ shall suffer persecution;' and likewise from the saying of the Prophet, 'I never saw the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.' As to what relates to you, I cannot but be sensibly affected with it, for three reasons:—1st. Because you are my liege lord, I own and offer you my best advice,—such, however, as is due from a Bishop having the voice of God and the Head of the Church: as my king, I owe you profound respect, and withal am bound to direct my admonition to you; as my son, it is my duty to correct and exhort you. Kings are anointed in three places—the head, the breast, and the arms; which denote glory, holiness, and power. We find, from several instances taken from the Scriptures, that the kings who despised the commandments of the Lord were deprived of glory, understanding, and might. Such were

Pharaoh, Saul, Solomon, Nebuchadnezzar, and many others. On the contrary, they that humbled themselves before God received a larger measure of grace, and in greater perfection. This was experienced by David, Hezekiah, and some others. Take, therefore, my Liege Lord, the advice of your vassal! Hearken, my King, to the admonition of your Bishop! And receive, my Son, the corrections of your Father, lest you are drawn aside into schism, or persuaded to hold communion with schismatics. All the world knows with what honour and devotion you received the Pope, how respectfully and zealously you protected the Church of Rome, and what suitable returns the Church and Pope have made you. Remember, therefore, the declaration you made, and even laid upon the altar, at your coronation, to protect the Church of God in all immunities. Restore the Church of Canterbury, from which you received your authority, to the state it was in under your predecessors and mine; otherwise be assured that you will draw down on your head the wrath and vengeance of God."

In the year 1173, Henry walked three miles barefoot to the tomb of A'Becket, and drank a cup of water in which the blood of the Archbishop had been mingled; and then suffered a sharp flagellation. It must ever be a cause of serious regret, when a great man acts so inconsistently as to allow the occasional acts of his life to contradict and counteract its general tenor.

### No. XXI.

Two kingly plumes.—Prince Henry went to the French Court as Duke of Normandy, when Eleonora formed a strong attachment towards this handsome and promising Prince. Her conduct justly awakened anxiety in the mind of Louis; and after much persuasion to the contrary by Suger, his chief minister, he was divorced from Eleonora, who was united to the young Duke of Normandy within six weeks of the divorcement.

# No. XXII.

Troubadour.—The middle age was remarkable for this class of minstrels; indeed the wives of kings and nobles were off richly endowed with the fascinating and elegant attainments which made the Troubadours so famed and loved.

When William the Bastard invaded this kingdom, one Taillefer, a valiant warrior, long renowned for intrepidity and courage, asked leave of his commander to commence the siege; and, having obtained it, he rushed forward, exciting the army by songs in praise of Charlemagne and Roland, and other heroes of France. Indeed the Normans were very early distinguished for their martial songs. An eminent French writer, M. Le Grand (Hist. des Troubadours,) makes no scruple to refer to them the origin of modern poetry, and shews they were a century before the troubadours of all Provence, who are supposed to have led the way to the poets of Italy, France, and Spain. The Norman Conqueror and his descendants, particularly Henry II., favoured the establishment of this profession in England; their dress was most splendid, and they always accompanied the armies, and, with the harper, the mimic, and the confessor, formed part of the camp. Henry II. was attended by the various Troubadours when on grand hunting excursions, or on his travels. Eleonora, his queen, was a most able extempore poetess and romance-dealer. Her son Richard was not only a poet, but, as the sovereign of Aquitaine, he was the prince and judge of all Troubadours. His attachment, and ultimate marriage with Berengaria of Navarre, is traced by some to her ardent love and exquisite talent for poetry. The father and brother were celebrated for their skill in Provencal poetry. Eleanor of Provence, Queen of Henry III., as also her parents, were illustrious as Provengal poets. Edward I.'s life was saved by his Troubadour, who struck the assassin's hand aside and killed him. It is also in the memory of all readers of English History, that the Minstrel or Troubadour of Richard II. discovered the place of his master's tedious captivity; his name was Blondel de Nesla. On arriving near a castle belonging to the Duke of Austria, he suspected his master was there, and he sang the first part of a song composed by King Richard and himself; his ear quickly caught strains he knew to come from the castle, and he distinctly recognised King Richard's voice singing the second part.

The song was, as translated:-

### BLONDEL.

"Your beauty, lady fair,
None views without delight,
But still so cold an air
No passion can excite;
Yet this I patient see
While all are shunned like me.

#### RICHARD.

"No nymph my heart can wound
If favour she divide,
And smiles on all around
Unwilling to decide;
I'd rather hatred bear
Than love with others share."

William IX., the grandfather of Eleonora of Aquitaine, was one of the early professors amongst the Provengal Troubadours. From the Kingdom of France the language which prevailed all over the south was called Provengal. It contained the best sounds of the French and Italian, and presented peculiar facilities for poetical composition—See Sismondi's Literature of the South.

## No. XXIII.

Antiope.—It is said, that soon after the marriage of Louis le Jeune with Eleonora, she insisted upon joining her husband to the Holy Land, and that in the character of warrior. Louis gave his consent, whereupon she induced a number of the ladies of the court to join her, and they were formed into a military corps, and went to the Holy Land full of the spirit of romance and chivalry. It appears that they produced considerable disasters, and great alarm in the mind of Louis and his devoted knights, which for some time he contended against. But at last, the female warriors falling in love with several of their enemies (Noureddin's officers), and the Queen herself falling sick in love with a beautiful Emir, Louis saw proper to disband this lovely troop.

It appears, by Dr. Meyrick's Report, that the armour worn by the Normans was a defensive dress made of small minute iron rings joined together, so as to resemble, at a distance, a clothing of network. The most perfect now in existence is a suit of chain mail, which is supposed to be of the age of Stephen or Henry II. It is placed in the Tower of London, to represent a Norman Crusader on horseback, and it is a most interesting specimen.

The kings and nobles of this age were manly and of great might in their bearing, so that chivalry became distinguished and brilliant. It is more remarkable, that in this age much suavity and sweetness of romance played upon the character of the nobility; but this may

partly be accounted for when it is remembered that the intercourse with Spain, and the adjacent sunny lands, brought many of the sweet sex from that country; indeed, our warriors, and particularly our kings of the middle age, selected their wives from those warm lands of troubadours.

This dull item has attracted us to a more pleasant subject—woman, sweet woman—Spain and its loveliness; but, alas! to its degradation and religious darkness, which reminds us of that "darkness which may be felt," which came over Egypt.

But to return to our subject. The chain mail, though uncouth and clumsy, was calculated to preserve the wearer from the projectiles then in common use—the arrow sent home by the force of the iron, or the stone propelled by the sling. As improvements were made in destructive engines, the chain mail gave place to the scale armour, and this again to the massive cumbrous pieces of plate armour, with which the warriors of later date sheltered themselves from the arrow projected by the cross-bow, or from the blow of the battle-axe.

## No. XXIV.

In the "Parliamentary History," 19 James I., 1621, there is a petition from the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses, then assembled in Parliament, containing a Remonstrance against Popery; and in the enumeration of the causes of the mischief of Popery, we find—

- 1. The vigilancy and ambition of the Pope of Rome.
- 2. The devilish positions and doctrines whereon Popery is built, and taught with authority to their followers, for advancement of their temporal ends.
- 3. The strange confederacy of the princes of the Popish Religion, aiming mainly at the advancement of theirs, and subverting of ours, and taking the advantages conducing to that end upon all occasions.
- 4. The great many armies raised and maintained at the charge of the chief of that clique.
- 5. The swarms of Priests and Jesuits—the common incendiaries of all Christendom—dispersed in all parts of your king lom.

And from these causes, as bitter roots, we humbly offer to your Majesty, that we foresee and fear there will necessarily follow very dangerous effects both to Church and State; for—

1. The Popish religion is incompatible with ours, in respect of their positions.

- 2. It draweth with it an unavoidable dependency on foreign princes.
- 3. It openeth too wide a gap for popularity, to any who shall draw too great a party.
- 4. It hath a restless spirit, and will strive by these gradations. If it once get but a connivance, it will press for a toleration; if that be obtained, they must have an equality; from thence they will aspire to superiority, and will never rest till they get a subversion of the true religion.

THE END.

A.l.

Atrice















